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# *The Port Folio*

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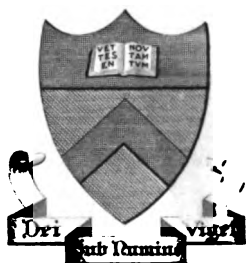


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THE  
PORT FOLIO  
Vol. 4.  
THIRD SERIES



*Edwin co.*

PHILADELPHIA.

*Published by Bradford & Inskeep*

*& Abraham H. Inskeep*

*New York 1814*

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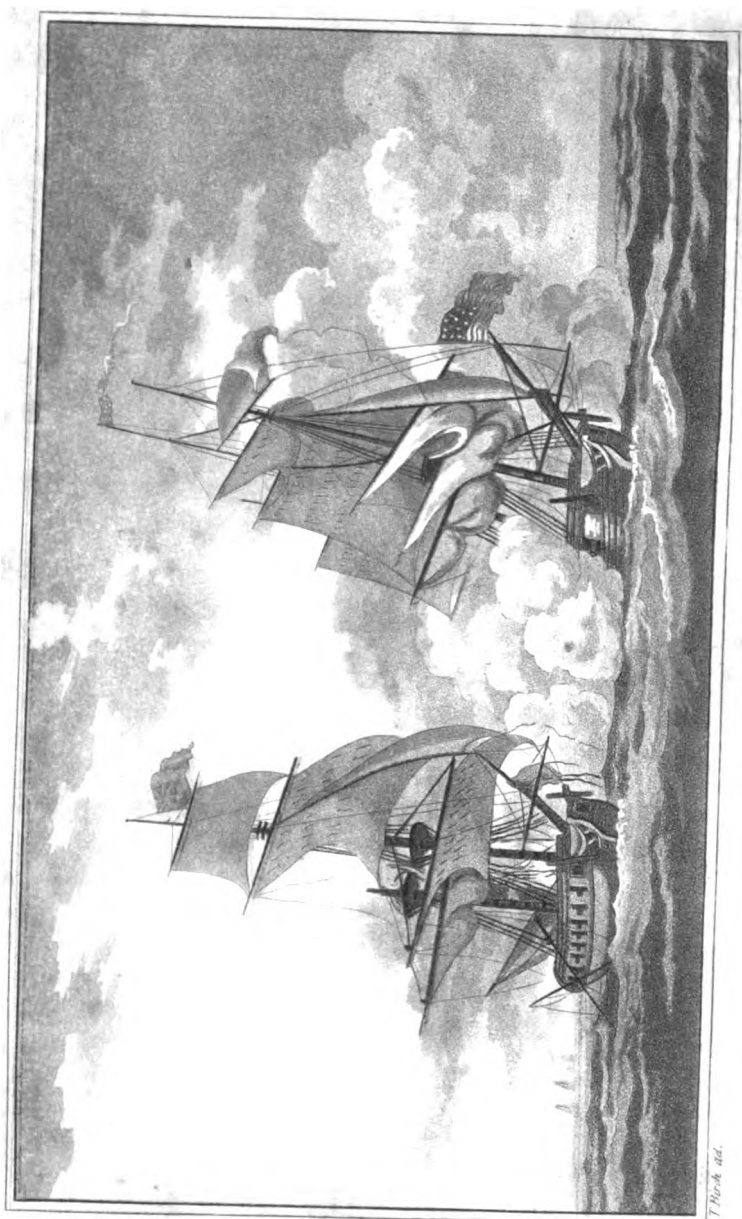
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# THE PORT FOLIO,

THIRD SERIES,

CONDUCTED BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

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Various; that the mind  
Of desultory man, studious of change,  
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.

COWPER.

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VOL. IV.

JULY, 1814.

NO. I.

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE OF CAPTAIN WARRINGTON.

HAVING been disappointed in our attempts to procure, in relation to Captain Warrington, all the information which we were authorized to expect, we have determined on giving, for the present, a brief and compendious sketch of his life, instead of a regular and detailed memoir. Should the sources to which we have applied be opened to us hereafter with frankness and liberality, we may yet be enabled to offer, on the same subject, something more worthy of the attention of our readers.

We must always ourselves respect and honour those who are zealous in doing justice and honour to merit in others. We feel it our duty, therefore, to make it known, that to the Honourable William Jones, Secretary of the Navy, who, with perfect promptitude, the result of an earnest wish to subserve the reputation of a gallant young officer, transmitted to us from the department over which he presides, every record that could be in any measure useful to us, and to Commodore Dale, Dr. William B. C. Barton, and Mr. Henry, of Philadelphia, we are indebted for all the information we possess touching the subject which now occupies our attention. For their ready disposition to do honour where it is due, these gentlemen are entitled not merely to our thanks, but to those of their fellow citizens at large, and in a more especial manner of the officers of the American navy.

VOL. IV.

A

Lewis Warrington is a native of Virginia, the descendant of an old and respectable family in the neighbourhood of Norfolk. As relates to the first years of his life we know nothing. Whether his early dispositions were peaceful or warlike—his primitive attachments to the sword or the plough, the land or the water, we are totally uninformed. Nor do we consider our ignorance of these matters as a ground of serious or lasting regret. It probably conceals from us nothing which would be interesting if known. The boy and the man in the same are sometimes as dissimilar as in different persons. We are not always and necessarily calculated by nature to become distinguished in that which our propensities as children would lead us to pursue. All heroes are not such from their birth, nor even on every occasion in mature life. Frederick III, the first time he heard the sound of hostile arms, fled like a coward from the field of battle; the brave general Nash, who fell at Germantown during the American revolution, was once known, at the onset of an engagement, to be overpowered for a moment by an unsoldierlike panic; and it is even reported of the great Lord Wellington, that, when an officer in India, he was observed, on one or two occasions, to be somewhat cautious in exposing himself to danger. Yet who, on the ground of a few insulated facts, would question the heroism which time and experience have so amply confirmed?

Young Warrington received an excellent education, the higher branches of which were finished at William and Mary College. The habits of study which he there acquired, and the associations which he formed, have never forsaken him, but have continued to mark his character and augment his information, at intervals of leisure, amidst all the toils and tumults, the hardships and privations of a naval life. In consequence of an unusually retentive memory superadded to a strong attachment to books, his mind is amply enriched with general knowledge,—much more so we are told, than is *generally* the case with young men engaged in public and active employments. History is his favourite branch of study, and in that his attainments are said to be both extensive and accurate. With the history of England and America in particular, his familiarity is represented by those who know him to be altogether remarkable.

No sooner had he taken leave of the peaceful walks of academic learning, than choice or necessity, his wishes or his interests, led him to the turbulent scenes of the ocean. His warrant as a midshipman was issued on the sixth day of January 1800, and within seventeen days afterwards he was called into service. Since that period his life has been, with but little intermission, a scene of active, frequently of arduous and toilsome exertion. His first cruise was in the West Indies, on board the frigate Chesapeake, commanded by Capt. Samuel Barron. In June 1801, he was removed to the frigate President, Capt. Dale, bound on a cruise to the Mediterranean, and returned to the United States in 1802. In the month of August of the same year, he sailed a second time for the Mediterranean, as master's mate, in the frigate New-York, under the command of captain James Barron. At Gibraltar he was transferred to the frigate Chesapeake, then on her return to the United States. In June 1803 he again sailed from Baltimore in the schooner Vixen, capt. John Smith, to join the American squadron in the Mediterranean, where, actively participating in their exertions and dangers, he was justly entitled to a participation in the glory attendant on the achievements of that band of heroes. Early in the year 1804, he was promoted to the rank of acting lieutenant. On the termination of hostilities with the Regency of Tripoli, lieutenant Warrington was transferred, along with captain Smith, to the brig Syren, and returned in that vessel to the United States. From that period he was variously employed, always, however, intent on the improvement of himself in the science of his profession, and in the acquisition of general knowledge, till the year 1807, when we find him an officer in the flotilla at Norfolk, under the command of commodore Decatur. In March 1809 he was thence removed, and ordered, as first lieutenant, on board the brig Syren, captain Charles Gordon, preparing to sail for France with despatches. On his return to the United States, he was transferred to the first lieutenancy of the frigate Essex, commanded by captain John Smith. When, in July 1811, captain Smith was appointed to the command of the frigate Congress, he requested as a favour, that lieutenant Warrington might be permitted to accompany him. The request was complied with, and Warring-



ton remained with his friend captain Smith, until the month of March 1813, when he was transferred as first lieutenant to the frigate *United States*, under the command of commodore Decatur. In July of the same year he was promoted to the rank of master commandant, and in the following month was appointed to the command of the sloop of war *Peacock*, the vessel in which his fortune conducted him to victory and glory.

From this detail it appears, that, from the extensive service in which he has been engaged, captain Warrington has enjoyed ample opportunities of improving himself in professional tactics, as well as for the attainment of nautical skill. Nor has he failed to become eminently accomplished in both. As an able, strict, and enlightened disciplinarian, he is believed to be inferior to no officer in our navy. The order, regularity, and promptitude on board his vessel, are said to be peculiarly striking and exemplary. Nor are his personal fortitude, powers of self-denial, and rigid adherence to duty less worthy of praise and imitation. When in port, although flushed with the treble glow of youth, health, and buoyant spirits, and possessed of a mind eminently calculated for social enjoyments, no temptations of amusement, no allurements of pleasure have ever been able, at any period of his life, to gain the slightest ascendancy over him. His ship is his home from which nothing can entice him, and the shrine of his duty as an officer the only one at which he can be enticed to do homage. It is not till those higher claims have ceased to be binding, that he will listen to the calls of friendship or the solicitations of hospitality. We are assured by a gentleman who, in the character of a brother officer, made a voyage with him to France, in the frigate *Essex*, that the weightiest considerations of personal safety were found wholly insufficient to impose on him those restraints, and persuade him to those indulgences, which a severe indisposition imperiously required. During a rough and tempestuous period, when the vigilance and active services of the officers were more particularly called for, amidst pain and suffering which had placed him on the sick list, and ought to have confined him to his ward-room and his bed, Warrington was seen in every part of the ship where his hand could be useful, or his skill and direction render exertion more effective. Yet with these rigid exactions

of duty from himself, under the languors of debility and the pressure of disease, he is humanely attentive to the comforts of his crew when suffering from any corporeal infirmity! It is scarcely in the nature of things, that feelings of ardour and habits of vigilance, discipline and energy like these, superadded to a courage cool and daring, and powers of mind strong, ready and well cultivated—all of which concentrate in the subject of this notice—can fail to make a great naval commander.

As a private gentleman and a friend, captain Warrington possesses qualities peculiarly amiable and estimable. With rigid and Roman like sentiments of integrity and honour, his heart is open and susceptible, and his affections warm. With all the frankness and generosity of a naval officer, he possesses many *more of the virtues* of an economist than usually mark the character of that highly meritorious class of individuals. In consequence of this he is seldom without funds to a certain amount, which are always accessible to his less thoughtful companions, whose schemes of expense oftentimes surpass the bounds of their resources. To those in real want, whether friends or enemies, he is charitable and kind. With the sufferings of a wounded foe, his heart sympathises with female tenderness.

In social life his deportment is dignified though not haughty; and his manners, easy and affable to all, are familiar only to his intimate friends. Though inclined, when among strangers, to be reserved and taciturn, yet when drawn into conversation, he is fluent, animated, and not a little instructive.

Such in part are the talents, attainments and habits of captain Warrington, as an officer, and his virtues and qualities as a man. When time and experience shall have unfolded these capacities to their full extent, and suitable opportunities have called them into action, the anticipation is not extravagant, that he will rank with the first naval commanders of the age.

The only opportunity he has ever enjoyed of signaling himself as an officer of prowess and skill, was afforded him in his celebrated action with the *Epervier*. The result of that is well known, and is glorious alike to himself and his country. It will be spoken of hereafter as one of the prodigies of naval valour, discipline and gunnery combined. After an attempt of more than

half an hour to out-manœuvre each other, the British vessel having the weather gage, succeeded by a close action of eight minutes, the enemy, of equal rate and weight of metal with himself, struck her colours, a perfect wreck, his vessel having escaped almost untouched. Search the whole history of naval warfare, and few if any similar instances will be found on record. Notwithstanding the real and boasted superiority of the British to the French in combats by sea, nothing, we believe, like this, has occurred between them. One vessel may carry another of equal force with great facility, but to do it without the loss of a man, or the reception of a single shot in her hull, is an achievement, perhaps, without a parallel, and entitles the victors to the highest eulogy for their valour and skill.

We are not ignorant that attempts have been made to diminish the lustre of Warrington's victory, by representing the *Peacock* as superior to the *Epervier* in the number of her guns and the amount of her crew. The statement is correct---the force of the American vessel did surpass that of the British by two guns and nearly thirty men. But the inference drawn from this is altogether erroneous. It is, at least, out of all reasonable proportion to the truth.

In the running fight of eight minutes which terminated the contest, and during which the British vessel was so dismally shattered in her hull, spars and rigging, only one side of the battery of each ship was used. Consequently the *Peacock* employed, in the action, but one gun more than the *Epervier*; a superiority which is scarcely worthy of being mentioned, as it could make but a very slight difference in the number of balls thrown by the two vessels in so short a space of time. According to the guns brought into action, the *Peacock* ought to have struck her antagonist with a number of shot exceeding, by one-ninth, that which she herself received; whereas she threw into her upwards of a hundred, and did not herself receive one! From her superiority in the number of her crew, she did not derive even a shadow of advantage. The combat was terminated neither by boarding nor by an unusual degree of carnage among the men. In either of these extremities numbers would have availed. Not so, however, when the decision depended on the cannon, and the surrender arose from the disabled condition of the ship.

When the *Epervier* struck her colours, she had upwards of a hundred of her crew unhurt. But these constituted more than a sufficient complement to work the ship, and, at the same time, to use, with their utmost effect, both the cannon and the small arms. Why, then, did they not continue the conflict? The answer is plain—The guns of Warrington had rendered the vessel of his enemy incapable of being defended. She had already four feet of water in her hold, and the quantity was rapidly and frightfully increasing. Under these circumstances numbers on board would have been altogether unavailing. Had there been *five* hundred instead of *one*, they must all have surrendered—Indeed their superior weight would only have sent the vessel to the bottom with more certainty and greater speed. Nor could numbers originally on board the *Epervier* have prevented the injury done by the guns of the *Peacock*. Every supernumerary sailor would have only multiplied the marks to be shot at, thereby augmenting the carnage and adding to the consternation.

It is a fact, then, which no candid seaman will venture to deny, that, taking into consideration the nature of the action, one hundred and twenty-eight men—the complement of the *Epervier* when the conflict commenced—were capable of defending her, and annoying their enemy with as much effect, as one hundred and fifty-eight could have done—the complement in full of the crew of the *Peacock*. The gallant Warrington, therefore, achieved his victory with triumphant facility, not because he had thirty men and *one* fighting gun, more than his enemy, but because he was himself superior to the British captain in skill, and his officers and crew superior to their opponents in firmness and gunnery.

Let no one, hereafter, attempt to detract from the glory of this achievement by attributing it to a superiority of physical force. It was the natural result of moral causes—of superior conduct in officers and higher qualities in seamen. Had the physical force been equalized with mathematical accuracy, the result would have been in no material point different. To use the language of a distinguished personage on a similar occasion, the event, and the facility with which it was achieved, manifested to the world, that, by the American vessel, “much more could have been done had more been required.” C.

## CRITICISM.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

An essay on the causes of the Variety of Complexion, and figure in the human species, &c. &c. By Samuel Stanhope Smith. D. D. LL. D. &c. &c.

By the readers of the American Review, it will no doubt be remembered, that in the month of July, 1811, a paper was published in that Journal, denying the principles, and controverting the arguments contained in the Essay, entitled as above. The subject and discussion attracted, at the time, no inconsiderable share of public attention. We profess ourselves, to have been the author of the article, to which an illusion is herein made. The paper was accompanied with a promise, that the examination of the Essay by the Rev. Dr. Smith therein commenced, should be further pursued. Accordingly, in the course of the succeeding month, another number on the same subject was prepared; but, owing to circumstances, which we do not deem it important to mention, was never submitted to the public eye. Its publication having been since, repeatedly urged by a few friends, whose partiality discovered in it, perhaps, a merit which it does not possess, we have at length, concluded on a compliance with their request.

That the readers of the Port Folio may have the controversy before them, not in fragments, but at full length, we deem it proper to republish, from the American Review, so much of the first article as may be necessary to give the substance of the entire argument. Having done this in the present number of our Journal, we shall proceed, in those which are immediately to follow, to the publication of that portion of the controversy which has not yet appeared.

We wish it to be distinctly understood, that the discussion here contemplated, is not intended to have the slightest reference to the original identity of the human race. Nor can it, indeed, in a spirit of candour and liberality, be so construed. That is a point of doctrine, which we do not presume to question, much less to deny. Our only intention is to endeavour to prove, which we think may be most definitively done, that the varieties, as to complexion and figure, which now exist in the great family of man, were not, and indeed could not have been, produced by the operation of the physical causes, to which the Rev. Dr. Smith attributes them. Ed.

WERE it possible for an individual to gain access to a situation sufficiently commanding, and to be indued with optics sufficiently powerful, to take,



at once, a clear and discriminating survey of the whole earth—could he thus obtain an accurate and distinct view of the appearance and sensible character of every thing existing on its surface—diversities of colour, form, dimension, and motion, with all other external properties of matter—were such an event possible, one of the most curious and interesting objects that would attract our spectator's attention would be, the variety discoverable in the complexion and feature, the figure and stature of the human race. In one section of the globe, he would behold a people lofty and well proportioned, elegant and graceful; and in another not far remote, a description of men diminutive, deformed, unsightly, and awkward. Here would rise to view a nation with flowing locks, a well arched forehead, straight and finely modelled limbs, and a complexion composed of the carnation and the lily; there, a race with frizzled hair, chinsy and gibbous extremities, a retreating forehead, and a skin of ebony. In one region he would be charmed with a general prominence and boldness of feature, an attractive symmetry, a liveliness of air, and a vigor of expression, in the human countenance; while in another, he would be disgusted by its flatness, vacancy and dullness, offended with its irregularity, or shocked at its fierceness. Between these several extremes would appear a multiplicity of intermediate gradations, constituting collectively an unbroken chain, and manifesting at once the simplicity yet diversity of the operations of the deity, in peopling the earth with human inhabitants.

After briefly glancing at the different hypotheses which have been, from time to time, maintained in relation to the causes of the variety of figure and colour of the human race, the paper thus proceeds:

There remains to be mentioned another hypothesis on this subject, composed, in appearance, of more durable materials, certainly of a more laboured texture, and, perhaps we may add, of a more masculine form, than either of the foregoing. This hypothesis, affecting to call to its support the authority of revelation, adds to that such aid as can be derived from physical geography, the philosophy of climate, and the natural history of man, with every topic of argument, drawn from moral and social considerations, which reason can furnish or imagination devise. Resting on the Mosaic doctrine of the primitive unity of the human race, this hypothesis professes to account for all the variety that subsequently occurred and now exists in their complexion and feature, their stature and figure, from the combined operation of three causes, viz. "*Climate—the state of society—and the manner of living.*" To these three causes operating with a concurrent force, is attributed an influence which it would be scarcely extravagant to denominate miraculous—an influence capable of producing in the human aspect the most surprising metamorphoses—of transmuting the fair and beautiful countenance of the Circas-

asian into the sable skin and brutalized features of the native of New Holland—of converting the black and unseemly excrescence which forms a woolly covering for the head of the Negro, into the full flowing auburn or flaxen tresses of the German or the Swede, the Fin or the Norwegian—of changing the dwarfish stature and disproportioned figure of the Laplander, the Samoeide, or the Esquimaux savage, into the lofty port and symmetrical form of the English or American gentleman—of producing all those striking peculiarities in the bones of the head, in the junction of the head with the neck, in the fingers, in the bones of the lower extremities, with some of their muscles, and in the bones of the pelvis—of producing, we say, all those peculiarities of conformation in the hard and soft parts, which are known to distinguish the European from the African, the Indian, and the semi-human inhabitant of the arctic circle. This is no exaggerated representation of the agency attributed to the foregoing causes. As far as it goes it is an honest outline of the hypothesis in question:—a correct though incomplete statement of the changes and transfigurations in the form and complexion of man, which are attributed to the influence of climate, the state of society, and the manner of living.

Of this hypothesis, which shall hereafter receive the attention it merits, the outlines were sketched by the philosophers of Europe. But it was reserved for an American to retouch the canvas, and finish the picture. It cannot moreover be denied, and must not, therefore, be concealed, that, considering his subject and the quality of the materials with which he was compelled to labour, he has executed his task with the hand of a master.

The American philosopher to whom we allude, is the Rev. Dr. Smith, late president of Princeton College, and author of the essay we are about to examine.

In one of the first paragraphs of his work, which it will be our business to examine, our author premises what appears to us a very singular objection against the existence of any primitive and radical diversity in the human race. "Different species," says he, "must be subject to different laws both in the physical and moral constitution of their nature. The whole philosophy of man, therefore, is confounded by that hypothesis which divides the *kind* into various *species*, radically different from one another. The laws of morals designed to regulate the mutual intercourse of mankind, we derive from examining our own nature, or collecting the common sentiments of men in society, united together by a common system of feelings and ideas. But how shall we apply rules, derived from these sources, to different nations, and to different individuals whose moral principles, resulting, in like manner, from the constitution of their natures, respectively, may be as various as their several aspects?" &c.

We might dismiss this paragraph by briefly remarking, that we have not engaged in the enterprise of building for ourselves any laboured system, or of establishing any favourite hypothesis. We have, therefore, nothing to do

with removing supposed difficulties or reconciling apparent inconsistencies, which evidently do not lie in our way. Our object is much more simple, and the course we shall pursue much more summary. We mean to content ourselves with the negative side of the question, regarding the positive as beyond our reach. Instead of attempting to prove that there were primarily created, and that there now exist, various *species* of men, radically different from each other, (*a doctrine in which we do not profess to believe*) our only intention is to show, that Dr. Smith has not succeeded in proving the contrary—that he has not by his reasoning, established the *primitive unity of man*; but that, under the misguidance of a zeal which we think more fervid than enlightened, he has reasoned most inconclusively and unphilosophically—sometimes calling to his aid the supposed action of causes that have no existence; and, at other times, attributing to causes that do exist, effects, either greatly disproportioned to their power, or diametrically opposite to those they are calculated to produce.

To convince our author, however, that it is not our intention to practise a disingenuous evasion of the question, we deliberately deny the fundamental proposition of the foregoing quotation. We deny that “different species (of men) must be subject to different laws, both in the physical and moral constitution of their nature.” Nor do we discover the slightest ground for believing, that, “the whole philosophy of man is confounded by that hypothesis which divides the *kind* into various *species*, radically different from one another.” Both these propositions we hold to be erroneous, and find it difficult to reconcile them with other than a superficial knowledge of the point in question. To the anatomist and physiologist as well as to the metaphysician, we hold it unnecessary to expose their fallacy. But for the satisfaction of readers unversed in these branches of science, this exposition must now be attempted.

The system of man is known to be composed of various organs, different and in some respects wholly distinct from each other. It is further known that these several organs are governed by their own respective laws—laws arising out of the peculiarity of their physical structure. To render our meaning the more clear and intelligible, we will mention a few of the principal organs to which we allude, and notice also some of their particular laws. These organs are, the skin, the muscles, the blood vessels, the lymphatics, the nerves, the brain, the bones, the lungs, the intestines, and a few others. We repeat, that each of these organs, besides being subject to the general laws of the system, is also governed by a code or collection of laws peculiar to itself, which, for the sake of discrimination, may be denominated local or partial laws, and in which the other parts of the body have comparatively but little concern. It follows, therefore, that in these subordinate or local laws of any particular organ or part, important and even radical changes may take place, without producing any material effect either on other single organs, or on the constitutional laws and general philosophy of the system.

For example: in any given part of the body, say the arm, the leg, or the head, it is customary for the large blood vessels to be divided into a given number of branches, and these branches to diverge from each other at given angles, and to run in certain given directions. The same thing is true with regard to the principal lymphatics and nerves. They too consist of a certain given number, and observe a given course and arrangement, in their distribution through particular parts of the body. This is still more remarkably the case with respect to the bones. In composing the skeleton of any given member or part in the system of man, of the leg, for instance, the foot, the wrist, the spine, these hard and solid bodies amount to a certain customary number, and assume a definite figure, fixed dimensions, and an unvarying arrangement. This they do with great uniformity. But can we not conceive it practicable for a striking, radical, and even specific diversity to occur in these properties of the bones, without subverting or confounding the principles of morals, or unsettling, in the least, the general laws and philosophy of the system? Unquestionably we can, and for this obvious and forcible reason, that morals have their seat, not in the bones, but in the brain, the dwelling of every thing connected with intellect. It is by innovations and derangements in the latter organ, then, not the former, that the system of morality is confounded and overthrown.

For the sake of illustration, let us suppose, as a general rule, the human foot to be composed of ten bones, six cylindrical and four cuboidal; and the spine of twenty-four vertebrae or joints. Let us further suppose, that in the course of their researches naturalists discover another description of men having in the foot but eight bones, four cylindrical and four oval, and but twenty vertebrae in the column of the spine. In the brain, however, the heart, and all the other principal organs of the body, these newly discovered individuals differ in no respect from the rest of mankind. In this case, the whole world would positively and without hesitation pronounce these men having only eight bones in the foot, and twenty vertebrae in the spine to be a race radically and specifically distinct from all others. Reason and nature too would sanction the declaration. Yet would this novel and unlooked for structure of these two parts of the body, produce no confusion of morals, no subversion of the general philosophy of the system, no annihilation of social order. And why?—Simply because the bones of the foot and spine are of too subordinate a character to hold any ascendancy over the rest of the system—because there is here no innovation in the brain, which is regarded as the organ of morality, nor the slightest fundamental derangement in any of the governing organs of the body. Did the moral faculty reside in the bones of the foot or spine, the case would be otherwise. Then, indeed, would a corresponding diversity in moral principle necessarily ensue.

The circumstances of this supposed case are strictly applicable to the diversities which actually exist in the complexion and figure of the human race.

Let us compare a full blooded African with a full blooded European, and both the truth and force of our proposition will be rendered obvious. In the former, we find a black skin, frizzled hair, depressed features, a retreating forehead, and gibbous legs. In the latter, we are presented with an appearance and state of things very strikingly different—a fair complexion, flowing hair, straight legs, projecting features, and a prominent forehead. That the case may be the stronger, we will even admit that these differences are uncontestedly primitive and permanent. In both individuals, however, we find the brain, which we regard as the seat of the moral principle, precisely alike, except that in the African it is somewhat the smallest. There is also a perfect similarity in the heart, the lungs, the liver, the intestines, and in all the governing organs of the body. Now judging candidly *a priori*, have we here any shadow of reason to suspect a fundamental difference in the laws of morality and in the general philosophy of the two systems? Have we the slightest physical ground of belief that the moral and social habits of the African are materially different from the moral and social habits of the European, merely because the former differs from the latter in the colour of his skin, the form of his legs, the prominence of his features, and the elevation of his forehead? That philosopher, whose object is truth and not the maintenance of some favourite hypothesis, will promptly and positively reply in the negative. The reason is plain. Morality is seated neither in the skin, the nose, the lips, nor the bones of the leg. Being an intellectual rather than a corporeal quality, it is believed to be the offspring of the brain, which, except in point of size, is precisely the same in the African as the European. Were the African's legs, features, hair and skin, on the other hand, in all respects similar to those of the European, but his brain and other principal organs essentially dissimilar, then might we be led, *a priori*, to look for a radical and immutable difference in his moral habits and social qualities, as well as in the general philosophy of his system. The cause of this must be obvious to every one. The instrument or organ of morality is changed. But as we are taught by our rules of philosophizing that, under similar circumstances, similar causes produce similar effects, so, by the equally infallible rule of contraries, under similar circumstances, dissimilar causes produce dissimilar effects.

Suppose a race of men should be discovered having their bodies completely clothed in the hair of a stag or the wool of a sheep, but resembling precisely the rest of mankind in their brain, heart, lungs, hands, and other leading organs and parts of the system; would not this be acknowledged to be a species radically distinct from all the rest of the genus? We surely incur no hazard of contradiction in answering, that it would. Yet would there be no solid ground, even here, to suspect any thing specifically different in the principles of their morality, their social habits, or their general philosophy. The specific difference would be confined exclusively to the texture, action, and laws of the skin. That external covering, however, cannot be deemed the



seat or source of any thing intellectual. Even by the discovery of such a race, then, the philosophy of man would not be confounded:

Had Dr. Smith adverted but for a moment to these circumstances—had he recollected that a specific difference in *certain* parts of the bodies of men, does not necessarily imply a corresponding difference in *every* part, but that the greatest dissimilarity in some organs is compatible with a perfect resemblance in others—had he bestowed, we say, on these well known facts the consideration to which they are intitled, we cannot believe he would ever have asserted that “different species (of men) *must* be subject to different laws both in the physical and moral constitution of their nature.”

Though certainly not connected with the principles, and but slightly, as we think, with the design of the work, our author has notwithstanding introduced into his essay, a very laboured disquisition on the primitive state and condition of man. His object is to establish the position, that the progenitor of mankind was created a civilized and cultivated being, and that the savage state in which different nations have been subsequently found, is nothing but a degeneracy from their original standing—the result of idleness and evil passions. Here he again declares that he carries along with him the clear and positive testimony of both sacred history and true philosophy. We cannot, however, at present, call to mind a single text either in the works of Moses, or in any other portion of divine revelation, which the principles of correct logic would justify us in bringing forward to prove, that *nations* were primitively civilized and enlightened.

We regret that we cannot accompany our author through the whole of his remarks on the primitive condition of the human race. That the reader may not, however, be totally uninformed as to his sentiments and reasonings on this subject, we present him with an outline of them in the following quotation.

“The original and absolute *savagism* of mankind, says he, is a principle which appears to me to be contradicted equally by sound reason, and by the most authentic documents which remain to us of ancient history. All the earliest monuments of nations, as far as we can trace them, fix their origin about the middle regions of Asia, and present man to us in a state already civilized. From this centre, we perceive the radiations of the race gradually shooting themselves towards every quarter of the globe. Savage life seems to have arisen only from idle or restless spirits, who, shunning the fatigues of labour, or spurning the restraints and subordinations of civil society, sought, at once, liberty and the pleasures of the chase, in wild, uncultivated regions, remote from their original habitations. Here, forgetting the arts of civilized life, they, with their posterity, degenerated, in a course of time, into all the ignorance and rudeness of savagism, and furnished ample materials to the imagination of the poets for the pictures they have presented to us of the abject condition of the primitive men.”

To say nothing of the faulty composition of this paragraph, the materials which compose it we hold to be unsound. We cannot perceive that it fortifies, in the least, the hypothesis which it announces. "All the earliest monuments of nations," says our author, "as far as we can trace them, present ~~and~~ to us in a state already civilized." This, we reply, is true; nor is it possible for the case to be otherwise; but what shadow of evidence does this impart as to the truly primitive condition of man?—In relation to that point it is an absolute nullity:—The earliest monuments of nations do, indeed, for the most part; present man to us in a civilized state.—But wherefore?—Because he had not been previously in a savage state?—By no means—but simply because ~~man~~ but civilized nations erect monuments to transmit a knowledge of their condition, and tell their story to future ages.—Because none but such nations ~~leave~~ behind them any relics of sufficient durability to triumph over the destructive ravages of time.

What can a ~~hord~~ of wandering savages achieve calculated to inregister in imperishable annals, and hand down to posterity in a recorded form, their state, their place of residence, their existence, or their name? They compose no epic poems, write no histories, people no capitols with marble or with bronze.—Rude war songs are all their poetry, oral traditions the amount of their story, and figures in wood the whole of their statuary:—the two former fleeting and perishable as the breath which gives them utterance, and the latter as corruptible as the hand that fashioned them. Savage nations intersect not their territory with canals and aqueducts, nor do they burthen the earth with piles of architecture. They build neither walled cities nor triumphal arches, towers nor temples, castles nor palaces, pyramids nor catacombs.—If their dwellings be not in caves, they are in huts and wigwams, which the tempest overthrows, the fire devours, or the swell of some neighbouring stream sweeps away. Their stronghold in war is an impervious thicket, a ~~few~~ notches or figures on trees the record of their victories, their sepulchral monument a tumulus of stones, and the recesses of a forest the sanctuary of their God. Such are the only memorials of a savage people, which the lapse of a few fleeting years must forever efface.—Such too is the reason why the "earliest monuments of nations always present man to us in a civilized state." For centuries previously to the erection of these monuments, the same people might have inhabited the same territories; but, having been, during that period, in a savage state, nothing was accomplished by them of sufficient durability to tell to after ages their primitive story.

Again, says the author of the essay, in the paragraph already quoted, "savage life, seems to have arisen only from idle or restless spirits, who, shunning the fatigues of labour, or spurning the restraints and subordinations of civil society, sought, at once, liberty and the pleasures of the chase, in wild, uncultivated regions, remote from their original habitations. Here, forgetting the arts of civilized life, they, with their posterity, degenerated in a course of time, into all the ignorance and rudeness of savagism."

Here is, indeed, a very round and plausible story of the metamorphosis of civilized into savage life;—a story which seems to solve, with a magical facility, the whole mystery which envelops the subject, and is, therefore, but too well calculated to gain currency with the credulous and impose on the unthinking. But where and when has this transmutation been realized? Where are the chronicles from which the history of it is extracted? Is there extant a volume, either sacred or profane, in which we will find the event substantially recorded? We believe we may defy contradiction, in replying that there is not. We have ourselves often conversed with the most enlightened and observant travellers, and not unfrequently looked into history ancient and modern, universal and local, civil and military—the annals of the early as well as of the middle and declining periods of nations: yet never, through any channel, has such a fact as the foregoing been presented to our notice. We have never observed, read, or heard of a single instance where a people once civilized have become themselves absolutely savage, or planted remote countries with savage colonies. Nor does it comport either with our ideas of the principles of human nature, or our observation as to the course of human action, to admit that such an event has ever taken place.

Our appeal, however, is to history, not to opinion, and that, we are persuaded, is decidedly in our favour. Through that medium have we seen nations gradually emerging from the degradation and wretchedness of savage, to the dignity and comforts of civilized life. But we fearlessly challenge the whole records of social life to show us the picture completely reversed.

It has been already stated, that Dr. Smith rests his hypothesis, of the primitive unity of man, on a treble basis, *viz.* the effects of the combined operation of climate, the state of society, and the manner of living, in diversifying the human complexion and figure. It has been stated, that to the supposed powers of transmutation possessed by this threefold cause, he attributes all the variety in form, size, feature, and colour, which exists between the most dissimilar descriptions of men. His principal arguments in favour of this hypothesis, it shall now be our business more particularly to examine.

The hypothesis, though rendered in the essay complicated and involved, may yet be reduced to great simplicity. If true, it must be susceptible of support either from *unquestioned historical fact*, or *fair and legitimate philosophical induction*. Its author must either have it in his power to adduce well attested instances of the changes in the human complexion and figure, for which he contends, having actually taken place; or, from his minute and perfect knowledge of the powers of climate, the state of society, the manner of living, and of the susceptibility of the human system, he must be able to prove, by means of sound argument, that the former acting on the latter is physically calculated to effect the various transmutations in question. These, we say, are the only possible sources of proof which present themselves to his choice. From the one or the other therefore, or from both combined, must

his whole store of evidence be selected. We shall briefly consider and analyze them in order: and first,

*Of historical fact.* The occurrences in favour of his hypothesis, which our author attempts to derive from the history of man, are few, and, as we shall endeavour to prove, equivocal and inconclusive.

The *first* in order of these historical evidences relates to a colony of Hungarians, who, to use the doctor's own words, "by migrating to Lapland *some ages ago*, (but how many ages ago, under what circumstances, or for what purposes he does not tell us,) have become absolutely assimilated to the natives of the country in every attribute of that diminutive and deformed race." The *second* relates to a colony of Portuguese, who, established in Congo, not yet three centuries since, have so degenerated in complexion, in the figure of their persons, and their habits of living, as to be no longer distinguishable from the neighbouring tribes of Hottentots. The *third* is derived from the inhabitants of modern Europe, who, though all descended, as it is alleged, from the same primitive stock, exhibit at present various shades of complexion, increasing in depth of colouring, as we advance from the Baltic to the shores of the Mediterranean. The *fourth* relates to the Arabians, who, though they can be clearly traced, as it is asserted, to their origin in one family, and have never been blended either by conquest or commerce with any other people, yet exhibit, at present, every variety of complexion, from swarthinness in the northern, to real blackness in the southern section of their peninsula. The *fifth* is derived from the Jews, a race, who, descended from the same ancestry, and prohibited by their institutions from intermarrying with strangers, are notwithstanding declared to have contracted the complexion of every people with whom they have been mingled. The *sixth*, and last is taken from the inhabitants of the United States. Of these it is asserted, that the *whites* have already very strikingly degenerated in complexion from the fairness of their European ancestors, while the native *blacks* whose blood is free from foreign admixture, though they are not alleged to have lost, as yet, in any visible degree the hue of their fathers, are positively pronounced to be very perceptibly exchanging their uncouth features, and contracting in form the European countenance. On each of these heads of supposed proof we shall offer a few remarks.

In order that our sentiments on these topics may be the more clearly understood, and that there may be no seeming inconsistency in our future reasonings, we think it necessary to premise, that we are far from denying the power of climate to alter and modify, to a certain extent, both the complexion and figure of man. Nor do we deny that the state of society and the manner of living may exert a similar power in a limited degree. We know for instance, that the scorching sun of Africa, of India, or even of the Brazils will efface, in time, the fair tints of the European skin, and imprint in their place a very different hue—one, for instance, approaching to the brow

or the olive. We further know, that a want of cleanliness and a constant exposure to the inclemencies of the weather, contribute to accelerate and heighten these effects. Nor are we at all ignorant that a certain coarseness of feature and harshness of expression are the universal concomitants of poverty, ignorance, and a contention with hardships. To deny or even question facts so notorious as these, would be to throw off all regard for truth, and become insensible to the evidence of all observation. But the influence of these causes, even when joined in the closest alliance, and cooperating under the most favourable circumstances, is circumscribed within certain limits. Nor is the sphere of these limits so extensive as to admit of a reciprocal transmutation of the different races of men—of the European into the Negro, the Negro into the Tartar, or the lofty Patagonian into the diminutive Laplander.

Although the combined influence of climate, the state of society, and the manner of living may, and we believe does, produce varieties in the same race, it is incapable of altering the distinctive characters of the race—of breaking down those seemingly substantial partitions of feature, figure, complexion, and stature, which exist between the different races of men, and which the pleasure of the Deity has erected, though in a manner which we cannot fathom, yet no doubt for purposes the most wise and beneficent. Thus the swarthy Spaniard and the olive-coloured Italian have the same distinctive characters, and are hence of the same race, with the fair German and the florid Hibernian. In a few generations, therefore, the climates of Italy and Spain would imprint on emigrants from Germany and Ireland the complexions which distinguish their native inhabitants; while, conversely, the Spaniard and the Italian emigrating to higher latitudes, would in time exchange their dark olive for the carnation of the north. In like manner, though the complexion of the southern is much deeper than that of the northern districts of Arabia, yet do the inhabitants of each extreme preserve the true characters of the Arabic race. Between these two shades or varieties, therefore, it is altogether probable that an interchange of residence would produce, in time, a transmutation of colour. But we confidently believe, that no interchange of climates, states of society, or modes of life, could ever amalgamate into a homogeneous mass, and thus reduce to a common standard, the European, the Negro, the Arabian, and the Laplander.

The fundamental error into which Dr. Smith has fallen on this subject has arisen from his not discriminating between the laws of living and those of dead matter—the laws of mechanics and those of physiology. It is well known to medical philosophers, that the same principles are far from being reciprocally applicable to those two different branches of science. On *dead matter* the continued operation of the same causes is uniform and progressive, but, on *living matter* such operation either varies or ceases to produce any effect, according to circumstances. Thus on the *former*, if the operation of certain,

causes make a certain impression in a given time, in double that time it will double the impression, in treble the time it will treble it, and so on in proportion; the effect may be raised to almost any amount, and that without increasing the force of the causes. For the sake of illustration let the action were be water, and the matter acted on a soft argillaceous stone. If in twenty days the friction of the water sweeping over this stone wear away an ounce of its substance, in forty days it will wear away two ounces, in sixty three ounces, and so on, till the whole stone will finally disappear. Now independent, we think, that a belief in the applicability of a similar law to living matter, has contributed not a little to entangle Dr. Smith in such a labyrinth of error. That gentleman knows from observation, that, in a given time a tropical sun will imprint a given degree of darkness on a fair complexion. In double the time he supposes it will double that degree, in treble the time treble it, and so on, as in the case of dead matter, till the stain shall ultimately amount to the blackness of the Negro. But herein lies his mistake. He entirely overlooks that ever active principle in living matter, which offers resistance to the impressions of new and unfriendly causes, and so completely accommodates itself to the existing state of things, as finally to prevent and even destroy all susceptibility to their action. This principle absolutely prohibits the continued operation of causes of the same power from being uniformly progressive in its effect. On the other hand, by the resistance it offers, it renders this operation fainter and fainter in its impression, till at length it prevents it from having any further influence. The law of living matter, to which we here allude is happily illustrated by the action of poisons. If opium be administered, at intervals, in half-grain doses, the first dose swallowed will be likely to produce nausea; but the second dose will produce less, and the third less again, till the system, having accommodated itself to the poison, ultimately ceases to suffer from its action. Such is usually the state of the case with regard to the imbrowning power of the sun on the human complexion. Because that power produces a given effect in a given time, it will not, in twice that time, double it, and in three times treble it, till it reach the point of absolute blackness. The laws of living beings it makes are widely different. If, in the first division of time, it produces an effect equal to five, in the second, the principle of resistance in the system being now perfectly awake, the effect will not be equal to more than three; in the third to three, and in the fourth to two, till, by the arrival of the fifth division, the power ceases to make any further progress. This accommodation always takes place long before the European complexion is transformed into the African. To enable it to carry its action to such an extent, the imbrowning power of climate ought to be progressively increased in energy in proportion as the principle of resistance renders the system less susceptible of its action. So unfounded is the belief that the depth of complexion produced by climate will be in proportion to the time of exposure to its influ-

ence—But to return from this digression to an examination of our author's historical evidences.

As to the two first of these, viz. the metamorphosis of a colony of Hungarians into Laplanders, and a colony of Portuguese into Hottentots, we are persuaded that he himself attaches to them no importance and but little credit. The narratives setting forth these events rest on authority so obscure and equivocal, and are communicated to us in a shape so highly questionable, that they are unfit to be made the basis of a philosopher's belief. They bear such a resemblance to the fables of travellers, instead of the sober character of history, that we are inclined to class them with the exploded accounts of tailed men in the island of Borneo, a nation of pignies in the interior of Madagascar, and a race of giants in the wilds of Patagonia.

For the sake of argument, however, we will admit the facts to be substantially true—that a colony of Hungarians, having emigrated to Lapland, assumed in time the Laplandish aspect, and that a colony of Portuguese having settled in Congo, contracted the complexion and degenerated into the disgusting brutishness of the Hottentots. Having thus gratuitously conceded the facts, are we bound also to adopt Dr. Smith's explanation of them, and to believe, that the arctic climate and manner of living produced the wonderful Hungarian transmutation, and that the solar heats and state of society effected, in Africa, the Portuguese metamorphosis?—It is fortunate that no such necessity is imposed on us. Another and better alternative is offered to our choice. If reason be consulted, she will pronounce it much more probable, that, in both cases, the change, whatever it was, resulted principally from the agency of intermarriages—from mingling, in the north, the blood of the Laplander with the blood of the Hungarian, and, in the south, the blood of the Hottentot with that of the Portuguese.

Dr. Smith's *third* historical evidence is derived from the supposed *unity of origin* connected with the present *diversity of complexion* of the inhabitants of Europe. "The influence of climate," says he, "on the human complexion is demonstrated by well known and important events within the memory of history. From the Baltic to the Mediterranean the different latitudes of Europe are marked by different shades of colour. In tracing the origin of the fair German, the dark coloured Frenchman, and the swarthy Spaniard and Sicilian, it has been proved that they are all derived from the same primitive stock: or, at least, from nearly resembling nations which may be comprehended under the general names of Huns and Goths. The southern provinces of France, of Italy, of Spain, and of other countries of Europe, are distinguished from the northern by a much deeper shade of complexion."

In drawing, by latitudes, this variegated picture of modern Europe, our author ought to have recollected, for we are persuaded he cannot be ignorant of the fact, that, besides the mere influence of climate, there exists another cause of no inconsiderable power, why the inhabitants of certain

countries bordering on the Mediterranean possess complexions of a deeper shade than those whose place of residence is farther to the north. It is known that those maritime provinces, more particularly in Spain and Italy, were very extensively and for a great length of time in possession of Moors. Although that people were ultimately vanquished and forced by their conquerors to recross the Mediterranean, yet they left behind them, in the provinces they had overrun, a portion of their blood, which still flows in the veins, and contributes to darken the complexions of their descendants. As incontestable is our evidence in support of this, that in many families in the south of Spain, the Moorish features are not yet effaced.

But we would not be thought either too scrupulously exact, or too eager in our search after subordinate errors. We will, therefore, admit (though it would be easy to show by a variety of considerations, that *truth does not consist from us in addition*) the perfect correctness of the picture of Europe with which we are presented in the preceding quotation. We will admit, that from the Baltic to the Mediterranean, every degree of latitude is marked by a darker shade of the human complexion, in proportion as it approaches the tropical heats. We will further admit, that the increasing temperature of the several climates is the only cause of this progressive change. Ample as these concessions are, they will avail our author nothing in relation to the hypothesis he is labouring to establish. For, as already remarked, though a variety of climate has, in Europe, produced a corresponding variety of complexion, yet, in no instance, has it obliterated or shown the slightest tendency to erase the true and distinctive characters of different races. In no instance has it manifested even the semblance of an approach towards the production of a new race---of the true African skin, hair, features, or figure. When examined by the candid and discriminating eye of Geography, the Spaniard, the Portuguese and the Italian are in all respects as distinct from the real Negro, as the German, the Swede, or the high bred Englishman. In strict philosophical language, those swarthy people are not a mixed, equivocal breed---they constitute no intermediate link between the true white man and the true black---the native of the north of Europe, and the native of those burning regions washed by the Senegal, the Niger, or the Grande. Though deprived of the fair and delicate tints which mark the cheeks of their northern neighbours, they are, notwithstanding, strikingly and emphatically of the race of the whites: whereas many mulattoes are found of complexions considerably lighter, who betray most of the distinguishing marks of their African ancestry.

The climate of Europe has long since produced its maximum of effect in modifying the complexion and figure of its inhabitants. The warmer districts have ceased to add a deeper shade to the skin of each succeeding generation. Unless the power of the modifying causes be increased, the effect cannot be carried any further. Yet do the distinctive characters, indi-



ating a perfect unity of species, prevail on the continent as universally now, as they did a thousand years ago. Varieties have, indeed, been produced in the race of Europeans, but the race itself remains inviolate. Nor does there exist a probability that it will ever undergo a radical mutation. Without affecting to be uncommonly prescient, we venture to predict, that whoso ten centuries more shall have passed over them, the inhabitants of Europe (unless adulterated by admixtures with other nations) will exhibit unchanged the same features, the same figure, and the same complexion, which they do at present. They will still exhibit, without alloy, all the distinctive characters of the present European race. When properly considered, then, the existing aspect of the continent of Europe, variegated as it is by the complexion of its inhabitants, furnishes matter of argument against, rather than in favour of our author's hypothesis.

Dr. Smith's *fourth* historical evidence is derived from the Arabs. That singular and once distinguished people, he observes, "can be traced by a clear and undisputed genealogy to their origin in one family; and they have never been blended either by conquest or by commerce with any other race. And yet we find every gradation of discolouration among them from the swarthy hue of the northern provinces, to the deep black suffused with a yellowish tinge, which prevails in the southern angle of the Arabian peninsula."

By referring to some of our preceding remarks, the reader will perceive, what amounts to a sufficient comment on this passage. He will there find it conceded, that a variety in climate is capable of producing, *to a certain extent*, a corresponding variety in the human complexion; and that, in Arabia, such an effect has actually resulted from this cause. But he will also find it there stated, and we hope established to his satisfaction, that this effect is confined to complexion alone, the distinctive marks of the Arabic race subsisting, in as full perfection, in the southern, as they do in the middle or northern regions of that extensive country. From this operation, which is altogether superficial--this mere deepening of the shades of the human complexion, nothing can possibly be inferred as to the power of climate to produce a radical transmutation of races. The southern Arabs, although approaching them in colour, are notwithstanding as far removed from the genuine character of the Negro race, as their fairer countrymen who inhabit the north. They have not about them a single feature resembling the inhabitants of the west of Africa. Till we find Asiatics or Europeans, then, converted into real Negroes by the influence of a hot climate and certain savage modes of life, we must still remain incredulous of the fact, notwithstanding a thousand speculations to the contrary.

We cannot take leave of this topic without remarking, that it would gratify us exceedingly to see a detail of the evidence by which the Arabic people are "traced by a clear and undisputed genealogy to their origin in one

family." We have seen an attempt, at such an exposition, learned indeed, and somewhat plausible, but, as we conceive, utterly abortive.

Our author's *fifth* historical fact relates to the Jews. From his own acknowledgment, it is obvious that he attaches great weight to the history of this extraordinary people—that he considers it as, in some measure, the stronghold of his hypothesis.

His example, says he, can carry with it greater authority on this subject than that of the Jews. Descended from one stock, prohibited by their most sacred institutions from intermarrying with strangers, and yet widely dispersed into every region on the globe, this one people is marked with the peculiar characteristics of every climate. In Britain and Germany they are fair, brown in France and in Turkey, swarthy in Portugal and Spain, olive in Syria and Chaldea, tawney or copper-coloured in Arabia and Egypt."

This paragraph is too general and unqualified in its statement and association. For the facts it sets forth are true only in part. Whatever shades of complexion the Jews may contract in other countries, they are not "*fair in Britain and Germany.*" *A brown people, at least, they are in every section of the globe they inhabit*—we mean that their complexion is never lighter than a *brown*, when their veins are free from Christian blood. This assertion is founded on observation in part, and partly on information derived from observant and intelligent travellers.

But even admitting every thing for which the doctor contends, in relation to the complexion of the Jews, what has he to say on the subject of their *national countenance*? Does that too vary with the climate and mode of living, so as to resemble the countenance of every people among whom it is their lot to reside? Do the real descendants of Israel ever acquire that peculiar configuration of face, which distinguishes the Hollander from the German, the German from the Frenchman, the Frenchman from the Spaniard, and the Spaniard from them all? Do they ever become so completely amalgamated in their aspect with the people around them, as to have the distinctive character of their countenance swallowed up and lost in a national likeness? The answer is obvious. Without attempting accurately to depict it, we venture to assert, that there is something in the complexion and countenance of a Jew, which produces his birthright, and serves as an index to his parentage throughout the world. Something that personally distinguishes him from all other descriptions of men, and which neither climate, nor manners, nor associations, nor modes of living, are competent to efface. Notwithstanding the centuries that have rolled away since the dispersion of this people, there is strong reason to believe that they retain, at the present day, much of the complexion, and perhaps still more of the character of countenance, which marked them originally in the land of Palestine. If then they have already passed through so many eras of ages without being stript of their primitive appearance, it is probable they will retain the same, unaffected by time, till the period of their

predicted return to the land of their fathers. Perhaps it is even within the special scope of a wise and beneficent providence, that this should be the case, in order that, on their first assembling in the plains of Judea, they may become at once a homogeneous people, and be the better fitted for the enjoyment of their new residence.

We are not a little surprised at the use (we will not call it *uncandid*, whatever weight of testimony we might be able to adduce in justification of the term) which Dr. Smith has made of the late discovery of a tribe of *black Jews* in the kingdom of Hindoostan. This people he represents, in terms express and unqualified, as having become "as black as the natives of the country," from no other cause than simply "a residence of ages in that climate." We deem it alike singular and unfortunate in our author that he did not attend to the statement of the rev. Dr. Buchanan on this subject. That pious and learned divine, after having visited the *black Jews*, examined their aspect, and inquired into their history, does not hesitate to assert, that, "their Hindoo complexion, and their very imperfect resemblance to the European Jews, indicate that they have been detached from the parent stock in Judea, many ages before the Jews of the west (white Jews;) and that there have been intermarriages between them and families not Israelitish." Again, says that enlightened and enterprising traveller, "The white Jews look upon the black Jews as an inferior race, and not of a pure cast, which plainly demonstrates that they do not spring from a common stock in India." This we consider as an ample refutation of all that Dr. Smith has advanced in relation to the sable complexion of the Jews of India.

If the influence of every kind of climate, under every state of society and manner of life, continued during nearly two thousand years, has been found insufficient to deprive the Jews entirely of a dark penetrating eye, an aquiline nose, a pointed chin, and an olive complexion, how many centuries would be requisite, by the rule of proportion, to bleach completely the skin of the African, and mould his features into European symmetry?

Our author's *sixth*, and last historical evidence, being considerably more complicated than either of the preceding, will require a greater latitude of comment. It is derived from the inhabitants of the United States. Of these the *whites*, or Anglo-Americans, as they are more technically denominated, are alleged to have degenerated very materially from the fairness and ruddiness of their ancestral complexion: while the *blacks*, or descendants of the Africans, still retaining their aboriginal hue, are asserted to be improving in the length and quantity of their hair, and fast acquiring the symmetry and expression of the European countenance.

"Another example," says the doctor, "of the power of climate to change the complexion, and even to introduce great alterations into the whole constitution, is presented to the view of the philosophic observer in the native

population of the United States. Sprung, not long since, from the British, the Irish, and the German nations, who are the fairest people in Europe, they have undergone a visible and important change. A certain paleness of complexion and softness of feature in the native American strikes a British traveller as soon as he arrives upon our shores.—The American complexion does not exhibit as clear a red and white as the British or the German. And there is a tinge of sallowness spread over it which indicates the tendency of the climate to generate bile.”

Along with a variety of similar remarks made by our author in relation to the white inhabitants of the United States, are, to a certain extent, correct; but they bear with no force whatever on the question at issue.—They have no tendency either to prove or disprove the descent of mankind from a common stock. For, though we have, in the United States, lost somewhat of the fairness and transparency of our ancestral complexion (and in the eastern and middle states the loss is very trifling) yet no one will contend that we have lost a single distinctive characteristic of our race. We are still the same people with those from whom we are descended—English, Irish, and German still, modified a little in appearance by a different climate, different laws, and different habits. We are certainly not, as some would have it, a new race. We are no nearer being, in any respects, identified with the negro population of our country, than were our European forefathers on their first arrival on the American shores.

In the southern states, even the maritime sections of them, where the degeneracy of complexion is most remarkable, that degeneracy is not very great, and it is now, perhaps, completely at a stand. The human constitution, as has already stated, and will be still more amply illustrated hereafter, is, in fact, a power of resisting the influence of climate, whether it tends to the production of disease or the discolouration of the skin. It is principally to this power inherent in living matter of action to the peculiar circumstances under which it is placed, that the darkening process of a hot climate on the human skin, is due. It is not until it reaches the point of absolute blackness. It is this power, that such a climate will darken the complexion of the first as much as it will the complexion of the fiftieth. About the point of genealogical descent the human constitution appears to make no distinction, and stands against all the imbrowning agents from without. Hence it is justly regarded as a legitimate conclusion drawn from principles long established, that the shades of complexion in many of our southern citizens, are as dark now as they will hereafter become in their posterity.

Our author's sentiments in relation to the descendants of Africans in the United States, the following extract from his Essay exhibits a sufficient specimen of his reasoning, a curious specimen:

“The field slaves in the southern states,” says he, “are, in comparison with the domestics, badly fed, clothed, and lodged. They live together in small collections of huts on the plantations on which they labour, remote from the society and example of their superiors. Confined, in this manner, to associate only with themselves, they retain many customs of their African ancestors. And pressed with labour, and dejected by servitude, and the humiliating circumstances in which they find themselves, they have little ambition to improve their personal appearance; and their oppressed condition contributes to continue, in a considerable degree, the deformities of their original climate. The domestic servants, on the other hand, who remain near the persons, and are employed within the families of their masters, are treated with great lenity, their service is light, they are fed and clothed like their superiors: insensibly they receive the same ideas of elegance and beauty, and discover a great facility in adopting their manners. This class of slaves, therefore, has advanced far before the others in acquiring the regular and agreeable features, and the expressive countenance, which can be formed only in the midst of civilized society. The former (field slaves) are generally ill shaped. They preserve, in a great degree, the African lips, nose, and hair. Their genius is dull, and the expression of their countenances sleepy and stupid. The latter (domestic slaves) frequently exhibit very straight and well proportioned limbs. Their hair is often extended to three and four inches, and sometimes to a greater length. *The size and form of the mouth is, in many instances, not unhandsome, and sometimes even beautiful; the composition of the features regular, their capacity good, and their look animated.*”

We have ourselves resided and travelled not a little in the southern states, and can, therefore, speak from personal observation on the subject of the African race, in that section of our country. We would reluctantly charge the preceding statement of Dr. Smith with positive error, in point of fact; but we, without hesitation, contend, that it is so expressed as necessarily to implant error in the minds of his readers. The language in which it is clothed is too forcible, as well as too general and unqualified; and, in some sentences, no doubt means more than our author intended. Notwithstanding the fervour of his zeal for the establishment of his hypothesis, we are far from suspecting him of an intention to mislead.

We can scarcely, however, treat with indulgence that clause in the foregoing passage, wherein the writer declares that, “the size and form of the mouth (of the descendents of Africans domesticated in the families of their master,) is sometimes *even beautiful*, and the *composition of their features regular.*” Expressions as unqualified and forcible as these might perhaps be admissible, if used only in a comparative sense, i. e. in comparing the features of one African with the features of another; for the features of that people differ in their symmetrical proportions and arrangement, no less than those of other nations—some of them being more and some less irregular and

But, when either the real European countenance of the present day, or the ideal countenance of the Greeks or Romans, is used as a standard of comparison—to pronounce the mouth of the African well sized and beautiful, and the composition of his features regular, is undoubtedly an error, and one which might be easily corrected by observation. We have ourselves seen many Africans (full blooded ones we believe) the deformity and irregularity of whose features were remarkably diminished to the eye, in consequence of being accompanied by an animated and pleasing expression of countenance. But when examined apart from that expression, and tested by the symmetry of European features, the illusion was dissipated, and the fancied regularity immediately disappeared. Without meaning, then, to call in question our author's general accuracy of discernment, we do suspect, that in the present instance, he has been led into error either by mistaking pleasing expression of countenance, for correct proportion of features, or by directing his attention and applying his admeasurement to individuals partaking of a mixed race. The European ingrafted on the African stock. Nor ought a mistake of the latter kind to be considered as extraordinary. It is well known that there are mulattoes, the descendants of a white father and a black mother, who inherit, with but little alloy, their maternal complexion, with much of the regularity and symmetry of the paternal features.

The distinction which Dr. Smith draws between the house and field slaves in the southern states, is in substance correct; but he certainly attributes it to a wrong cause. His statement of the facts is historically true; but his explanation of them, philosophically erroneous. He alleges that the house slaves possess more symmetry of form and regularity of feature than the field slaves, because they are domiciliated in the dwellings of their masters. Their more comfortable situation he assigns as the cause of their comparative elegance and beauty. Whereas, in reality, the very reverse of this is true. The house slaves are admitted into the families, and educated as house-servants, under the eye of their masters, where their manners are improved by the examples of their superiors, because they are previously agreeable both in feature and behaviour, because they are already best calculated by nature to become active, docile, and pleasing domestics.

It is incontestably the original ground of the superiority in appearance, manners, and intellect possessed by the house slaves of the southern states, who are confined exclusively to the cultivation of the soil. At the same time it cannot be denied that this superiority is enhanced and rendered still more strikingly preeminent, by the opportunities of improvement which necessarily derive from the constant society and example of their superiors. Another point of improvement in the appearance of the domestic slaves, which our author attaches an importance greatly beyond what it merits, is the cultivation in the growth of their hair. This excrescence is "often very plentiful," he says, "to three or four inches, and sometimes to a greater length." His statement of the fact is true. But what is hence to be

inferred? Definitively nothing in elucidation of the point at issue. Is the *character* of the hair in any measure altered by the increase of its length? Is it approximated in its qualities to European or Asiatic hair? Certainly not. It is still nothing but African hair extended somewhat beyond its usual length. Nor is its capability of such extension to be regarded in any other light than as evidence that it is susceptible of the same cultivation which adds to the length of other hair. By uncleanness and neglect the hair of Europeans will degenerate in its length, its qualities and its appearance, becoming short and dry, harsh and unseemly. But it cannot be said that neglect and filth will ever convert it into the hair of the African. Nor, on the other hand, will that cultivation which contributes to the length and amelioration of the African hair, ever deprive it of its distinctive properties.

There is yet another difference between the field and domestic slaves of the southern states which Dr. Smith has neglected to mention, and which militates against his favourite hypothesis. The field and house slaves of the same blood, brothers and sisters for instance, have not precisely an equal depth of complexion. The well fed and well clothed domestics, who reside at their ease in the houses of their masters, are perceptibly the darkest. Yet agreeably to Dr. Smith's theory, this ought not to be the case. On the other hand, the very reverse should unquestionably obtain. Exposure to heat, light, fatigue, and filth, and subjection to bad and scanty fare, constitute with our author the most effective and unerring causes in the production of a black skin. But the field slaves are exposed to all these causes, and that, at times, in a very aggravated degree; while the more fortunate domestics experience few or none of them, being well fed, well clothed, cleanly, and employed in easy and agreeable tasks. Yet, as we have said, the latter are the darkest by several shades.

This fact, which admits, we think, of an easy solution, bears forcibly on the present question. The *natural* complexion of the Negro is *black*, as that of the European is *florid and fair*. In each race the highest and most perfect state of the complexion results from a similar combination of circumstances:—such a combination as contributes most to the perfection of animal health and vigour. For excellence of complexion is essentially dependent on excellence of health. This is the case with Africans no less than with Europeans. Hence, during indisposition, the skin of the latter grows pale, while that of the former becomes dingy and yellow, each departing alike from its healthy hue.

What now are the circumstances under which the European complexion attains its highest and most perfect state? We answer, these:—cleanliness, moderate exposure to light and air, easy and agreeable labour, a sufficiency of wholesome and nutritious food, pleasant associations, a light heart and a contented mind—in fine, whatever contributes to pleasing and salutiferous impressions. Such precisely is the combination of circumstances in

in the midst of which, the domestic slaves pass away their time in the southern states. Though fortunately situated their spirits are buoyant, their health excellent, and all the secretions of the body go vigorously on. But the formation of the black pigment which gives colour to the skin is a genuine secretory process. It, therefore, among the rest is active and energetic. Thus do these cheerful and contented domestics put on that jetty and sleek appearance which is as much the effect and signal of health in them, as the liveliest carnation on the cheek of the European. Thus do causes the very reverse of those to which Dr. Smith ascribes it, contribute to the depth and perfection of the African colour. Among the field slaves, on the other hand, where exposure to all the inclemencies of the weather is almost uninterrupted, where the toil is grievous, the diet scanty and ill prepared, the person squalid, the juices of the body impoverished, and the spirits broken—causes peculiarly and powerfully operative, according to Dr. Smith, in ebonizing the complexion of man;—amid these circumstances, we say, the African colour is found in less perfection than under the influence of opposite causes. The reason is obvious. Among the field slaves, health being comparatively languid, and the functions of the body preternaturally faint, the complexion assumes a corresponding sickness, analogous to what takes place in the persons of Europeans. Whereas among the domestic slaves, whose veins hold richer blood, and who are heirs to a more felicitous lot, the most perfect degree of health is found in unison with the most finished state of complexion.

It is confidently asserted, by writers, and we believe the statement to be correct, that the infants of Africans, when they first see the light, have not yet attained the full maturity of their parental complexion. Nor do they; as it is alleged, acquire it, till they have been exposed for a time to the influence of climate, i. e. till their skin has been darkened by the combined action of the atmosphere and the solar rays. Hence it is contended that a black complexion is not natural to that people, but that they derive from nature nothing more than a predisposition to such complexion, the blackness being actually produced by external and adventitious causes. It is added, that if these causes were withheld, the colour which is the effect of them would never exist.

Such sophistry as this may, perhaps, puzzle, and engender doubts; but never can either enlighten or convince the judgment. At best it only places at a greater distance the difficulty it is not able to remove, and thus obliges us, in pursuing the discussion, to ascend one link higher in the chain of causes.

Accordingly, it is said, derive from nature a predisposition to blackness—a disposition of being turned black by the agency of air, heat, and light—True, and this predisposition constitutes between them and Europeans a distinction as great as the colour itself would do were it originally present.



Africans, it is added, would not become black if they were not exposed to the action of the foregoing external causes—heat, light, air, and a few others. True, we again reply, because it is essential to the completion of their constitution—to the perfect evolution of their physical character, that they should sustain the action of these causes.—Without being thus exposed they could never become inhabitants of earth, and could not, therefore, fulfil the end of their creation.

Let us extend a little further the principle here advanced, and mark the absurdities into which it will lead us. Negroes, it is said, are not *naturally* black; because blackness does not form the complexion of their new born infants. Neither, then, are Europeans *naturally* fair—they too have only a *pre-disposition* to fairness—and this for the same reason which is urged in the case of Africans, viz. because the infants of Europeans do not bring into the world with them the lily and the carnation blended in their complexion—because these delicate tints are afterwards acquired by them, through the instrumentality of external causes. It is a truth which must be familiar to every one, that the infants of Europeans, when newly born, are almost as remote from their parental fairness of complexion, as the infants of Africans are from their hereditary blackness. The native complexion of each race remains a desideratum to be supplied after birth. In repairing this deficiency, it would seem that nature has to perform for each a task very nearly equal in difficulty—she labours but little less in bleaching the skin of the European infant, than she does in painting the African black. It must be acknowledged that she performs the two tasks with different instruments, and by different processes. For the completion of the European complexion the skin of the infant has to be freed from a superfluous matter which obstructs its transparency, and sullies its fairness; and this purpose nature effects through the agency of the *cutaneous absorbents*. Whereas in completing the African complexion, the skin of the infant, on the other hand, has to receive a portion of matter which is yet wanting—it has to be impregnated with a black pigment calculated to imprint on it its destined colour—a work which is accomplished by the process of *secretion*. These we regard as essential distinctions, implanted in the constitution by Nature herself, which, in our estimation, bid a secure defiance to all the causes which our learned author has arrayed against them.

It was our intention to have embodied within a single article all we had to offer on the present subject. On a distant survey of the ground of controversy such limits appeared amply sufficient for our purpose. But on a nearer approach, the field was discovered to be unexpectedly extensive, and we have already taken a wider range than comports, perhaps, with the patience of our readers. We shall, therefore, indulge ourselves no farther on the present occasion, than merely to add a few remarks in illustration of a particular point, which, though unnoticed, as we believe, by preceding writers, is

notwithstanding, in our view, important to the subject which we have had under consideration. On a future occasion, should we find leisure to pursue the inquiry, we will endeavour to lay open certain philosophical, but, more particularly the physiological, errors contained in Dr. Smith's essay on the human complexion and figure.

The Negroes inhabiting the western coast of Africa, the most intemperate section of the globe that human enterprise has hitherto explored, are an active and vigorous, many of them a tall and portly race of men. In point of stature, strength, and vigour of constitution, they are on a level with most of the nations of Europe. Nor are they at all inferior either in the degree of health they enjoy, or the longevity to which they usually attain. Hence we have the sanction of Nature in asserting that the climate they inhabit is in all respects perfectly congenial to their constitution. For a climate not thus accommodated to the susceptibilities and physical character of its inhabitants, can never contribute to produce or perpetuate in them excellence either of body or of mind. On the contrary, it will necessarily entail a striking and permanent degeneracy of both.

But, says our learned author, the Negroes of western Africa were once a people of a fair complexion, and have contracted their present colour from the intemperance of their climate, and their modes of life. A torrid sun, a vitiated atmosphere, savage manners, and a mode of living brutalized by sloth, have imparted on their skin the dye of the raven.

Now, we ask, could these people undergo such an entire metamorphosis of complexion, and still preserve their health, their strength, and their stature unimpaired?—still retain a constitution sufficiently firm and elastic to sustain, in many instances, for a century, the fatigues and hardships of a laborious life?

Persons, at the present period, know of any nation or colony, actually suffering, as that within the memory of history has suffered, a remarkable change of complexion from fair to dark, without, at the same time, experiencing a corresponding change in stature, as well as in the strength and activity of the system? Is there on record or now extant a single instance, where a degeneration of complexion has been produced by the agency of climate, unaccompanied by a similar degeneracy of corporeal powers? We confidently assert that, in the whole history of mankind, no such example as this is to be found.

Every instance where the nations of Europe have attempted to plant colonies in torrid climates, the loss of strength and stature, among the colonies, has proceeded *pari passu* with their loss of complexion. Hence the degeneracy of the third, fourth, and subsequent generations, have been as remarkable for feeble frames as for dark skins. Their whole systems exhibiting the marks of a physical degeneracy, have borne testimony to the degrading and powerful agents by which they have been assailed. The same

thing is even true, with regard to the stationary inhabitants of the same country, where a difference of climate has communicated different shades to the complexion. Those districts where the heavens are most intemperate, and where the deepest dye is consequently imprinted on the skin, are peopled by the weakest and most diminutive inhabitants. Thus in France, Spain, Arabia, and China, the people of the southern provinces, who have darker complexions than those of the northern, are also inferior in stature and strength. So certainly does a striking degeneracy of complexion imply a degeneracy of the whole system, and so fundamentally hostile is a burning climate to the constitution and corporeal excellence of the whites.

How, then, could a fair and portly people, emigrating to the west of Africa, and being reduced at first by the malignity of the climate to a stature and condition of strength greatly below the standard they had brought along with them;—how, we say, could such a people assume a retrograde movement, and, under the influence of the same climate, return to their primitive size, activity, and vigor? Would not the same malign influence of the elements which had contracted their dimensions and robbed them of their strength, fix them permanently in the state of physical degradation to which it had reduced them? Would it ever suffer them, while subject to its impressions, to reascend to the same point in the scale of corporeal magnitude and vigor, from which it had originally depressed them?

According to a law of living matter to which we have already adverted, the degeneracy in question has its limits—at a certain point its progress is arrested—it becomes stationary, and cannot proceed *ad infinitum*—cannot effect the annihilation of the race. But we know of no law by which its movement can be rendered retrograde, unless by an abandonment of the climate which produced it.

In reply to this, it may, perhaps, be said, that as the morbid powers of climate become less and less operative on each succeeding generation, their dominion will, at length, so completely expire, and their influence become so utterly extinct that the human frame, while still exposed to their action, will be suffered to regain its primitive size, and the system to recover its antecedent vigor.—But, on this plea, the complexion should also return to its primitive fairness. For the causes, appertaining to climate, which darken the skin lose their influence in time, as well as those that lessen and debilitate the body.

These are considerations which, in our view, amount to insuperable objections against the hypothesis maintained by Dr. Smith. If the Negroes of the west of Africa be nothing but white men converted into what they now are, by a burning climate, and a savage mode of life, they must have passed through the following mutations.—Lofty and vigorous in their persons at first—small and debilitated afterwards—now lofty and vigorous again—they must have been weakened and strengthened, diminished and enlarged in their

forces, beneath, and by the influence of, the same unfriendly causes.—To admit the occurrence of such changes, from such sources, is a concession which religion does not exact, and which our reason imperatively forbids.

(To be continued.)

C.

THE CORSAIR, A TALE, BY LORD BYRON.

As there is and perhaps ought to be a fashion in every thing, not excepting even the sabbathly employment of going to church—for we once heard a very learned and sagacious divine express his apprehension that more persons came to hear his sermons as disciples of fashion than as converts to piety; and that should any thing become more fashionable, as a Sunday amusement, than an attendance on public worship, he might yet be obliged to preach to empty pews—therefore, it will—But as this sentence, which is not yet more than half finished, has already become unreasonably long and intricate, and if thus continued, maze within maze; and member within member, will never be understood, we are persuaded that for the sake of perspicuity, and of lopping a few links from the cumbersome chain of conditions on which the future consequence is to depend, we had better retrace our steps, and begin, as a full bred latinist would express himself, *de novo*—We repeat, then, that,

As there is and perhaps ought to be a fashion in every thing, it will probably be expected of us, by our fair readers more especially, that we should say something to them occasionally on the varying topic of fashionable literature. It being our wish, and we have no great objection to add, our duty also, to conform to public humour, so far as may be consistent with rectitude of principle, we say to this requisition under which our fortune has placed us, promptly and cheerfully with all our heart. Although it has not been the entire business of our life to “bow and smile obsequious to the crowd,” and we feel that we shall acquit ourselves but awkwardly at the shrine of fashion, we will, notwithstanding, with all the good nature imaginable, do the very best we can. However ungracefully we may perform our part, we are not, in imitation of some of our *well bred* fair ones, when so obliged to oblige a few friends by a tune on the piano, require any assistance to make the experiment.

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E

We would inform our readers, then, that the most fashionable writer now in England—and the fashion there is always sure to become the fashion here—is lord Byron—poor Scott, we understand, is going out of fashion, a “solemn warning,” to all who write for present popularity—and, that of this most fashionable poet, the most fashionable production—because it is the last—is his poem entitled “The Corsair”—Mercy on us, what an amateur in robbing and throat-cutting this young nobleman must be! In his “Bride of Abydos” he lately gave us the history of a *pirate by stealth*, and he now introduces to us a *pirate by profession*! May Apollo and the Nine forbid, that he should ever dream of finishing the climax by becoming a *pirate, in propria persona*; for then must he be either hanged, shot, or transported to Botany Bay; in either of which extremities, what would become of the rhyme-lovers and rhyme-readers in Great Britain and America? Well, no matter what—the Corsair is the rage, and we are bound in courtesy to the admiration of the million to treat it accordingly.

As lord Byron, however, does not appear to us to have made a very serious matter of composing this poem, we perceive no cogent reason why we should be extremely serious in reviewing it. If we are not mistaken, his lordship sometimes *writes* poetry from motives not very dissimilar to those under which we *read* it—*pour passer le temps*—for mere amusement. We will not aver that amusement was his only object in writing the Corsair; but confident we are, that it could not have been instruction. Perhaps it was the more popular purpose, *ad captandum vulgus*—or possibly the more profitable one, *ad captandum aurum*. But be it what it may, these things, if properly considered, are nothing to us. Our business is with his lordship’s performance, not his purpose. To his performance then, let us turn.

First of the story or plot of the poem. On this it would be a consumption of time and of language to dwell. It is as trite as a thrice repeated tale, as hackneyed as a half-worn fiddle string, and no less *unmeaning* than that is *unmusical*. We perceive in it nothing materially different from that of the thousand Moorish and Turkish tales and romances, which have been alternately the terror and delight of footmen, and chambermaids, and boarding-

school mistresses, *et aliorum ejusdem pecoris*, for the last half dozen—~~more or less~~—of centuries.—A knight or a hero is taken prisoner, loaded with chains, thrown into a dungeon, and doomed to die. By some accident or stratagem a fair lady sees him, falls violently in love with him at a single *coup d'œil*, and attempts his rescue. If she fail, the fate of the two lovers varies according to the fancy of the writer. If she succeed, the knight or hero marries or forsakes her, according to his own fancy. Such is the case with the lovers of Byron. In our estimation, too, Conrad treats his mistress and deliverer, the beauteous Gulnare, very uncavalierly, not to say very shabbily.

Incident in the story there is none—at least whatever does fall under that denomination is destitute of all interest. A vessel, indeed, arrives in Pirate's bay, which gives rise to a hearty shaking of hands, between a score or two of jolly tars, and the usual interchange of tender greetings between a few sailors and their families. But, when there existed neither embargo, war, nor blockade to prevent it—and we hope these good old times will soon return—the same thing occurred daily in the port of Philadelphia. To us, therefore, the event wants novelty. By way of patching up another incident, my lady Gulnare is made to visit Conrad in prison. But this is an event so common and necessary, under the then existing circumstances, that every reader is prepared to expect it. Nor does the interview which ensues give rise to ~~any thing~~ sufficiently pathetic, novel or striking to impart to this incident the slightest degree of interest. As far, therefore, as the engagingness of the story is concerned, the poem might as well be destitute of incident altogether.

Now for character. As to poor Medora and Gulnare, were ~~all females~~ like them, the line of the poet would be emphatically true,

“Most women have no character at all,”

unquestionably these two damsels have none. One of them, ~~Medora~~, is susceptible of love, and the other of hate and revenge. ~~But we~~ suspect, are all females, accordingly as they are kindly or unkindly treated.

Conrad, it is true, has character: but, *tout ensemble*, it is a character of lord Byron's own making. Nature has never form-

ed its prototype; nor will she, as we are inclined to believe, be likely, in a short time, to imitate very closely his lordship's example. It is as mere a thing of imagination, but not so well supported, as Milton's Sin, or Shakspeare's Caliban. It bears, moreover, in several points, too close a resemblance to Charles de Moore and Bertram Risingham, to claim the merit of originality.

In the course of the poem there are many lines unpardonably faulty—prosaic in diction, defective in harmony, and both careless and affected in the turn of expression. Take, for example, the following:

And unto cars as rugged seem'd a song.

His mind seem'd nourished by that abstinence.

Hoarse o'er the side the rustling cable *rings*.

What is there in a cable to render it capable of ringing? Surely nothing—The word “rings” is adopted for no other purpose than to chime with the word “swings” which closes the following line.

They doubtless boldly *did*—but who are safe?

Boldly did! an expression on a perfect level with “quiz it,” “hit him down,” &c. and appropriate only in a technical description of a boxing match. A school-boy ought to be disgraced for admitting it into his theme.

To tell us when the hour of stay's expired, &c.

Out of the whole poem, which consists of less than eighteen hundred lines, at least *one hundred*—we believe many more—of this tame, inelegant character might be easily selected. There is, moreover, we think, in very many parts of the poem, greater and more frequent transpositions of language than comports with ease of expression or the utmost latitude of the *licentia poetica*. But we are weary of fault finding. Besides, we have bestowed, perhaps, on the Corsair an amount of censure but little short of its merited share. Taking it with all its faults and

imperfections, we consider it, notwithstanding, as decidedly superior to the *Bride of Abydos*.

Justice now requires that we select from this poem and present to our readers some of its beauties: for beauties, we must acknowledge, it contains, which would not have dishonoured the Muse of the first poet of England, during the Augustine age of Anne.

The beauties of the *Corsair* consist principally in the sprightliness, force and perspicuity of the narrative, the characteristic suimbleness of the sentiments, the vigour of description, the energy of expression, and the tender pathos which, in a few of its passages, breathes with an influence which nothing but a breast of adamant can resist. Without being very scrupulously nice in our selection, or averring that the parts which we have chosen are superior in beauty to many which we leave unnoticed, we shall proceed to extract, for the amusement of our readers, several passages which have afforded to ourselves no ordinary delight.

The introductory paragraph of the poem is excellent. It exhibits a picture forcible and exquisitely correct of the bold, unconquerable spirit, the wild, unsettled disposition, the hardihood of soul, the disregard of danger and death, the entire freedom from care, yet, in relation to his comrades, the tenderness and sincerity of heart, which mark the character of the law-contemning rover.

"O'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea,  
Our thoughts as boundless, and our souls as free,  
Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam,  
Survey our empire and behold our home!  
These are our realms, no limits to their sway—  
Our flag the sceptre all who meet obey.  
Gave the wild life in tumult still to range  
From toil to rest, and joy in every change,  
Oh, who can tell! not thou, luxurious slave!  
Whose soul would sicken o'er the heaving wave;  
Not thou, vain lord of wantonness and ease!  
Whom slumber soothes not—pleasure cannot please—  
Oh, who can tell, save he whose heart hath tried,  
And danc'd in triumph o'er the waters wide,



The exulting sense—the pulse's maddening play,  
 That thrills the wanderer of that trackless way?  
 That for itself can woo the approaching fight,  
 And turn what some deem danger to delight;  
 That seeks what cravens shun with more than zeal,  
 And where the feeble faint—can only feel—  
 Feel—to the rising bosom's inmost core,  
 Its hope awaken and its spirit soar?  
 No dread of death—if with us die our foes—  
 Save that it seems even duller than repose:  
 Come when it will—we snatch the life of life—  
 When lost—what reeks it—by disease or strife?  
 Let him who crawls enamoured of decay,  
 Cling to his couch, and sicken years away;  
 Heave his thick breath, and shake his palsied head;  
 Ours—the fresh turf, and not the feverish bed.  
 While gasp by gasp he falters forth his soul,  
 Ours with one pang—one bound—escapes control.  
 His corse may boast its urn and narrow cave,  
 And they who loath'd his life may gild his grave:  
 Ours are the tears, though few, sincerely shed,  
 When Ocean shrouds and sepulchres our dead.  
 For us, even banquets fond regret supply  
 In the red cup that crowns our memory;  
 And the brief epitaph in danger's day,  
 When those who win at length divide the prey,  
 And cry, Remembrance saddening o'er each brow,  
 How had the brave who fell exulted *now*?"

The description of one of the Corsair's own vessels entering  
 the harbour of the Pirate's Isle, is beautiful:

"A sail!—a sail!"—a promised prize to Hope!  
 Her nation—flag—how speaks the telescope!  
 No prize, alas!—but yet a welcome sail:  
 The blood-red signal glitters in the gale.  
 Yes—she is ours—a home returning bark—  
 Blow fair, thou breeze!—she anchors ere the dark.  
 Already doubled is the cape—our bay  
 Receives that prow which proudly spurns the spray;  
 How gloriously her gallant course she goes!  
 Her white wings flying—never from her foes.  
 She walks the waters like a thing of life,  
 And seems to dare the elements to strife—  
 Who would not brave the battle-fire—the weak—  
 To move the monarch of her peopled deck!

Some traits of Conrad (the rover's) character are well portrayed—the delicacy, sincerity, and immutability of his love inimitably so, in the following lines:

Yet was not Conrad thus by Nature sent  
To lead the guilty—guilt's worst instrument—  
His soul was changed—before his deeds had driven  
Him forth to war with man and forfeit heaven.  
Warp'd by the world in Disappointment's school,  
In words too wise—in conduct *there* a fool—  
Too firm to yield—and far too proud to stoop—  
Doom'd by his very virtues for a dupe,  
He cur'd these virtues as the cause of ill,  
And not the traitors who betrayed him still;  
Nor deem'd that gifts bestowed on better men  
Had left him joy, and means to give again.  
Fear'd—shunn'd—belied—ere youth had lost her force,  
He hated man too much to feel remorse—  
And thought the voice of wrath a sacred call,  
To pay the injuries of some on all.  
He knew himself a villain—but he deem'd  
The rest no better than the thing he seem'd;  
And scorn'd the best as hypocrites who hid  
Those deeds the bolder spirit plainly did.  
He knew himself detested, but he knew  
The hearts that loath'd him crouch'd and dreaded too.  
Lone, wild, and strange, he stood alike exempt  
From all affection and from all contempt:  
His name could sadden, and his acts surprise;  
But they that fear'd him dared not to despise:  
Man spurns the worm, but pauses ere he wake  
The slumbering venom of the folded snake.  
None are all evil—clinging round his heart,  
One softer feeling would not yet depart;  
Oft could he sneer at others as beguil'd  
By passions worthy of a fool or child—  
Yet 'gainst that passion vainly still he strove,  
And even in him it asks the name of Love!  
Yes, it was love—unchangeable—unchanged—  
Pelt but for one from whom he never ranged;  
Though fairest captives daily met his eye,  
He shunn'd, nor sought, but coldly pass'd them by;  
Though many a beauty droop'd in prison'd bower,  
None ever sooth'd his most unguarded hour.  
Yes—it was Love—if thoughts of tenderness,  
Tried in temptation, strengthen'd by distress,

Unmov'd by absence, firm in every clime,  
 And yet—Oh more than all!—untired by time—  
 Which nor defeated hope, nor baffled wile,  
 Could render sullen were she ne'er to smile,  
 Nor rage could fire, nor sickness fret to vent  
 On her one murmur of his discontent—  
 Which still would meet with joy, with calmness part,  
 Lest that his look of grief should reach her heart;  
 Which nought remov'd—nor menaced to remove—  
 If there be love in mortals—this was love!

Nothing can exceed the picture which the poet has given of the tender affection, the empassioned fondness, and the unshak-en fidelity of Medora towards her lover:

“ My own Medora—sure thy song is sad ”—

“ In Conrad's absence wouldst thou have it glad?  
 Without thine ear to listen to my lay,  
 Still must my song my thoughts, my soul betray:  
 Still must each accent to my bosom suit,  
 My heart unhush'd—although my lips were mute!  
 Oh! many a night on this lone couch reel'd,  
 My dreaming fear with storms hath wing'd the wind,  
 And deem'd the breath that faintly fann'd thy sail—  
 The murmuring prelude of the ruder gale;  
 Though soft—it seem'd the low prophetic dirge,  
 That mourn'd thee floating on the savage surge:  
 Still would I rise—to rouse the beacon fire,  
 Lest spies less true should let the blaze expire;  
 And many a restless hour outwatch'd each star,  
 And morning came—and still thou wert afar.  
 Oh! how the chill blast on my bosom blew,  
 And day broke dreary on my troubled view,  
 And still I gazed and gazed—and not a prow  
 Was granted to my tears—my truth—my vow!  
 At length—'twas noon—I hail'd and blest the mast  
 That met my sight—it near'd—Alas! it past!  
 Another came—Oh God! 'twas thine at last!  
 Would that those days were over! wilt thou ne'er,  
 My Conrad! learn the joys of peace to share?  
 Sure thou hast more than wealth—and many a home  
 As bright as this invites us not to roam:  
 Thou know'st it is not peril that I fear,  
 I only tremble when thou art not here;

Life for mine—but that far dearer life,  
 Lies from love and languishes for strife—  
 How strange that heart, to me so tender still,  
 Should war with nature and its better will!"

The sudden conversion of Conrad from the Dervise to the warrior is well described:

Up rose the Dervise with that burst of light,  
 Nor less his change of form appall'd the sight:  
 Up rose that Dervise—not in saintly garb,  
 But like a warrior bounding from his barb,  
 Dash'd his high cap, and tore his robe away—  
 Shone his mail'd breast, and flash'd his sabre's ray!  
 His long but glittering casque, and sable plume,  
 More glittering eye, and black brow's sabler gloom,  
 Glared on the Moslem's eyes some Afrit sprite,  
 While demon death-blow left no hope for fight.

The desperate resistance of Conrad's little band, when surrounded and pressed by superior numbers, is portrayed by the hand of a master:

Conrad beheld the danger—he beheld  
 His followers faint by freshening foes repelled:  
 "One effort—one—to break the circling host!"  
 They form—unite—charge—waver—all is lost!  
 Within a narrower ring compress'd, beset,  
 Hopeless, not heartless, strive and struggle yet—  
 Ah! now they fight in firmest file no more,  
 Hemm'd in—cut off—cleft down—and trampled o'er;  
 But each strikes singly, silently, and home,  
 And sinks outwearied rather than o'ersome,  
 His last faint quittance rendering with his breath,  
 Till the blade glimmers in the grasp of death!

Conrad impiously exposing himself at the grating of his prison window, and courting the stroke of the "quick cross lightning," is so forcibly described, as to present to the mind an image of horror, which almost chills and curdles the blood:

Loud sung the wind above—and, doubly loud,  
 Shook o'er his turret ocell the thunder-cloud;  
 And flash'd the lightning by the latticed bar,  
 To him more genial than the midnight star:

Close to the glimmering grate he dragg'd his chain,  
 And hoped *that* peril might not prove in vain.  
 He raised his iron hand to heaven, and prayed  
 One pitying flash to mar the form it made:  
 His steel and impious prayer attract alike—  
 The storm roll'd onward and disdain'd to strike;  
 Its peal waxed fainter—ceased—he felt alone,  
 As if some faithless friend had spurn'd his groan!

The horror which Conrad felt on seeing the brow of the  
 beautiful Gulnare stained with the blood of Seyd, which she  
 had shed with her own hand, is depicted in strong lines and  
 glowing colours:

He had seen battle—he had brooded lone  
 O'er promised pangs to sentenced guilt foreshown—  
 He had been tempted—chastened—and the chain  
 Yet on his arms might ever there remain—  
 But ne'er from strife—captivity—remorse—  
 From all his feelings in their inmost force—  
 So thrill'd—so shuddered every creeping vein  
 As now they froze before that purple stain.  
 That spot of blood, that light but guilty streak,  
 Had banish'd all the beauty from her cheek!  
 Blood he had viewed—could view unmoved—but then  
 It flow'd in combat, or was shed by men!

The following picture of Gulnare in distress, in consequence  
 of the coldness and aversion of Conrad, is natural and moving:

She watch'd his features till she could not bear  
 Their freezing aspect and averted air,  
 And that strange fierceness foreign to her eye,  
 Fell quench'd in tears, too late to shed or dry.  
 She knelt beside him and his hand she prest,  
 "Thou may'st forgive though Alla's self detest;  
 But for that deed of darkness what wert thou?  
 Reproach me—but not yet—Oh! spare me *now*!  
 I am not what I seem—this fearful night  
 My brain bewilder'd—do not madden quite!  
 If I had never loved—though less my guilt,  
 Thou hadst not lived to—hate me—if thou wilt."

The description of Medora's corpse, though somewhat la-  
 boured, is, notwithstanding, fine—in certain parts exquisitely so.

In life itself she was so still and fair,  
 That death with gentler aspect withered there;  
 And the cold flowers her colder hand contain'd,  
 In that last grasp as tenderly were strain'd  
 As if she scarcely felt, but feign'd a sleep,  
 And made it almost mockery yet to weep:  
 The long dark lashes fringed her lids of snow—  
 And veil'd—thought shrinks from all that lurk'd below—  
 Oh! for the eye Death most exerts his might,  
 And hurls the spirit from her throne of light!  
 Sinks those blue orbs in that long last eclipse,  
 But spares, as yet, the charm around her lips—  
 Yet—yet they seem as they forbore to smile,  
 And wish'd repose—but only for a while;  
 But the white shroud, and each extended tress,  
 Long—fair—but spread in utter lifelessness,  
 Which, late the sport of every summer wind,  
 Escaped the baffled wreath that strove to bind;  
 These—and the pale pure cheek, became the bier—  
 But she is nothing—wherefore is he here?

The last passage we shall extract is marked with no less originality of thought than elegance, force, and refinement of imagery;

His heart was form'd for softness—warp'd to wrong—  
 Betray'd too early, and beguil'd too long;  
 Each feeling pure—as falls the dropping dew  
 Within the grot; like that had harden'd too;—  
 Less clear, perchance, its earthly trials pass'd,  
 But sunk, and chill'd, and petrified at last.  
 Yet tempests wear, and lightning cleaves the rock;  
 If such his heart, so shatter'd it the shock.  
 There grew one flower beneath its rugged brow,  
 Though dark the shade—it shelter'd,—saved till now!  
 The thunder came—that bolt hath blasted both,  
 The Granite's firmness, and the Lily's growth:  
 The gentle plant hath left no leaf to tell  
 Its tale, but shrunk and wither'd where it fell,  
 And of its cold protector, blacken round  
 But shiver'd fragments on the barren ground!

Such are our sentiments, expressed without disguise, in relation to the faults and merits of the Corsair. It is the business of the critic, no less than of the player, uninfluenced by prejudi-

ces, sinister views, or any thing that can darken the understanding or mislead the affections, to hold the mirror up to nature and to truth. Having endeavoured to do this with honesty of intention, our judgment is satisfied and our conscience at rest.

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### ON AMERICAN LITERATURE.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THOUGHTS OF A HERMIT ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS OF MORALS,  
POLITICS, AND LITERATURE.

THE inferiority of the United States, to most of the countries in Europe, in literary productions, is a fact too manifest to be disputed. In Great Britain and Ireland, containing about sixteen millions of people, there are between five hundred and a thousand new books annually published; whilst here, with more than one-third of that population, the number of new publications in a year can scarcely be reckoned at twenty. Although on a comparison with other European countries, the difference may be considerably less, it is still, with few exceptions, very great.

Is this difference owing to the inferiority of our natural genius, as some have alleged, or to causes that are temporary and accidental? Does so very scanty a product indicate the poorness of the soil, or merely its negligent and unskilful culture?

These questions, so humiliating to our pride, have been differently answered on the different sides of the Atlantic. The Europeans, and among them names of high authority, maintaining that we are an inferior work of nature; whilst the Americans claim an equal place in the scale of rational being. But it is surely due to ourselves and to truth to give this controversy a full and fair discussion; and either expose the false pretensions of our adversaries, or honestly surrender our own.

It will scarcely be denied, that if we examine the individuals of the two continents, with a view to compare their senses and their bodily powers, no difference can be observed. The former are possessed in as great perfection here as in Europe: they are as acute, as delicate, as lasting; and as capable of intense ac-

tion. We possess also the same vigour of body, the same strength, the same agility. Perhaps, from the greater difficulty of procuring subsistence in Europe, and the greater liability to confinement and restraint in sedentary occupations, these qualities are enjoyed in a superior degree by the Americans. The same remark may be applied to the symmetry of their forms and features. Now, if we suppose, with some philosophers, that the operations of the mind are but the workings of matter in its most subtle form, it would not be irrational to infer, that where, on a comparison of different subjects, the grosser parts of the material man appeared to be the same; or if different, superior, there would be the same relative equality or superiority, in those finer parts which constitute the mind. Judging by this rule, we must believe that our intellects are at least as flexible, as alert, and as susceptible of vigorous and continued action, as those of Europeans.

But it will be said that all this is mere hypothesis; and that minds, as well as bodies, can be best compared by comparing their respective productions. These, it must be admitted, do afford the most certain criterion: and if the difference is shown to exist, and cannot be accounted for from the particular circumstances of our present situation, then we must confess that the alleged inferiority of genius will have the best proof of which the subject is susceptible; and one which ought to prevail against the before-mentioned hypothesis. But if, on the other hand, all the inferiority in literature that is proved, can be satisfactorily explained, by resorting to moral causes alone, then indeed, may we, the natives of the New World, with propriety insist on the argument from analogy; and confidently ask our haughty adversaries for some further proof, that nature, who has been so bountiful to us in the formation of our bodies, should have been niggardly to us in the structure of our minds. If none can be given, the question ought to be considered as settled; and they who should still profess to doubt, would have as little claim to philosophy as to liberality.

One of the most obvious causes of the present humble state of our literature, is the small number of persons among us whose minds have been disciplined by academical instruction. There



are about ten or twelve colleges in the United States, which profess to teach the dead languages, and the principles of science. The whole number of students in our seminaries of the first class, seldom exceeds five or six hundred: whereas, in Great Britain and Ireland, at the two English universities, the four in Scotland, and the one in Dublin, according to the accounts of recent travellers, the number of students can be little, if at all, short of ten thousand. Here then, we perceive that the United Kingdom contains nearly twenty times the number of persons whose minds have had that training which experience shows to be, if not indispensable, at least the most favourable, to the formation of an author.

Nor are the superior advantages enjoyed by their students, inconsiderable. The same narrowness of private income which limits the benefits of a college education to a small portion of the community with us, also abridges the term of their studies. Few of our young men spend more than two or three years at college; whilst in Europe they often remain six or seven years at the university. When there too, they have the benefit of libraries and museums, and all the apparatus which can impart knowledge through the senses; which costly appendages the slender funds of our institutions do not permit. There must also be a great inferiority on the part of our professors. The same attainments; the same course of preparation and study, which would qualify a man to be a college professor, fit him for becoming a lawyer, physician, statesman, or divine. But the small number of persons in this country, thus qualified, is not more than sufficient to fill the learned professions; and these will generally be preferred to professorships because they are more lucrative; they give more influence in society; and their duties are less irksome. Our professors, accordingly, seldom possess the highest order of talents; and we are fain to put up with such as we can get. Many of them are foreigners, who would in vain seek similar employment in the countries from whence they came. In Europe, however, the large redundancy of men of learning and science, which remains after supplying an adequate number of practitioners of law and physic, of statesmen and divines, makes it easy to procure able professors in every department of literature; more especially as

they are, by the gradual accumulation of public and private bounty, most liberally rewarded.

The reason assigned why we are so imperfectly supplied with academical teachers, suggests another important consideration in our defence. Inasmuch as the great body of cultivated intellect in the community is engrossed by the liberal professions, there is no such thing among us as a separate class of authors. It is from the redundancy of educated men that this class is naturally formed. When learning and science have aided in protecting the health of the community; in defending and distributing its property; in superintending its morals and religion; in framing and administering its laws: when they have discharged these active duties, then, and not before, they find leisure to amuse and instruct through the medium of books. With us, these important duties absorb all the improved talents of the country, of course there are none among us, as in Europe, who practise writing as a trade; and but few who can find leisure to write, or even to qualify themselves for writing.

Perhaps, however, it will be said, that the circumstances I have mentioned merely account for our inferiority in classical and scientific learning; but that the powers of creative genius might still display themselves; and that in works of imagination our inferiority is, to the full, as great as in works of learning and science.

To this we answer, that all those who, within the last century, have distinguished themselves in Europe as poets, or as authors of works of imagination, have been indebted to the universities for their education. There is, indeed, at this time, little room for original genius to exert itself in poetry, without deriving great assistance from reading and from science; since the whole stock of natural images have been long ago occupied and appropriated by preceding writers. Those who now seek reputation as poets may yet, indeed, acquire the praise of elegant correctness; they may avoid those blemishes and defects into which the rude taste of their predecessors have betrayed them: They may, moreover, convey a great deal of instruction and good sense in very musical lines. But all this requires and implies a course of severe and patient study. Poetry of this sort is the child of art rather than of natu-

ral genius; and this art, and the labour and leisure necessary to mature it, our busy occupations will not permit us to bestow.

In fact, nearly all those who have obtained distinction in Great Britain as writers of poetry, or in any of the departments of polite literature, have been authors by profession. They have followed writing as a business; sometimes to purchase a name; but often, most often, to earn a livelihood. The connexion between poets and poverty has grown into a proverb; and it will generally be found that their poverty has made them poets, rather than that their poetry has made them poor. This most powerful stimulus does not yet exist among us; and it is happy for us in every respect, but in that of our literary reputation, that it will not exist for ages.

Yet in those lighter effusions which are produced on a sudden, and require a single effort of thought, such as sonnets, epigrams, and the like, as much originality and vigour of mind is perceived as in similar productions from the other side of the Atlantic; or if a difference is perceptible, it is to be ascribed to the inferior taste which less disciplined minds may be expected to have.

If the best modern poetry, then, is invariably the effect of diligence and labour, and a singleness of pursuit, there seems to be no reason for discriminating between our poetical productions and those of learning and science, in making a comparison between the writers on the opposite sides of the Atlantic; more especially, as the less the labour and art required in any particular species of poetry, the less is our inferiority; and in those smaller productions, which are elicited at a single heat of the mind, and which owe most to genius and least to art, little or no difference can be perceived.

It is, indeed, only by laborious study and long continued exercise that genius is matured and literary excellence is attained. This truth is strongly exemplified in the case of Dr. Johnson, the most conspicuous personage among the writers of his day. If we compare his earlier with his later productions, we shall perceive the extent of his improvement, as well as the gradual steps by which it advanced: take, for example, his first attempts at biography, published in the Gentleman's Magazine, and compare them with "the Lives of the Poets," we can scarcely persuade ourselves they have proceeded from the same pen. Like dowlas

and cambria, they are both indeed, of the same useful materials; but how *wholly* different in the texture.

We have also a native example of the improvement effected by exercise in Marshall's life of Washington. Perhaps there is no book in which there is a greater difference in the different parts. Whilst the first volumes very generally disappointed expectation, the last has never yet received the praise to which it is fairly entitled. Though it is manifestly a defence of that political party to which Mr. Marshall belongs, and was probably so intended by him; yet he has called to his aid a great deal of good sense; much ingenious argument, and no ordinary knowledge of human nature. His style too, is all the while acquiring elegance, and improving still more in life and spirit. The subject of the first volumes is, without doubt, less fitted to display the higher powers of an author; but where it could not be embellished, it might have been abridged. Livy had no better materials for the first books of his history, and yet how entertaining is every part of his immortal work!

In considering "the life of Washington" as a specimen of literary talents in America, a caution must be used which is also applicable to almost all our native productions, we must regard not so much what the writer is, as what, from the intrinsic evidence of the work itself, it appears he might have been. The fact is, that with the advantage of merely a private, and but an ordinary, education, he had passed the best years of his life industriously engaged in the duties of a profession, which, however it may have improved his powers of discrimination and logical deduction, had left him little leisure to acquire that various knowledge which is indispensable to the accomplished historian; and that refined polish of style, which the delicacy of modern taste requires in every writer. Those great masters of historical sagacity and classic elegance, the Greek and Roman historians, were turned over day and night, and studied for twenty years, before Hume, or Robertson, or Gibbon, ventured upon their respective histories; but probably those fine models were not known by our American scholar, except through the medium of translations; and many of them not even in this less perfect and less impressive form. To make the comparison fair, as it regards this subject, we should

ask, how they would have written under his disadvantages: or how he would have written had he enjoyed the benefits of their study and education. But the writers themselves have furnished us with some data for answering these questions. They have occasionally tried their powers in clearing up some important fact, involved in doubt and obscurity; and have endeavoured, by the mere force of analogical reasoning, to demonstrate the truth of some one of the conflicting opinions. Let any of these attempts be compared with the similar attempts of Mr. Marshall, as with his argument in the case of Jonathan Robbins, and in precision, discrimination, orderly arrangement—in short, in every part of that rare faculty of connecting a long series of undisputed propositions, in a chain, by which the mind is unresistingly conducted to the most recondite and seemingly inaccessible truths, he will be found as superior to them as they are to him in the general character of historians.

We have also a striking example of what native genius, improved by ardent study, can do, in the instance of the late John Thompson, of Virginia, who, at an age when men are chiefly engaged in acquiring ideas, rather than endeavouring to impart them, attained a pure and copious eloquence of style, and a facility of prose composition, to which no English writer, not even Chatterton, affords a parallel. The “letters of Curtius” have indeed, little to recommend them but the beauty of diction; but it is surely no mean praise to do that well, of which all are ambitious, and which no other has ever accomplished, without the advantages of longer study and experience.

Another reason why there are few original publications among us may be found in our former colonial dependence, and in the identity of our language and manners with those of Great Britain. When we were humble colonies of that nation, it was natural that we should look up to it with sentiments of reverence and admiration. Power never fails to impart an additional lustre on all which it possesses. The wit and talents of princes have often received unmerited praise, not only from their parasites, but also from those who have been unconsciously dazzled by the illusive splendour of rank. The high ideas which the American colonists entertained of every thing English were diligently cherished,

as well by the policy of the regal government as by the national vanity of the English merchants and adventurers who migrated hither. Opinions thus firmly settled could not be easily changed. Though this habitual veneration for the English name is very much diminished, it is far from being extinguished. We still continue to adopt their fashions in dress, their customs and manners, and follow them through all their capricious changes. Public taste in that country being thus allowed to control the public taste in this, in so many particulars of ordinary occurrence, cannot fail to influence our opinions on the more important subjects of politics, religion, morals, and literature.

Thus accustomed to require on every thing, the stamp of English approbation, before we give it a general currency, our indigenous productions are received with distrust, and have to fight their way through the prejudice against what is homebred, before they can hold the place they are entitled to occupy. Besides, the great number of new English productions which are imported, and which gratify the thirst for novelty in every branch of literature, prove formidable rivals to the native writer. The number of the readers, and, consequently, of the purchasers of his book is diminished in the same degree that the foreign importation supplies the demand. Nor can he contend with them for the public favour upon equal terms; since the new works which are imported have already passed through their course of probation, before a public, whose decisions we are accustomed to consider as infallible. These unpropitious circumstances must operate to check the efforts of native genius, so far as they withhold its just quantum of profit and praise; and must be particularly discouraging to those who have once essayed the public favour in the character of authors. Whilst, therefore, they lessen the number of indigenous productions, they have also a tendency to take away that improvement of individuals which exercise alone can give.

... Nor do we yet possess that favourable theatre for introducing the young author to the world which a large city affords. The reputation which a work of merit here creates, is not sounded and reverberated by a thousand echoes in the author's ears. It is drowned faintly to murmur in the cold and cautious praises of a

few half-doubting judges. To the mass of the people it is unknown. But there is nothing like the clamorous applause of a nation, whether it be enjoyed or anticipated, to cheer the author in his labours, and to encourage him to bolder and more felicitous exertions. From the deep-rooted connection between sensibility and genius, the *laudis immensa cupido*, that boundless thirst of praise, which is so generally the parent of every public excellence, is at least as likely to be felt by the writing class as any other.

Most of the English authors by profession, are to be found in London; and, wheresoever educated, it is there that they are cherished and matured. It is curious to read a piece of Edmund Burke's early correspondence with a Mr. Smith, with whom he had been intimate in Ireland. Judging by the long letter from this gentleman to Burke, who had then lately arrived in England, he appears to be the superior man of the two, yet after a lapse of some years, Burke, who happened to be placed in a spot favourable to the development of his powers, reached the highest point of celebrity; whilst his friend, remaining in obscurity behind, made no advances in reputation; and would never have been heard of but for the friendship which connected him with his more fortunate countryman. Can it be supposed that Johnson and Garrick would have exhibited their unrivalled talents for instructing and delighting mankind, if they had remained at Litchfield? Reasoning on probabilities, it seems much more likely that they owed their subsequent eminence, in a great degree, to the favourable circumstances in which we know they were placed, than that two men, born and raised in the same small town, and leaving it on the same day, with similar hopes and views, should, in natural endowments, so far outstrip their cotemporaries. Possibly, the day they set out from their native city for London, they left some equals behind them. Indeed, the hope of praise or of gain, and the spirit of rivalry, which are obviously nowhere so likely to be produced as in a wealthy and populous city, have always been found necessary to excite genius to great exertion. But, without exertion, the most ardent and persevering exertion, how, in this age of multifarious knowledge and fastidious refinement, can literary excellence be attained.

In support of the reasons that have been assigned for the acknowledged inferiority of our literature, it fortunately happens that there are forms of exhibiting the powers of intellect, in which the circumstances of the American and European are not dissimilar: cases in which either previous study is not of the same importance, or nearly the same diligent labour is bestowed by both. In these, if our wishes do not mislead us, we think we shall not suffer by a comparison.

In the application of mechanical principles to the abridgment of labour, and for the advancement of human comfort, no people are supposed to have shown a readier or more fruitful invention than the Anglo-Americans. The inventor of the instrument, usually called Hadley's quadrant, was a Pennsylvanian, by the name of Godfrey. The machine for making cotton cards; the saw gin; the improved machinery in flour mills; the application of steam to inland navigation; and the almost countless multitude of inventions and contrivances to be seen at the patent office in Washington, evince singular acuteness and activity of intellect. The ruder mechanical employments being as familiar to us as to Europeans, if they had struck out to us fewer or inferior schemes of improvement, there might have been some reason for imputing to us duller intellects: But when we herein display a more fertile and more successful invention, we may claim, without incurring the imputation of vanity, the praise of possessing some powers of the kind in a higher degree than Europeans. The fact is, that our faculties are stimulated in this direction by the high bounty with which success in saving labour is always here rewarded: from whence we may infer, that learning and science will similarly flourish when they shall be similarly encouraged. In speaking of inventive genius, it would be unpardonable not to mention Dr. Franklin, whose discovery of the identity of lightning and the electric fluid, whether we consider its immediate utility, or the part it has thrown upon more than one branch of physics, or that it was the pure result of philosophical sagacity, is not to be equalled in modern times.

In the elegant art of painting, though it has been so little cultivated in our country, we have excelled in a wonderful degree. Indeed, it would seem as if nearly all those who have sought ex-



cellence, in this pursuit have attained it. Copely, West, Trumbull, and Stewart, are almost the only American painters we know, and they are all eminent. Two of them are probably not surpassed, in their respective branches of historical and portrait painting, by any of their cotemporaries. Nor should it be forgotten, that it was in Europe that these artists received both the instruction and the patronage which were necessary to mature their natural endowments, and which their own country was unable to afford them. This fact furnishes us with additional evidence, that we shall experience no want of native genius, when the circumstances of our situation shall be calculated to call it into action.

In the exercise of the highest legislative functions; in the structure of their political constitutions and forms of government, the Americans are believed to have improved upon every model with which either ancient or modern history furnished them; prudently adopting that which was suited to their situation, and boldly rejecting that which was not: changing nothing for the sake of change; yet occasionally venturing on new experiments, when innovation promised substantial benefit. Surely, if any human concern requires consummate wisdom, it is the construction of a form of government, especially of a free government. To make a correct estimate of the good it is practicable to attain, and the evils that may be avoided—to measure the influence of human passions and interests in their endless combinations and variety—to frame rules for the regulation of these passions and interests; indulging some, and controlling others—and lastly, to guard and protect the work against decay from time, or violence, both from within and without, requires, in a pre-eminent degree, comprehension of mind, foresight, judgment, and invention. Although it may be said that the most important of these political fabrics, the Federal constitution, has not yet been sufficiently tested by time to prove its permanence, yet it has already lasted long enough to falsify the predictions of its enemies. It has so far given encouragement and protection to the most rapid course of prosperity that history records. If it has been so successful in advancing the happiness of the nation, the first and worthiest object for which it was framed, let us hope that it will prove no less successful in its next object, the making that happiness permanent. The series

of essays, entitled "The Federalist," though the production of haste, and intended for the purpose of influencing and enlightening the public mind at a particular crisis, are supposed to contain as much political wisdom as any other work extant: and whilst the writers prove our claims to superior legislative sagacity, they further vindicate our intellectual character, by the profound and cogent reasoning they themselves have displayed. The principal author of the Federalist was, indeed, not a native of the United States; yet as he was born on one of the islands of the New World, he is fairly adduced as a specimen of American genius.

In the administration of the government thus wisely framed, our countrymen seem to show no less ability than the transatlantic politicians. They may be compared in the different characters of ministers, negotiators, and writers of state papers.

If we consult the zealots of the different political parties which divide our country, and always must divide it, whilst it preserves its freedom, each will aver, nay, and labour to prove, that the acts of the administration he has opposed, were one continued series of error and folly. But when it is considered that the two parties are diametrically opposite in some fundamental principles and objects, and, consequently, that the opponents of every administration will censure its measures, because these are well calculated to advance the policy they condemn, it follows that the obloquy and reproaches of one party, no less than the warm encomiums of the other, bear testimony to the *ability* which has guided the helm of state. The destinies of nations, however, are so much influenced by circumstances, that can neither be controlled nor foreseen; and the character of the chief minister of a nation depends upon so many qualities that are not intellectual; upon the virtues of temper, disposition, and manners, that not much can be inferred from a comparison on this head.

As to the character of our diplomatists, it is here that the American character has shone with unremitting lustre. In the discussion of national controversies, the parties profess to address themselves to the understanding of the world; in the application of acknowledged principles of right and wrong; and in few cases will it be denied by those who are equally indifferent to either party, that we have manifested a decided superiority over our adversa-

ries, not merely in the justice of our cause, but in the ability with which it has been supported. In proof of this position may be mentioned the correspondence between Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Hammond, in 1792; between Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Genet in 1793; the embassy to France, in 1798; together with the several correspondences of Mr. King, Mr. Pinckney, Mr. Monroe, Mr. Madison, &c.

On the subject of our state papers, not comprehended under the head of diplomatic correspondence, it may be observed that the speeches and messages of our presidents and state governors, and our other public addresses, may well compare with similar productions in Europe. But if we take the various reports made by Mr. Hamilton, when secretary of the treasury, and by Mr. Jefferson, when secretary of state; together with the occasional reports of committees in congress on important subjects, I know nothing corresponding to these papers in England, whose institutions most resemble our own, which discovers as much profound research, or as ingenious and solid reasoning.

With regard to the talent of public speaking, although the same circumstances which occasion a smaller number of literary men among us, must have their effect upon the number, and even character of our orators; yet from the genial influence of our republican government, we are probably not inferior to Great Britain, in this noble art. It is even believed, that our house of representatives, with less than one-third the number of members, selected from not half the population, furnishes more good speakers than the English house of Commons. As a popular orator, generally, and in sarcastic and vituperative eloquence more especially, Mr. John Randolph is not to be equalled, and has probably never been surpassed, in the whole British dominions. If as much ability is not displayed from the pulpit, it is because this species of eloquence is not as well rewarded in the United States as in Great Britain, and because the greater number of our preachers are self-taught and illiterate. At the bar, however, we are little inferior, either in eloquence or learning. In all the larger states, the most eminent pleaders would not suffer by a comparison with the barristers and serjeants of Westminster Hall, for promptitude and ingenuity, for accurate discrimination, and clear orderly de-

duction. If we do not often see the same rich exuberance of diction; the same felicity of allusion; the same variety and extent of embellishment, which have contributed to the celebrity of Erskine or Carran, it is because our lawyers have not the same opportunity of acquiring these valuable auxiliaries. They have generally begun with a smaller stock of the materials for ornament, and have proceeded on with less leisure for acquiring them. Yet even in these oratorical decorations, we have some advocates who shine with conspicuous merit.

In the science of medicine, our rapid advancement furnishes us with a further argument that our inferiority in other branches of knowledge is to be ascribed to accident, and will cease with its temporary cause. A medical school at Philadelphia was at first resorted to by those who could not afford the greater expense of European instruction. This encouragement soon occasioned an active emulation in the professors, with each other, and with other similar institutions. Their efforts have at length produced their natural reward, both of profit and reputation; and the institution is now esteemed, little, if at all, inferior to the celebrated University of Edinburgh. Most of the professors are authors, and their works seem to have equal merit with European productions on the same subjects. In several of the other states, the faculty can boast of names which have obtained respect on both sides the Atlantic. It is to be expected that a correspondent encouragement in other departments of literature, will be attended with correspondent success.

If we consult the pages of history, we shall find abundant evidence to show that the state of literature in every country depends upon moral causes alone, however difficult it may be to trace their operation in every particular instance. The same region which at one time blazed with the light of genius, is at another, enveloped in the darkest ignorance. What evidence does Athens now give that it was once peopled by poets, orators, and philosophers? Its political circumstances, indeed, are changed, most wofully changed, but the natural remain the same. Rome, too, formerly so distinguished for talents in every species of polite literature, now exhibits no proof of genius, except by the cultivation of the fine arts. If they have survived that chilling influ-

ence which has blighted every nobler production of intellect, it is because tyranny and superstition have never ceased to cherish them with extraordinary munificence. But she can no longer produce a Virgil, a Tacitus, or a Cicero. The literary glories of Egypt and of Persia have in like manner passed away, leaving scarcely a visible trace of their former existence. But, on the other hand, whilst the ancient mistress of the world has descended from her proud preeminence, in letters as well as arms, the posterity of those whom she once justly despised as barbarians, have, by their noble struggles, reached the same high pinnacles of glory. France and England, indeed, which were among the most rude and unlettered of the Roman colonies, have carried every branch of human science, and all the useful arts of life to a higher point of improvement than was ever before known.

In the above striking examples, the literature of each nation has kept an equal pace with its civilization and general prosperity. In other instances, however, no such connexion is to be perceived. Yet where the causes of the declension or advancement of letters are so minute as to escape observation, they are evidently not natural and permanent, but accidental and temporary. Thus, until within little more than the last fifty years, Scotland had scarcely a poet or a dramatic writer, to balance against Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspeare, Jonson, Cowley, Milton, Dryden, Pope, and twenty others, produced in England, except Allan Ramsay, a name that would hardly have risen to notice, if it had belonged to the other part of the Island. Yet, since that time, Scotland has produced its full quota of literary genius. In a very dignified species of composition, history, it is indeed unrivalled; and at the present day, the names of Campbell and Scott, stand higher on the list of poets, than any of their cotemporaries in England. Ireland, too, containing nearly half as many inhabitants as England, has not produced a single poet, except Goldsmith, before the amorous effusions of *Anacreon* Moore; for the witty rhymes of Swift, who has also been claimed by England, scarcely deserve the name of poetry. Can Ireland be supposed incapable of giving birth to eminent and original genius? The names of Goldsmith, Berkley, She-

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ridan, Burke, Curran, and, without doubt, we may add Swift, are a conclusive answer to this question.

If then, it appears that the intellectual character of the same nation at different times, is widely different; and that the change is sometimes from high to low, as with Athens and Rome; and sometimes from low to high, as with England and France; that there is often a striking difference between different parts of the same nation, at the same period, as with England and Scotland; and that this difference is not permanent, we must be compelled to acknowledge, however the causes of this irregularity may elude our researches, that genius is not the exclusive gift of any country; but that its seeds are scattered by nature, with her wonted profusion, over every region of the earth, and readily take root in every climate and soil; yet, unless they meet with a more fortunate culture, than can fall to the lot of many, the stunted plants, producing neither flowers nor fruit, live and die as useless and unnoticed as the weeds which grow around them.

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

### ON VEGETABLE LIFE.

PROFESSOR DAVY in his *Chemical Principles of Agriculture*, p. 217, quarto, has the following passage:

“Vegetables may truly be said to be living systems, in this sense, that they possess the means of converting the elements of common matter into organized structures, both by assimilation and reproduction: but we must not suffer ourselves to be deluded by the very extensive application of the word *LIFE*, to conceive in the life of plants, any power similar to that producing the life of animals. In calling forth the vegetable functions, common physical agents alone seem to operate; but in the animal system, these agents are made subservient to a superior principle. To give the argument in plainer language; there are few philosophers who would be inclined to assert the existence of any thing above common matter—any thing *immaterial* in the vegetable economy. Such a doctrine is worthy only of a poetic form. The

imagination may easily give Dryads to our trees, and Sylphs to our flowers, but neither Dryads nor Sylphs can be admitted in vegetable physiology: and for reasons nearly as strong, irritability and animation ought to be excluded."

Professor Davy is a gentleman, whose opinions in England have for some time been considered upon a level with the reasonings of other men of science; and have carried a weight with them, which, in this country, we shall be strongly tempted to resist. He is indeed a man greatly to be admired for the ingenuity of his experiments, and the boldness of his speculations, but not much either for the accuracy of his language, or the conclusiveness of his arguments. His decided classification of the metalloids with metals, merely from their metallic appearance to the eye, and their union with mercury—his hasty admission of oxygen as the exclusive cause of alkalescence as well as acidity—his obstinate perseverance in the uncompound nature of oxymuriatic acid gas, after the decisive experiments of Dr. Murray coinciding with those of Dr. Bostock and Dr. Trail—and his unintelligible theory of caloric—will ere long induce the philosophic world to regard his conclusions with a very scrutinizing eye, before admitting them as philosophic truths. His Elements of Chymistry bear strong marks of having been written for the purpose chiefly of forcing into notice and adoption his own peculiar opinions; nor do I think his present work, notwithstanding much useful matter, is calculated greatly to extend his reputation.

It is not easy to find a passage more replete with mistakes, in the same compass, than the one I have just quoted. I beg of my reader to spend a minute in reperusing it, before he proceeds to my remarks on the positions it contains.

According to this passage, a plant, though a *living system*, has no title to irritability or even to animation. I wish sir H. Davy would condescend to explain to us, how life can exist without animation: or what life he knows of, devoid of irritability in the living parts!

According to this passage, vegetable life is exerted only in consequence of the common material physical agents—animal life is called into action by an immaterial principle.

I should be glad to inquire of sir H. Davy, what kind of notion or idea he annexes to this immaterial principle, which exclusively calls forth the animal functions? I never heard of any immaterial principle till now, except that which divines call the soul, and which is usually regarded as belonging to the animal, man, alone. Will sir H. Davy condescend to explain the difference, between the immaterial principle so called, and the immaterial principle intended by the words he uses? For I will assert without fear of contradiction, that until the appearance of his treatise on chymical agriculture, no writer of repute, whatever, in modern times, has advanced the notion of any immaterial principle different from the soul of man. The *vis vitæ*, the vital principle, the *vis medicatrix naturæ*, and similar expressions of physiologists from the Archæus of Van Helmont and the school of Hoffman inclusive, down to the school of Edinburgh, were never considered by the authors of them, as any thing more than terms, like attraction and repulsion, used to express the unknown cause of a known set of motions in an organized body; and not immaterial beings separate from the body itself. The *vis medicatrix* of Stahl, he ascribed to the superintendence of the soul.

I would gladly ask of sir H. Davy, whether he apprehends that the high agency of a distinct "superior immaterial" principle is necessary to call forth the animal functions of the innumerable animalculæ infusorizæ, the microscopic animals that abound in infusions of pepper, vinegar, &c. of the moluscæ, of the polypus, of the inhabitants of the coral banks, sponges, &c. of the sea-nettle, or even of the clam and the oyster? In the whole class of zoophytes, I should deem it highly curious at least, to know whether this superior immaterial principle becomes like the being itself which it animates, of a mixt nature, between a physical and an immaterial agent; and in what way this coalition between a semi-agent wholly material, and a semi-agent that has no common property with matter (immaterial) can be imagined to call forth the functions of a zoophytic vegetable-animal of mixed organization?

I should be glad to know of sir H. Davy, whether in any author on animal or vegetable physiology, he has ever met with an account, description, or definition of irritability, other in sub-



stance and meaning, than that property by which a fibre of organized matter contracts and moves upon the application of stimulus? I am aware of the dilatation of the iris and the corpus cavernosum; but these are exceptions only to a received definition.

I should be glad to know of sir H. Davy, who, and where to be found, is the author of repute, who in modern times has ever denied that irritability is a property of the vegetable fibre? the experiments instanced by Dr. Peschier and Sennebier are not now considered as conclusive proofs against this property. I would not press upon this gentleman the phenomena of the *mimosæ*, or the *muscivoræ*, the shedding of the pollen when a stigma is in the immediate vicinity, or innumerable other facts of vegetable physiology, until I hear or read, what new and unsuspected meaning he thinks proper to assign to an old and well known word.

And finally, as divines generally ground the doctrine of a future state on the vivifying immaterial principle, which exclusively belongs to man, and which being immaterial, dies not with the body, whether the immaterial principle (a principle which by the terms has no common property with matter, or else it would be in so far mortal and material) which calls forth the animal functions of an oyster, survives the said oyster, when this latter is engulfed by the stomach of an epicure?

Such are the obvious deductions from this very ill considered paragraph of sir H. Davy: deductions which, however absurd and ludicrous they may appear, flow inevitably from the positions which that gentleman has thought fit to lay down. I confess, I feel somewhat indignant at the passage I have thus cited from the professor's work on agriculture, inasmuch as it seems to me a manifest encroachment on the rights and privileges of us minor stars who feebly twinkle in the literary hemisphere. If I should happen to talk nonsense occasionally, my readers will take it as a matter of course, and forgive it, because I have no pretensions to any exemption from an infirmity so common; but if the great luminaries of science, like sir H. Davy, encroach in this manner on the forbearance afforded to us little folk, and strive to excel the most unintelligible of us in absurdity, all the distinctions of literature will be obliterated and broken down;

and as my lord Coke sagely remarks, it will be full as dreadful, as if the predicament *ubi* were to break in upon the predicament *quando!* to the utter confusion and dismay of all the predicaments; from which dire disaster, "angels and ministers of grace defend us!"

Having thus flown the course for a few pages at the outset of the race, I shall return to the sober consideration of my subject; which is to inquire, whether the properties of *sensation* and *voluntary motion*, be competent to any part of the vegetable system. Whether vegetable motions do at any time originate from *stimulus ab intra*.

I beg of my reader to bear in mind, that I advance no opinion of my own on the subject. I have none. I do not think the present stock of facts relating to the vegetable economy, will enable us to solve the question. I only profess to state some views of the subject, that may fairly be advanced for future consideration, and which wiser men, and more accumulated knowledge may hereafter confirm or confound. Moreover, it seems to me of no great practical consequence which way the question is determined; it is a discussion curious but not very useful, and certainly not worth any anxiety as to the event of the controversy. But I am somewhat prejudiced in favour of that opinion which confers upon the vegetable system, the property of sensation, and the concomitant susceptibilities of pleasure and of pain. As to voluntariness, unless as implying sensation, I have no bias in its favour; but as there can be no power of voluntary motion unless what arises from a sensation *ab intra*, I shall use the facts that bear upon both.

This discussion will be very crude and imperfect, partly from want of time, and partly from want of books. Something in favour of the opinion to which I incline, has been urged by Dr. Bell, and Dr. Percival of Manchester, by Dr. I. E. Smith in his observations on the irritability of vegetables, by the bishop of Landaff and Dr. Darwin. I have no opportunity now of consulting the few remarks of the bishop of Landaff, having lost his fifth volume; or the discourse of Dr. Smith. Something in favour of the sensation as well as of the irritability of vegetables, Dr. Smith has also urged in his elements of Botany; and how

he distinguishes spontaneity from voluntariness, I am at a loss to divine. The essay of Mr. Townson, in the *Linneæan Transactions*, 1792, I have perused, but do not think it worth further notice. The works of Hales, Bonnet, and Decandolles, and the later and more important treatises on vegetable physiology, by Mirbel and Sennebier, I have had no opportunity of consulting. Alas! how few works of superior merit and research are imported, or translated, or reprinted here? The booksellers wisely work for the multitude; they bring out the books that will sell the best; and unluckily those are seldom the books that instruct the most. So that, however a man may hunger and thirst after knowledge in this country, it is not easy to satisfy these cravings of a literary appetite. If therefore I write crudely and without adequate information, "without book," as it were, I hope it will be imputed not to any want of inclination to procure knowledge on the subject for myself and communicate it to others, but to the want of means, residing in the interior at a great distance from any great town. Under these circumstances, I have had to rely chiefly on Darwin and Dr. Smith's Introduction.

It may be necessary also to remove from the threshold of the inquiry, some objections that overscrupulous persons may be inclined to make, as if it were intended to raise the vegetable system too high in the scale of creation, and to encroach on the privileges of our own species. It may be said, that the power of voluntary motion implies choice; that choice implies motive; motive free-agency; free-agency, obligation; obligation, accountableness; accountableness, the sanction of reward and punishment; and these sanctions a future state. I solemnly protest against all this. I do not care one iota about voluntariness, but I do not clearly discern all these knotty consequences that some persons may discover in its train. If there be voluntariness, the immediate motives of pleasurable and painful sensations, are of themselves, quite sufficient to determine it, without employing such an endless series.

I am desirous of showing that vegetables are capable of pleasure and of pain. These are my reasons.

I believe it will be acknowledged, that the final cause of the universe—the end of the creation, is the production and com-

munication of happiness: and that no sentient being would have been deliberately brought into existence, but with a view of its enjoying a balance of happiness on the whole of its existence. But there can be no happiness where there is no sensation. The Creator himself cannot communicate it to beings who are not sentient,—to iron, or brass, or flint, or clay. They must be not merely animated, but made sentient first. The more widely therefore it can be shown that the field of sensation is extended, the more numerous and cheering evidences we shall possess, of the divine goodness, as well as the divine wisdom. Even under our most enlightened views of the subject, the beings capable of sensation, and therefore of pleasure and of pain (which when permanent, constitute happiness or misery) are confined to a very small part of our system. I would most gladly seize every avenue to knowledge which would multiply the objects of happiness, and therefore of sensation. Considering how large a portion of the earth's surface, is occupied almost exclusively by vegetables and insects, I am averse to believing that with respect to the production of happiness, all this should be a waste: and I feel strongly inclined to exclaim with the poet, "all nature teems with life."

Pleasure and pain, so far as we know, is confined, upon earth, to the surface of our planet, together with a few feet above and a few feet below that surface. The nucleus of the earth, is chiefly metallic: probably a mixture of earthy and metallic substances in which iron and nickel prevail. My reasons for this conjecture (without considering meteorolites as the debris of a planet) are as follow.

1. Iron and nickel are magnetic metals: and the phenomena of magnetism point to some such source.

2dly. From the experiments of sir Isaac Newton, Dr. Maskelline upon the hill Schehalliem, and those of the honourable Mr. Cavendish with Mr. Michel's apparatus, the mean density of the earth may be taken at 5. The heaviest of the earths, barytes, and yttria, and those by no means abundant, do not much exceed 4.5. The average of the primitive strata will hardly exceed 3.

3dly. Lavas usually contain from 20 to 25 per cent. of iron. Kirwan.

4thly. The strata that in the present state of our knowledge are the objects of Geognosis, are entirely confined to the crust enveloping the earth's nucleus. Von Humboldt, from some observations made in the vicinity of Lima (to the best of my recollection, for I have not means of referring to the passage) conjectures this crust to be about a mile and a half thick. The earth's semi-diameter being about four thousand miles.

5thly. Hence also, all animals and vegetables are confined to the surface of the earth and its vicinity: for in the interior they could not live. Nor have we any evidence of any mode of sentient existence that could take place unless at or near the surface of the earth. The more therefore sentient beings are multiplied within these limits, the more perfectly does the end of creation seem to be fulfilled.

Enlarged views of the divine benevolence, would therefore lead us to hope at least, that plants really are sentient beings: nor can it be improper to state the analogies, that may be considered as rendering this opinion probable.

The solid bodies on the earth's surface may be divided into mineral substances, vegetable substances, and animal substances. Vegetables alone seem destined to convert fluid and aeriform substance, and *perhaps* mineral substance, into living matter. I say perhaps, for no mineral substance is essentially a vegetable pabulum. Animal substances are nourished ultimately by vegetables: for the barn door fowl, the ox and the sheep we devour, are made up of the vegetable substance on which they have been nourished. How far fishes are an exception, and destined in this respect to perform the office of vegetables, we do not precisely know.

*Mineralia crescunt: vegetabilia crescunt et vivunt: animalia crescunt, vivunt. et sentiunt*, says Linnæus. Minerals grow; vegetables grow and live; animals grow, live, and feel.

Let us enumerate the characteristic properties of each of these classes.

*Minerals* are acted on by the attractions and repulsions of gravitation, cohesion, chrySTALLIZATION, chemistry, electricity, mag-

netism, heat, light. They are moved also by the impulse of impinging bodies. Whether attraction and repulsion be ultimately resolvable into motion communicated by impinging force we know not yet. Minerals increase in bulk, by chrystallization, by apposition or juxta position of new particles, by the repulsive power of caloric either intervening or combining with their particles; for whether either of these two modes be exclusively the cause of dilatation, we know not yet.

Minerals in masses, do not appear to have any loco-motive power inherent in them: they rest, whether in the mass or in the particles of the mass, until moved by forces extraneous to the mass or to the particles. Minerals do not consist of an apparatus of solids, fluids, and aeriform substances, organized as *filaments more or less hard, extensible, contractile*—as tubes and cells containing fluids of various kinds—and with solids capable of extension and contractility. On the contrary, minerals which are aggregate, are made up of simple minerals juxta posited, and simple minerals are made up of similar or homogeneous parts juxta posited, and held together by the attraction of cohesion only. Minerals have no organs by means whereof they take into themselves other substances, decompose them, digest them, retaining some parts, ejecting others, and by assimilating the parts they retain, encrease gradually in size. Minerals have no apparatus for multiplying their species; they have no means of reproduction. They have no fibres that contract on the application of a stimulus, and again resume their former state when the stimulus and its effect is over. They do not so far as we can observe, feel, hear, see, smell or taste. In brief, they do not originate by generation, grow by nutrition, or terminate by death.

*Animals*, consist of parts organized into one whole; each part being connected with and acting in conjunction with the others. The parts are, 1st. solid, inextensible, incontractile, not obeying stimulus, as bones, shells, horn, &c.: 2dly. parts solid, extensible, contractile, put in motion by stimuli natural or artificial; as chyle-vessels, blood-vessels, lymphatic-vessels, cellular substance, glandular vessels, &c.: 3dly. parts solid not vascular, also extensible, contractile, obedient to stimuli natural and arti-

ficial, as muscular fibre, and perhaps membranous and nervous fibre; also tendinous fibre in slight degree to natural stimuli: 4thly. parts neither quite solid nor fluid, but soft and yielding as medullary substance, obedient to natural stimuli and perhaps to artificial.

Animals are provided with organs and vessels by which other substances, (principally dead animal and vegetable) are taken in and decomposed; partly by the operation of chemical and mechanical forces; but modified in their action, by a living power belonging to the animal, and probably the result of animal organization. By means whereof, certain parts of the substances taken in, are retained, assimilated, converted into nourishment, and contribute to the encrease or renewal of every part of the body; the other parts not so assimilated and converted, are ejected as useless by means of organs provided for the purpose. The operation of the living principle in this process, is shown, inasmuch as whatever be the kind of food, the same kind of chyle and of blood is produced from it. There is the same red blood in an Esquimaux or a Kamscatkan who lives upon fish, an Indian who feeds on jerked venison dipt in bear's oil, an Irish peasant who is supported by butter-milk and potatoes; and a Hindoo who rejects all animal food, and subsists upon rice and ghee. No chemical or mechanical forces could produce this. The mouth, the stomach, the intestines, and the chyle vessels; constitute this apparatus.

The food thus taken in to be assimilated, whether it be animal or vegetable, is decomposed by the digestive and secretory organs into earths, alkalies, acids, neutral salts, fibrin, gluten, mucilage, albumen, mucus matter, fat, &c. in a way not strictly to be accounted for, by any chemical or mechanical forces. Of these substances, part are retained, part are eliminated; by insensible perspiration, by excretion.

Indeed, the vital principle that accompanies, if it do not arise from organization, by keeping all the particles that compose a living body in perpetual motion, prevents those changes and decompositions which begin instantly to take place among the same particles, so soon as the body is dead. Hence also, as all the particles of an organized body are undergoing changes every

moment during life, some being unceasingly rejected by excretion, and replaced by secretion, from the alimentary fluids taken in, identity cannot be predicated of any animal or indeed of any living organized body, for any assignable moment of time. It must be sought for elsewhere than in the mass of corporeal particles.

Hence chemistry can afford us nothing, but the analysis of dead matter, the *anatomic cadaverique* as Bichat appropriately terms it: vital energy produces effects far more striking. Attraction of whatever kind among inanimate particles, is influenced by mass. The vital principle is perfectly independent of this condition.

Animals are provided with an apparatus of organs and vessels, by means whereof the male and female acting in concert, can reproduce a similar animal, who by means of food as above mentioned, is enabled to increase in size for a limited period, not by juxta position of particles originally similar, but by assimilation of particles originally different. The living principle is also communicated by the parents to the offspring, which living principle grows with the growth of the animal, and accompanies the progress of its expanding organization: it is either communicated successively to all the new parts that in process of time constitute the adult animal, or it accompanies those parts, as a result of their organization.

Animals are sometimes oviparous, sometimes viviparous: but in the latter case, there is good reason to believe, that the animal appearing in the first instance as a living animal, was produced in the female from the impregnation of an egg by the male. When the impregnated egg is separated from the parent female, generally a scar is left at the place it occupied; Hilum. When the animal is oviparous, the embryo is nourished by the contents of the egg to which it is attached, the yolk and the white: when viviparous, by means of an organ formed for the purpose called a placenta, to which the *foetus* is attached by the umbilical vessels.

Animal substances forming part of a living animal, are possessed of various properties as the result of their respective varieties of organization. This seems probable to me, in as



much as their properties vary with the variety of the organization, not only in different animals, but in the same animal, and appear only as the organization expands and is perfected. The aggregate of these properties, constitute what we call animal life. Thus a muscular fibre is irritable by internal stimuli, or causes of excitement arising within the body; and by artificial stimuli, or causes of excitement, externally applied; when irritated or excited by the one or the other, the fibres contract, the muscle moves, and moving, moves also the parts in which its tendon is inserted, or with which it is connected. Hence, muscular fibres, are irritable, contractile, and when the stimulus is over, again extensible to former dimensions. Other parts, as the blood-vessels and lymphatics, have the same property, for they exhibit the same appearances, without exhibiting upon dissection any concomitant muscular coat; of which there is no direct evidence. It is by this means that the containing fluids are propelled; a particle of fluid for instance stimulates the sides of the containing vessel; the vessel contracts, and the fluid is of course squeezed forward: this operation is still further secured in some animals by the valves of the veins, that render the impulse forward, unavoidable. These alternate contractions and relaxations take place incessantly.

Beside this property of irritability or contractility, with its concomitant extension, many parts of the living animal body can also be extended either by stimulus, or by mechanical force without previous contraction: thus the iris, and the corpus cavernosum can be dilated and distended by stimulus; the muscles, membranes, skin, blood-vessels, lymphatic-vessels, can also be distended by accumulated fluids, as in dropsy, phlegmon, varicose tumours, cutaneous swellings, &c.

Beside these properties, living animal matter has sensibility or feeling. Thus when a contractile part is irritated by stimulus, it affects the accompanying nervous fibre, and the motion propagated along the nerve, reaches the common sensorium in the brain, where it is felt or perceived. This is evident, in as much as a stimulus that would otherwise have been felt, will not be felt or perceived, if the nerve whose function it is to convey the motion to the brain, be cut or tied between the part irritated

and the brain. Thus, parts below the spine become paralytic and insensible, in consequence of violent lesions of the spine affecting the spinal marrow.

This property of sensibility by which the contractile motion excited by stimulus, is propagated to the sensory by a fibre, or small fasciculus of nervous fibres, *seems* to operate otherwise in other parts of the body. Thus a whole organ or apparatus of organs *seems* to our feeling to be the seat of sensation, as in the stomach, the intestines, the prostrate glands and parts adjacent, &c. Whether this general feeling be confined to the part, or communicated to, and dependant upon the common sensory, I think is not precisely ascertained: from analogy, I should refer it to the common sensory: but there certainly is visceral or organic contractility, as well as fibrous contractility, upon the application of stimuli whether natural or artificial.

But there are affections of a whole viscus—organic affections, that are not felt—that are not conveyed to the common sensory, so far as we can ascertain—that do not excite feelings and sensations whose reminiscence constitute ideas; but which govern the involuntary muscles, and produce those motions over which the common sensory has no control.

I agree entirely with Cabanis, *Rapport du physique et du moral de l'Homme* I. 134, that to these unfelt internal impressions are to be ascribed all the phenomena of instinct: which in many cases operates on the organs of voluntary motion even in the human species, till the expansion of the faculties attended with experience, converts what was originally (as in sucking) an instinctive into a voluntary impulse.

Another property of the living animal, is spontaneous or voluntary motion, for I know not how clearly to distinguish them. Voluntariness.—This takes place when any excitement in the common sensory, is communicated from thence to muscles of voluntary motion; as when an apple before me, incites me to reach forward my hand, to seize it. This is a stimulus to the muscular fibre clearly originating *ab intra*.

But the stimuli that originate *ab intra*, are divisible into such as the animal is sensible of at the time, and such as not being conveyed to the common sensory, he is insensible of. The first

are the causes of voluntary motion, as walking, talking, feeding, &c. The second are the causes of involuntary or unperceived action, as that of the heart and arteries, the secretions, &c.—Another property of living animals (at least after they are brought forth, if not before, which seems to me doubtful) is that they absorb into a viscus called the lungs, or some apparatus similar to it, the air of the atmosphere from which they separate the vital or oxygenous part. The oxygen appears partly to mix with the blood, and partly to fly off, combined with a superfluous portion of carbon contained in the blood; by means whereof, the force of the natural internal stimuli is increased and momentarily renewed. The azotic part of the atmosphere or nitrogen, does not seem to be taken up in this process. This process is usually referred to the nutrimental part of the system, where-with in my opinion it has nothing to do. Oxygen is chiefly employed to renew the stimulating properties of internal stimuli, as I think. It is also one of the sources of animal heat; but this is better accounted for, by the decompositions perpetually taking place in the digestive and secretory organs; more especially from the latent heat given out, when the alimentary fluids are converted into animal solids. Whether animals and vegetables have the power of generating heat, or throwing it off by any exertion of mere vital power, does not seem to me settled by the facts and experiments adduced in support of this opinion.

Another property of living animals, is, that they possess the power of loco-motion: They can move not only their limbs, but their whole bodies from place to place; thereby establishing a connection and discrepancy of interests between themselves and others of the same or different species. Laying a natural foundation in the human animal, for moral and social duties.

Animals are liable to disease, and in consequence to death. When animals, particularly young and female animals, as in the human species, labour under a defect either of stimulus natural or artificial, or of excitability on the application of stimulus, they are liable to the attacks of parasite animals; such as lice and worms in the human species. When the *vis vitæ* of the parasite animal is stronger than the *vis vitæ* of the animal preyed upon, the latter falls a sacrifice: the remedies are, tonics to in-

crease excitability, and additional doses of artificial stimuli judiciously exhibited, to excite stronger action. Among the diseases owing to want of vital energy, is sphacelation, mortification; wherein if the living parts can be excited to strong healthy action, they throw off the morbid parts, by the operation called sloughing. The living parts are also brought into healthy action by the artificial removal of such sphacelated and morbid or dead parts.

Animals die and are destroyed not only by disease, but by decay; by the gradual ossification and deficient excitability of parts necessary to health and life—by over stimulus internal, as by inordinate passions of the mind, excessive morbid excitement of important viscera; external, as by ardent spirits, narcotics, heat, electricity, &c.—They die and are destroyed also by mechanical violence.

When animal substances are subjected to destructive distillation, the products are characterized by azot and ammonia; this is generally the case; but in some instances acid products appear; as in the distillation of ants, the production of the prussic acid, &c.: doubtless also the phosphoric, and the uric acids, are the products of animal organization.

Such are the principal characters and properties of living animals, that now occur to me, as noticed by physiological writers Haller, Blumenbach, Richerand, Bichat. My own views of the subject, are not always entirely coincident with these authors; but where I have slightly varied, that variance seems to me sufficiently maintainable on the authority of well known facts. I deem it unnecessary to enter into any discussion of associated motions, or the connexion between physiology, and ideology, as too remote from my present subject.

But these are the characters and properties of the more perfect classes of animals, considered merely as animals. There are many variations, exceptions, and anomalies; some of which it is well to notice.

The classes of crustaceæ, insects, molluscæ, worms, and zoophytes, have no apparatus of bone, such as forms the animal skeleton: they have no brain: the molluscæ have no ganglia:

the zoophytes do not afford evidence of any nervous system at all. In all these, a common sensory seems wanting.

In fishes we find no lungs; their place is supplied by gills. Zoophytes do not appear to have any organ of respiration.

In the crustaceæ, the nerves of hearing are deficient.

In the molluscæ (except sepia) and in many insects, the apparatus for the sense of hearing is also wanting. Whole classes of animals appear to utter no sound.

In zoophytes, the stomach and intestines are supplied by one uniform sac.

In some animals the blood is white, in most red.

As to loco-motion: this can hardly be asserted of the sea-nettle, the coral, the star-fish, the oyster, &c.

As to the mode of reproduction: many worms, molluscæ, echino-dromata, are hermaphrodites. Zoophytes have no organs of reproduction: the process in very many animals, as in the frog, the toad, the newt, &c. (Spallanzani) and in many fishes, is conducted not only without intromission of the male organ, but even without contact. Some animals are gemmiparous, where the young appears as a protuberance on the surface of the body. Some are viviparous, as the mammalia; some oviparous as birds, and fishes.

Hence in the *most important* functions of animals—in those functions which would seem chiefly to distinguish them from plants, as in a common sensory, a nervous system, the power of uttering sounds, the faculty of hearing, of loco-motion, the organs of digestion and assimilation, those of respiration, in the organs of impregnation and in the modes of impregnation, and of reproduction, there are in large and numerous classes of beings to which the name of animals cannot be refused, varieties, anomalies, and deficiencies of such moment, that the strict characteristics of animality are reducible to very few particulars indeed.

Let us now turn our attention to the *vegetable* system, and trace among plants their analogies and discrepancies when compared with animals.

(*To be continued.*)

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## THE ADVERSARIA, OR EVENING RECREATIONS, NO. XI.

Come! my best friends, MY BOOKS!—*Cowley.*

BELLES-LETTRES and the FINE ARTS had often solicited TASTE to decide a dispute which had long subsisted between them concerning the point of precedence: but he always had the address to wave the subject. The exhibition of a poem and a picture in his temple, at length raised the quarrel to a higher pitch than it had ever been carried before, and the judge found it impossible to remain a silent spectator. Having been observed to throw an occasional glance upon the poem, when he should have been occupied with the painting, the circumstance rekindled the animosity of the parties, and he was obliged to grant a permission that each party should show its pretensions.

PAINTING, ARCHITECTURE, ENGRAVING and MUSIC employed SOPHISTRY to support their cause.

ERUDITION, —Not she who in modern times estranged from BELLES-LETTRES, teaches useless wisdom in bulky tomes:—who, starting to cultivate the GRACES, delivers her words in a barbarous jargon:—but that benign maid who smiled upon the studies of her sister, appeared at the bar in behalf of BELLES-LETTRES and in the name of POETRY, ELOQUENCE and HISTORY she opened the cause.

ERUDITION but flatter myself, said the fair orator, that the decision is in our favour, since our title is established on the most respectable grounds. Thy favourites, the amateurs and connoisseurs, as they pass through the cities which are honoured by thy particular protection, are arrested only by admiration of thy productions. It is to our labours that cities are indebted for their beauty. The traveller is not detained by the wealthy proprietors of splendid mansions. Compared with our arts how trifling is thy of regard is the individual. But the eye of the connoisseur is fixed upon the beautiful order and proportions of thy architecture; he admires alternately the creative pencil of the painter, the sweet yet bold indentures of the graver's burine, and the chisel, which in my hands, gives animation to the shapeless marble. Here he meets with Music who enchants him by her

melodious airs: but he soon tears himself from her syren tongue, to stray through gardens, embellished by the graces; or galleries, where the productions of nature are faithfully represented by the labours of art. Can a lover of the beautiful derive such delicious enjoyments from the view of a library? he beholds books covered with dust, which their writers vainly hoped would be immortal,—the sad monuments of the folly or the unavailing efforts of the human mind; which penury or desire of praise annually reproduce, under new forms and in other languages. But, notwithstanding these artifices they will not sell, if the grayer does not ornament them with a few touches of his burine. Besides, nothing is more common than a book: the low price at which it is sold puts it into the hands of every one: and what purpose can it serve beyond that of charming an idle hour—or imparting erroneous ideas to the reader, whose own reflections would bring him more certainly to the truth. How infinitely more useful are our productions? Architecture renders the habitations of men agreeable by the comforts and conveniences which she distributes with taste. Painting, sculpture, and engraving immortalize genius and illustrious men in every country. How should we preserve the memory of those who have been the benefactors of mankind, if we did not hold up their images to the admiration and gratitude of the world, in our public places, in repositories of the arts and the mansions of individuals.\* Gayety and Pleasure would be banished from the earth, if Music did not detain them by her melodious songs and harmonious concerts. By her notes the most rugged nature is affected and her magical art has the power of softening the manners by awakening the sensibilities of the heart. An affected modesty would injure our cause: let us say boldly that we deserve a preference to our rivals. The flowers which we scatter profusely

\* Answer this question, Mr. Cowley:

'Tis not a pyramid of marble stone

Though high as our ambition;

'Tis not a tomb cut out of brass, which can  
Give life to th' ashes of a man:

But ~~verses~~ only. They shall fresh appear

Whilst there are men to read and hear;

When time shall make the lasting brass decay

And eat the pyramid away.—(*Note by the Printer's Devil.*)

over the rugged paths of life never fade, and their beauties embellish it in every age. We imitate nature better than our rivals: our productions act directly upon the senses, and by their aid we occupy the imagination and the heart in an agreeable manner. Truth gives a new charm to all our imitations; while Belles-Lettres makes feeble attempts to copy nature and she labours only for the heart and the imagination.

But we shall not enter into philosophical researches on the merits of this advantage which distinguishes our productions. It is enough that it exists and that every one acknowledges it: We may be reproached, perhaps, by the remark, that we are not so much alive to praise as our rivals. Undoubtedly we are animated by the desire of glory in our labours: but we must be permitted to combine utility with it. This is one of the most powerful incentives to emulation; and, we often find that our most successful efforts are the most profitable.

Here Sculpture concluded her harangue, and Philosophy next addressed the judge, in the following terms:

Our rivals sustain their cause with a degree of haughtiness, which a good cause, plead before such a judge as we address, does not require. In general, they do not deny that at all times we have rendered them more justice than they seem disposed to grant us. The genius which produces their works, acts in a more limited sphere and is not capable of that elevation which characterizes the source of our inspiration. At least it appears to us that no other reason could justify the arrogant tone with which they have supported their pretensions. We think more nobly, and, instead of detracting from their merit, we are willing to magnify it.

Religion could derive a powerful aid from the fine arts, and its axiomatic truths, might be made more evident, so to speak, by their productions, which act with more force upon the human heart.

The subjects which sculpture and painting have taken from the sacred writings to adorn the holy monuments erected by architecture, kindle the warmest emotions of piety. Engraving cannot exalt itself to so sublime a height; but while she displays her powers in an humbler sphere, her success would be more splendid, if she could combine expression with truth. To what



a fervour may not Music elevate the soul, in the temples of God, when stripped of superfluous ornaments: she finds her way to the heart by a simple and touching melody, whilst she calls into action all her resources to celebrate, in worthy strains, the object of her songs.

But notwithstanding this tribute which we cordially render to our opponents, we still think ourselves entitled to the preference; and we now proceed to show the grounds upon which we rest our claim.

Beauty is one of the qualities upon which our rivals assert their title to pre-eminence. The good sense of our judge renders any discussion of this part of the subject unnecessary. The effects produced by beauty are certain agreeable perceptions and sensations, the various shades of which are determined by their vivacity, delicacy, and force. Our superiority will then be established with ease, by showing that we are more successful in producing these effects and that our means are more numerous.

Those among you whose productions are intended only for the eye, can represent accurately many objects which cannot be depicted by their companions. But they, on the other hand, have similar advantages, which they enjoy exclusively. Each then is rewarded; but each acts in a more contracted sphere.

You appeal to the imagination and the heart; so do we: but we act directly, you through the medium of the senses. This circumstance which appears to you so favourable, in another point of view, will be found to be injurious. The heart which is too much under the influence of the senses, is incapable of feeling, with the same enthusiasm, an effect that is produced by a direct action. It enjoys, without alloy, and in the liveliest manner, the impulse which we excite.

But in recompense for this advantage, we possess that of modifying, to infinitude, the representations of objects and of offering them to the imagination under all the various aspects of novelty—whereas you have but a single avenue. By what species of harmony or image shall we follow you, in the different degrees by which we can elevate and enliven? and as to the heart can you move it in so lively a manner as we can? What statue or what

picture ever drew a tear from the eye of sensibility? In this respect, it is Music alone that approaches our path.

Every action that you represent is but the action of the moment and cannot be made more permanent. What an innumerable series of interesting situations are depicted in the *Æneid*. How could you find artists and sufficient time to represent them in a drawing? How many striking beauties are to be found in Virgil, of which it is impossible for you to convey any idea!

If I were to remark that your greatest masters cannot express intellectual beauty in any of your languages, you may reply to me, that this expression is not your province: but does it cease to be a merit because it transcends your power? Because your statues, your paintings, and your music, cannot convey to the mind the brilliant conceptions which spring from the child of fancy, are the rewards of praise and wonder to be withheld?

But let me hasten to place before you the most solid reason upon which our claim is founded. We teach virtue with a degree of success which you would never be able to equal, even if your art had that object in view. We are therefore more useful than you. Our principal aim is to bring to perfection, the moral sense of man: to this we sacrifice every thing, even the desire of pleasing. We degrade ourselves, we cease to be beautiful, when we fail in moral beauty. The great empire, the mistress of the world, immortalized herself in the name which she invented for us, when she designated us as the *Humanities*. The experience of many ages has shown the justness and truth of this denomination.

A nation may arrive at a flourishing state by her agriculture, her commerce, her excellent laws, and her cultivation of the higher branches of science. But will all this make her happy? Virtue only can render her so. Neither opulence, nor science, nor laws, whose powers are limited to the actions of man, can procure this advantage. She must seek it in religion and good morals. It is not only useful but necessary to render virtue attractive: those who dispute this, know little of the heart.

The Holy Writings contain sublime models of poetry and eloquence, whose beauty and force surpass the most finished specimens that can be produced from any other source. Thus it is that in teaching its eternal truths a divine religion has accommo-

dated itself to the language of man, that it might make a more lively impression upon his heart. Certainly we are entitled to boast of the honour which the daughter of Heaven has conferred in selecting us as her organ. Our favourites, by imitating, though faintly, these great models, elevate themselves to the loftiest pinnacle of glory, because their labours are conducive to the publick good. Religion has revealed all those important truths which concern the moral duties of man, and she has left nothing for his inquiry, but the development of some of her sublime lessons. It is our task to render this research, easy and agreeable. The influence which we possess in directing the mind in those solemn studies, and in making the task pleasing—thus imperceptibly leading man to that felicity which was intended to be his lot,—this is of all others, our greatest boast; and, without it, our efforts would be neither useful nor glorious. We admit, cheerfully, that the fine arts may also add charms to virtue: but we hesitate not to assert that all their means are incompetent to enlarge her empire. From their very nature, beauty, rather than utility, seems to be the object of their productions; for, what they are able to express is extremely limited and incapable of producing that train of ideas and sentiments which must be instilled into the heart, before men can perceive the charms of virtue. Music certainly conduces to ameliorate the heart and increase sociability. Sculpture and her fair sisters refine and improve the taste, by innumerable representations of the beautiful, under new forms; and they render man more delicate in the choice of his pleasures; but this merit belongs also to our productions, even to those which are less useful than agreeable. But all these efforts are limited to a simple preparation which disposes the mind to receive impressions of the moral beautiful and they will not suffice to make a nation virtuous, until our influence is felt.

It may be objected here, that we forget the force of the example of illustrious men: but how should we neglect that of which we can boast so much. Have we not always scattered profusely the most precious gifts upon those whose high privilege it has been to dignify and adorn their nature? Who so capable of transmitting to future ages the example of their achievements and their virtues? It is true that our rivals share with us this delightful

office, but in a proportion infinitely diminutive compared with ours. Is it owing to their labours or to ours, that the present generation can recognize Socrates, such as he, was?

Even those illustrious men themselves, whose examples are so important in the scale of moral utility, are less when they do not enjoy our favours. It must be admitted, that they do not cease on that account to be virtuous, but they are deprived of the most powerful motive to continue so. Let us be supposed to be strangers to a whole nation; its language will appear poor, feeble, destitute of flexibility or energy, as little calculated for prose as poetry; it is incapable of embellishing any beautiful moral, or it speaks in an ignoble style; every thing useful or important which might be described in prose, remains in obscurity; its history by not judging of times past, could not bring forward remarkable events for the instruction of posterity, or it would disfigure them entirely:—in fine, I myself, metamorphosed by scholastic method, should be tossed about in futile researches and vain subtleties which have no connection with the happiness or knowledge of man. Then I should be no longer the guide and the friend of sound truth, and in vain should I endeavour to repress in the imagination, the wanderings of idle curiosity. False taste would lead to wretched puns, or indecent witticisms, to the exclusion of all notions of moral beauty. But as soon as we impart our productions to this nation, what a happy revolution would be effected! Taste would be polished, the real beautiful displayed, and virtue would appear in a more captivating drapery.

Our rivals have considered our productions in a very unfavourable point of view; and yet they can fill the mind with the most lively images and bind the heart by charms more irresistible than all their force united. The long duration of our works, is no doubt, the greatest objection to them, in their eyes. What would they know of Greece so famed in the history of ages, if the writings of her sages, her orators and her poets had not survived the cankering tooth of time? What vestige remains of this cradle of the sciences, polite literature and the arts? Instead of that fertility which once smiled in plentiful profusion, we see a race of miserable slaves, unworthy of the name of their illustrious ancestors, vegetating under the accumulated curses of barbarism, ignorance,

and despotism. In a tone of no unpardonable enthusiasm, our Horace exclaimed, while he clasped his writings to his bosom,—his eye rolling in a fine phrenzy through the long vista of futurity—*I have erected a monument more durable than brass, more lofty than the pyramids of Egypt, which shall defy the rust of time!*

Our rivals will not dispute the truth of this prediction, which has been accomplished in the approving voice of criticism in all civilized nations.

Are our writers the less estimable because their labours produced much fame and no profit? There are many who leave your Raphael far behind them. Are they the less entitled to the pre-eminent rank which it is my part to claim for them, this day, because those extrinsic circumstances which augment the wealth of your artist, do not also combine in their favour? It would be as ridiculous to condemn the desire of receiving the price of their labours, as it would be to establish this reward as the test of their merit.

Here PHILOSOPHY ceased: and the parties awaited the decision of the judge in all that trembling anxiety which Virgil has depicted with so inimitable a pencil.

Trepidantia haurit

Corda pavor pulsans laudumque arrecta cupido.

TASTE appeared to be plunged in a profound reverie, which was interrupted, in a few minutes, by an unexpected event.

The lovely virgin, DANCE, came tripping into the room, on "light fantastic foot," with dimples on her healthful cheeks and the roses of persuasion on her lips.

In a tone of mild remonstrance she complained that she had not been summoned to vindicate the cause of her sisters: and in so urgent a manner did she solicit a hearing, that the judge, unable to withstand the witchery of her eloquence, consented to adjourn the court, to another day.

J. E. H.

 Baltimore.

## FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—SPURIOUS WORDS!

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

A writer in a late number of your valuable miscellany has, to use his own *classical* language, arraigned before you a few words which *he* deems spurious. This gentleman's attachment to genuine anglicism is such that he pathetically laments that foreign words should be adopted to the detriment of our own. But he appears to have forgotten that when these *aliens* have resided among us a sufficient length of time, they become *natives*, agreeably to the established laws of *naturalization*. But what a depth of penetration, what a profound sagacity, did it not require to have detected these strangers! It is probable that the writer, after viewing the result of his labours, with heart-felt joy exclaimed *Eureka! Eureka!*

It is not the adoption of new words that tends to render a language barbarous, or to augment the number of its anomalies. It is the introduction of novel phraseology, and the application of the syntax of foreign tongues, that are the greatest enemies to purity. "Single words," says Dr. Johnson, "may enter by thousands, and the fabric of the tongue continue the same; but new phraseology changes much at once; it alters not the single stones of the building, but the order of the columns." When a word has been used by two or three good authors, it becomes legitimate. Reform is impossible, and were it feasible, its propriety may be questioned. Language is in an incessant state of fluctuation, and hence arises anomalies which no notoriety can correct, and which cannot be reduced to regularity. An improper word sanctioned by the authority of three good writers, may be considered as incorrigible, and every attempt to expunge it must ultimately prove inefficacious. But it is not so with regard to inaccuracies in construction. The grammatical errors of the writers who lived in the reign of queen Anne, have been discovered and avoided by those of a more modern date. The language of our day is much more refined than that of Addison's. But improvement is the work of time. Its progress is gradual and cannot be accelerated. It is not the caprice and remarks of ephemeral authors that are considered as the test of purity, re-

formation is adopted only as experience has demonstrated its necessity.

Having made these observations, we will now proceed to consider the words which our critic has pronounced improper, though *id populus curat scilicet*.

The first upon the list of convicts is *unsatisfactoriness*. Dr. Johnson adopts this word upon the authority of Boyle. My memory does not, at present, furnish me with an instance in which the term in question has been used by any writer with whom I have an acquaintance. But I must confess that as I have not hitherto read English with such a critical nicety as our reformer, the word may have escaped my observation. But since it expresses an idea which is but indefinitely denoted by its usual synonyme *dissatisfaction*, I see no reason why it should be banished from the language.

Not content with detecting the impropriety of words, his critical scrutiny has extended even to proper names. Thus, we are informed that *Edinburgh* is the German word, and *Edenborough* the English. Thanks to his miraculous erudition! I now begin to think that it is no difficult task to make a discovery, and I shall therefore put my ingenuity into operation for this purpose. Might I hazard a conjecture that *Philadelphia* is the German word, and *Fildelphy* the English? But why should I stop here when I can proceed further? Who does not know that *London* is the German name, and that the true English word is *Lunun*? What will his worship now say? Here are two discoveries, while he can boast of but one. Surely it is now my privilege to cry *Eureka! Eureka!*

*Perfectability* and *excitability* next appear at the tribunal of his honour. Of the former I have no knowledge; but we are told that they have been both used by Fisher Ames. With respect to the latter I can present his honour with an authority which I deem much less exceptionable than that which he has mentioned. Let him open Dr. Rush's inquiry into the cause of Animal Life, and in the first lecture he will find the following sentence: "Life is the effect of certain stimuli acting upon the

sensibility and *excitability* which are extended, in different degrees over every external and internal part of the body."

I perfectly agree with the writer in his observations upon *inurned* and its opposite *uninurned*. But I regret that I cannot express a similar coincidence in what he advances relative to *deception*, *conception*, *reception*, &c, which he declares to be improperly used for *deceit*, *conceit*, and *receipt*: That *deception* and *deceit* are, in the main, synonymous, I am not now prepared to deny. But I strenuously assert that *conception* and *conceit*, *reception* and *receipt* are inherently different. Conception, in its primitive import, signifies gestation. It is not immediately formed from the English word to *conceive*, but comes rather from the Latin term *conceptio*. This latter noun is analogically derived from the supine *conceptum* coming from the verb *concipio*. But if etymology is not sufficient to satisfy the doubts of our reformer, let us take any of Dr. Johnson's authorities for this word and substitute its alleged synonyme. Instead of

"Thy sorrow I will greatly multiply by thy *conception*,"

let us say,

"Thy sorrow I will greatly multiply by thy *conceit*."

Dryden tells us "our own productions flatter us; it is impossible not to be fond of them at the moment of their *conception*." But let us conform to the rule of our critic, and say, "our own productions flatter us; it is impossible not to be fond of them at the moment of their *conceit*." The same method may be tried with any other instance, and the inconsistency will be found equally glaring. These examples sufficiently evince the futility and manifest absurdity of an attempt to displace *conception*. It is so extensively diffused through different languages that it must remain immutable. Thus the French have their *conception* and the Spanish their *concepcion*. But *conceit* invariably imports an *opinion*, or rather a *witty idea*; and agreeably to this meaning, we generally find it explained by such words as *sententia*, *fi-enseé* and the Portuguese term *conceito*.

The preceding observations apply to *reception* and *receipt*. The writer surely cannot be ignorant that the latter is used to signify an acquittance, or the evidence of an exoneration from a debt. But we must again have recourse to an example, "Both,"



says Holder, "serve completely for the *reception* and communication of knowledge." Let us rather write, "both serve completely for the *receipt* and communication of knowledge." In the French language we find *reception*, but *recette* for *receipt*. The Spanish have *recibimiento* for *reception*, but *recibido* for *receipt*. The derivation of *reception* is from *receptio* from the supine *receptum* of the verb *recipio*. But *ne quid nimis*.

I confess that the connection of the preposition *from* with the adverbs, *hence*, *thence* and *whence*, is redundant. But it is not to the sagacity of our critic that we are indebted for the discovery. For the error has been noted long before *he* became a reformer of our tongue. Indeed I am peculiarly anxious to learn whether he ever happened to dip into a *certain* work called the "Philosophy of Rhetoric." The practice is undoubtedly improper, but I suspect it is too deeply rooted in our language to be eradicated. I believe I could at this moment produce examples of it from the writers of the days of James, and higher, down to our own. The impropriety has been rendered familiar by the irresistible law of custom. It is to be found in the works of our best grammatical writers, among whom are Harris,\* Blair, and Johnson in anteriority, and Horne Tooke in merit. It is an inconsistency which, as Dr. Campbell truly remarks, has arisen from a servile imitation of the French *d'où*, *d'ici*, *de là*. This practice ought to be banished from the language, did not its universality favour its preservation. There is scarcely one good writer who has not used it. It is to be found in Shakspeare who lived in the reign of Elizabeth; and we find examples of it in the translation of the Bible, and in the works of Bacon. At this early period of our tongue, it was a frequent custom, and has thence been transmitted to us. It remains then to be decided whether we shall incautiously pronounce that to be a barbarism which has existed for upwards of three centuries, or whether we shall not rather permit every writer to indulge his fancy.

\* It is not surprising that Harris should have fallen into this error. For he who could seriously maintain that the redundancy of particles constituted a primary excellence in the Greek language, must surely be pleased with the same tautology in his own.

Here ends the catalogue, and in taking leave of the writer I must be suffered to speak a few words in my own behalf. I have ever considered philology as one of those sciences which have a peculiar claim to the attention of mankind. Next to religion it is that branch of learning on which I would willingly bestow my days and my nights. It is sublime inasmuch as it teaches the correct use of speech, which, in relation to man, is truly, as a Spanish author terms it, "*señal indicativa de su razon, y su mayor adornó, ú ornamento.*" Its difficulty and intricacies are great and numerous, but the pleasure which it affords is more than a counterbalance. Languages are the keys which serve to unlock the doors that lead to knowledge. He, therefore, who attains to a greater proficiency in these, possesses the more means of information.\* But I can never call that a meritorious attempt which rises no higher in the grammatical art, than the detection of verbal inaccuracies. The proper disposition of a sentence is of much more importance, than the words which compose it, provided those words clearly convey the writer's meaning. Had I undertaken to be a reformer of our language I should have endeavoured to expose several syntactical improprieties which may be observed among our best authors. These occur in almost all the parts of speech, but more frequently in the disposition of adverbs, which, as they serve for the modification of a sentence, are of the most vital importance. This subject claims the attention of every one who desires to write his vernacular tongue with purity. The previous length of this communication, however, will not permit that I should now notice these inaccuracies. At a future period I may perhaps be again led to this subject. But should circumstances prevent me from performing this promise, the reader is referred to the writings of Campbell and of our countryman Webster.

Such, Mr. Oldschool, are the ideas which suggested themselves after a cursory perusal of the remarks of your corres-

\* We are informed by Brantome that Charles the Fifth "*disoit et repetoit souvent, quand il tomboit sur la beauté des langues (selon l'opinion des Turcs)—qu'autant de langues qu l'homme sçait parler, autant de fois est-il homme.*" If this *imperial idea* be correct, what must we think of Sir William Jones, who was acquainted with twenty-eight different languages.

pondent. If I have occasionally indulged myself in levity, it was not because I thought ridicule a proper test of truth. But if this writer, whoever he may be, should think that he has been improperly treated by me, he is at liberty to vindicate himself. I am at all times willing to bow beneath the lash of correction, whenever it shall be proved that I have advanced a sentiment incompatible with truth.

W. A.

#### THE FINE ARTS.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

It affords us peculiar satisfaction to be, to our fellow citizens, the organ of communication of any intelligence that may be gratifying to them and honourable to our country. Of this description, and that, we trust, in an eminent degree, is the information we are enabled to impart respecting three young Americans, who are now in Europe, cultivating their talents in the art of painting. We allude to Messrs. Leslie, Morse, and Allston, who, to speak of them in terms of perfect moderation, exhibit, as we are told, the fairest promise of becoming, after their great predecessors shall have disappeared, the West, the Copeley, and the Trumbull of the age.

That we may not be suspected of dealing in any of the extravagancies of eulogy, we are prepared to lay before the public the evidences, equally strong and authentic, on which the opinion we have expressed is founded.

In relation to Mr. Leslie the following correspondence occurred, as appears by the annexed dates, in March last, between Mr. Randolph and our illustrious countryman, Mr. West, of London. It is but justice to add, that for the letters of these two gentlemen we are indebted to the polite attention of Mr. Tompkins, to whom we avail ourselves of this opportunity to express our obligations and to tender our thanks.

*"Buckingham-street, Strand, London, March 17, 1814.*

"DEAR SIR,

"Honoured, as I am, by your confidence and kind attention, and equally proud of the extraordinary talents of my young coun-

tryman, Mr. Leslie, I should be happy to receive, in reply to this communication, a repetition of the high and distinguished encomium you were pleased to pass on Mr. Leslie's production of the "Witch of Endor." To the liberty of this request I am induced by the suggestion of another esteemed young countryman, Mr. Joseph Y. Tompkins, who had the honour of an interview with you to-day; and who is desirous of having your authority for his favourable representation of Mr. Leslie's success to his friends, on his return to the United States, by the Fair American, now at Liverpool.

"I am, respectfully, your obliged friend, &c.

"D. M. RANDOLPH.

"Benjamin West, 14 Newman-street, Oxford road."

"Newman-street, March 21, 1814.

"DEAR SIR,

"There is no occurrence which affords me a higher gratification, than that of properly appreciating the talents of those professing any of the branches of the fine arts—particularly so, when those talents are found in youth modest and virtuous. Mr. Leslie, the young gentleman, from Philadelphia, respecting whom you inquire, appears to me to be blessed with all those natural endowments (connected with a suitable education) requisite for giving appropriate character to a subject. To these he unites a hand capable of executing his conceptions on canvas with the pencil. His picture of Saul, in the house of the woman of Endor (when the ghost of Samuel appears) is, from the knowledge I have of painting, almost without an example in art, considering it to have been done by a youth in his nineteenth year, and to have been the second picture, in history, he ever painted. Having given so ample a display of genius and talents at so early a period of life, and continuing, as he does, with some of the ablest and most refined productions of art before him, to pursue the study and practice of his profession, with the most amiable dispositions and unwearied industry, to what excellence in the higher departments of painting may we not expect him to attain, when his pencil shall have become matured, and all his powers completely evolved by time and cultivation!

"The junior artists in painting who have passed me in review within the last fifty years, have not presented to me a similar excellence at the same age in which Mr. Leslie produced his picture of Saul, now under notice. Respecting this picture, which, being in my own room, I have a daily opportunity to examine, you are at liberty to make this my opinion of it known to whomsoever you may think proper.

"I am, sir, yours, respectfully,

"BENJAMIN WEST.

"D. M. Randolph, Esquire."

"P. S. It affords me great pleasure to inform you, that sir John Leicester, bart. has given Mr. Leslie one hundred guineas for the above mentioned picture of Saul."

Soaring at once to the highest department of his profession, historical painting, Mr. Allston has placed on canvas the scene of the *Dead man restored to life by touching the bones of the prophet Elisha*; an effort, which, we are authorised to say, procured for its author, at a late exhibition of the arts in the British gallery, the first prize of two hundred guineas.

Of this celebrated picture we extract the following notice from the "Examiner," a London paper, which appears to be conducted with no small degree of ability, candour, and taste:

"*The dead man restored to life by touching the bones of Elisha*, W. ALLSTON, is a work which comes at once before us with the double and delighted surprise of high excellence from a novel hand, such a hand as would justify its being placed at the side of some of the best masters in history, and which makes us deeply regret that the brother natives of two such countries as Great Britain and the American republic should be engaged in any other war than that of social and intellectual rivalry, the only rational hostility of sentient beings. The faces and forms in this picture are all impressed by a strong, and highly natural feeling; but there is rather a monotony in the countenances of the three chiefspectators of the miracle, we mean in the form and feature, abstracted from the expression of fear and wonder, which must necessarily be similar; and we doubt whether those above and beyond the man in the fore ground, are not deviations from perspective pre-

cision, as to prominence of size and colour. But these are venial errors, when compared to the life, to the impassioned feelings, that breathe throughout; to the astonishment and fear, to the mute gazing, and shrinking at the awful resuscitation. The female in a fit at the terrific sight, while her daughter clings to her with a mixed emotion of fear and filial concern, is an impressively natural incident. Equally so are the two youths engaged in a conversation of inquiry and surprise, one with his finger of one hand significantly laid on the other, the second with his arms emphatically stretched forth. Excepting the disproportioned length of the reviving man, too much praise cannot be given for his admirably painted character, the contraction of the toes, the dimly-beaming eyes, staring with faint dawnings of consciousness and sensation, the anatomical drawing, and the mixed carnation and livid hue of his flesh, in which the hitherto stagnant stream of life is beginning to thaw under the warmth of that hallowed and wonder-working flame, which beams on the skeleton of Elisha—a conception truly poetical and explanatory of the returning vitality. It is problematical, whether this figure would not make an equal, if not a more suitable impression, and at the same time render the general effect more pleasing, were its lower extremities and drapery in *some degree*, shrouded in shade, instead of destroying, by its strong light, the unity of the general effect of the picture's light and shade; for though, as the figure of chief importance, it ought to be strikingly marked, still the universal attention which it attracts from the surrounding groups, would sufficiently point it out to the spectator. Though the flesh throughout would have a more epic dignity of style were it of a broader and more Titianesque hue, it is a beautiful specimen of carnation tinting. Mr. Allston's mind's eye is evidently nourished by invigorating, close, and intelligent study of the lively graces of the old masters and the antique. For the rich, ocular, and intellectual treat he has afforded us, we offer him as a small proof of our thankfulness and esteem, the testimony of our humble approbation."

By Mr. Allston's loftiest ambition, higher praise can scarcely be aspired to than this paragraph spontaneously bestows.

Of the talents and attainments of Mr. Morse, son to our celebrated geographer of the same name, an authentic letter enables us to speak in terms of nearly equal applause. It represents that young American as receiving, in consequence of his merit as an artist, even in the capital of an enemy's country, the highest encomiums and most honourable rewards that taste and liberality are able to bestow:

"At the last Sommerset-house exhibition, says our correspondent, he (Mr. Morse) produced a large picture of the dying Hercules, which was honoured with universal admiration.

"A few days previously his grace the duke of Norfolk, in a numerous assembly, presented Mr. Morse with an elegant gold medal, for an exquisite model of the same subject, of his own composition and workmanship, presented to the Society of the Adelphi in London."

On contemplating the height to which these three young Americans are thus early elevated by their talents and attainments, what native of the United States can fail to glow with the love of his country, while he exults in the unrivalled genius of his countrymen! And with what contempt must each one of us regard the narrow sentiments, the insolence and folly of those European writers—philosophers in the present instance we will not call them—who have represented the intellect of man as sinking from its native level beneath the influence of the American climate! It is neither our intention nor our province to boast; but we deem it due to our countrymen, and perfectly consistent with truth to assert, that, taking promiscuously, and without selection, from the United States and from any one of the countries of Europe, an equal number of native inhabitants, and comparing them with each other, the balance, if any exist, will be found to be in favour of the Americans, on the score both of intellectual and corporeal qualities—vigour of body and vigour of mind. It will be understood that, in this comparison we have allusion to *native* vigour of mind; not to those mental attainments, constituting artificial strength, which are the result of education, and cannot be regarded as appertaining exclusively to any climate. It must not be denied, that longer time, and more favourable opportunities of intellectual improvement are requisite to enable us

to rival in science and learning the scholars and philosophers of the old world. We possess both the soil and the seeds, but have not yet attained to that matured state of culture necessary to insure to us the fairest blossoms and richest fruits of genius and letters.

In relation to the Fine Arts, various considerations induce us to cherish a belief—fondly at least, if not wisely—that America is destined hereafter, if not to become herself the foremost, at least to rank with the foremost countries of the world. In this rivalry of nations for preeminence in taste, and the means of gratifying it, we do not admit as exceptions even those fine regions bordering on the Mediterranean, which Nature was formerly supposed to have selected as her favourite theatre for exhibiting the greatness and elegance of the human mind. In the productions of the chissel, the artists of the United States have not yet established their *claim* to distinction. But for those of the pencil they have exhibited evidence, which we deem conclusive, that they possess genius in no respect inferior to that of the people of Italy, or of ancient Greece. That country which, in an early stage of society, has already produced a West, a Copeley, a Trumbull, a Stewart, a Sully, a Peale, a Trott, an Allston, a Morse, a Leslie, and many others of ample promise, may, when further advanced in civilization, refinement and wealth, be regarded, without the least extravagance of anticipation, as capable of becoming the birth-place and the school of painters in every department of the art equal to the greatest that have heretofore honoured the world with their pencil.

Let the people and the government of the United States do their duty on the score of patronage and encouragement—let them enable painters, who have spent years of toil and study abroad, with a view to perfect themselves in the principles and execution of their art, to return home, and, in their native country, pursue their profession amidst the honours and emoluments to which they are entitled—let them do this, and the present century will not pass away, till, for painting, in particular, perhaps for preeminence in the Fine Arts in general, the new world shall have wrested the palm from the old. Philadelphia then, instead of looking for specimens and resources of art to Rome or Paris, Amsterdam or London, may herself become, for all nations, the great metropolitan school of painting



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REVIEW OF THE FOURTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF THE COLUMBIAN SOCIETY OF ARTISTS AND THE PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY.

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IN reviewing the various articles which compose this extensive collection of the works of art, we shall confine our observations chiefly to the original productions of living artists; neither do we consider it necessary, in the present state of the arts amongst us, to go much into detail; because the technical terms inseparably connected with every profession, when often repeated, become not only tedious, but even disgusting, and cease, of consequence, either to please or instruct.

No. 1. *Bust of the Right Reverend Bishop White*—the original model.

No. 2. *Bust of Charles W. Peale*—the original model.

No. 3. *Bust of Commodore Bainbridge*—the original model.

No. 4. *Bust of Washington*—modelled after that by Hudon.

No. 5. *Muscles of the horse*—a cast from a French model.

No. 6. *Head of the Venus de Medici*—by Miller.

The public are already well acquainted with the talents of this excellent artist, in one of the highest departments of art. His bust of C. W. Peale does, in our opinion, surpass any of his former productions, and would do credit to any age or nation. When we consider the vast importance of handing down to posterity, faithful resemblances of our most distinguished heroes and statemen, the genius and talents of Mr. Millar are certainly a great acquisition to the fine arts, and to the country. He is not only capable of contributing by his original works to our scanty stock of American busts; but by his knowledge of the antique, and a judicious selection of celebrated statues, and by multiplying the copies from these for the use of artists, he will enable them to pursue their studies to advantage. We sincerely hope, for the honour of our city, that the indefatigable labours of this artist will be duly appreciated and rewarded by an enlightened public.

No. 7. *Bust of Hamilton from Caracchi*—by J. Dixey, has considerable merit.

No. 11. *Is a correct likeness of the Hero of Lake Erie*—an original painting in water colours by Wood. We are much gratified to find that an engraving from this picture is to be executed for

Delaplaine's Repository of Portraits and Lives of the Heroes, Philosophers, and Statesmen of America.

No. 12. *Capture of His Britanic Majesty's frigate Guerriere by the United States frigate Constitution*—painted by T. Birch, and engraved by C. Tiebout.

This print is executed in the dotting manner, and has a very fine effect, and is generally considered a correct representation of that celebrated action.

No. 14. *Capture of the British fleet on Lake Eric, by the American squadron, commanded by Commodore Perry*—J. J. Barralet.

The time of action chosen by the painter for transmitting to posterity, this illustrious and unparalleled event, is the critical and interesting moment when the Niagara was pushing through the enemy's line, and pouring her thunder upon them from both broadsides, (the gallant Commodore having a short time before left the Lawrence in a small boat, amidst a tremendous fire from the enemy's squadron, and hoisted his flag on board the Niagara.)

The unfortunate and crippled Lawrence lies on one side and the British vessels on the other, striking their colours in succession to the American hero.

The disposition of the whole group, comprising every vessel in the action, has met the sanction and applause of some of the principal officers in the engagement.

A print from this drawing is now engraving by B. Tanner, and is to be a companion to his print of the capture of the Macedonian by the United States.

No. 15. *Capture of His Britanic Majesty's frigate Macedonian by the United States frigate United States*—painted by T. Birch and engraved by B. Tanner.

This print is executed in the line manner, and is considered a correct representation of another of our gallant naval achievements. The print, however, would have a much better effect if the water did not appear so dark, which destroys the transparency, that so peculiarly characterises that element.

No. 42. *Bust of Doctor Physic*.

No. 43. *Bust of Doctor Rush*—W. Rush.

The works of this self-taught artist, have been long known and admired for peculiar, as well as faithful models of the various objects he has undertaken to represent. The busts above-men-

tioned are in the same style of excellence with his other well known and highly meritorious works.

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*Plans, elevations, and sections of town and country houses, and designs of picturesque gardens, with seven explanatory drawings.*

No. 61. *View of a picturesque garden on the river Elbe.*

No. 62. *A general plan of Union College at Schenectady.*

No. 63. *Front elevation of Union College, Schenectady.*

Joseph Ramee.

The above drawings, whether we consider the *designs* or *execution*, are works of uncommon merit. In them we behold the chaste simplicity of Grecian architecture. Mr. Ramee has displayed not only a thorough knowledge of the principles of an art, which has always been considered of the first importance in every age and nation; but he has also displayed, in the general arrangement and execution of his drawings, the most refined taste. We are not without hopes that the genius and talents of this artist will have a tendency to *check*, if not to *destroy*, a semi-barbarous taste (which seems to gain ground amongst us) for a mongrel Gothic architecture, where *novelty*, *whim*, and *caprice* are substituted for *fitness*, *beauty*, and *elegance*. We are much pleased to find that Mr. Ramee intends to publish an interesting work on the principles of his art.

No. 71. *Tribute money* from a small picture by Rubens (in the possession of Joseph Sansom, esquire) painted and presented to the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, by T. Sully.

We have often seen and admired the original from which this picture is copied, and we are decidedly of opinion, that the American artist has done great justice to the subject. We confess, however, that we should have been much more gratified in viewing an original from the pencil of Mr. Sully.

No. 72. *Perry's victory on Lake Erie*—T. Birch.

Representing the moment in which commodore Perry is engaging the ship *Queen Charlotte*, after compelling the ship *Detroit* and schooner *Lady Prevost* to strike their colours. This picture is painted in the usual style of this meritorious artist, and certainly deserves praise. The colouring, however, is sombre, and the light is too much scattered. But compared with its general merit, these must be considered as minor faults. An engraving is to be taken from this picture by A. Lawson, who will, no doubt, do ample justice to the subject.

No. 75. *Peaches and Grapes*—Raphael Peale.

This artist has again furnished the present exhibition with a great variety of very excellent pictures, consisting chiefly of fruit pieces, &c. We admire exceedingly the correct manner in which he represents each individual object, and if he displayed more judgment in the *arrangement* and *grouping* of his pictures, they would rival the best productions of the Flemish or Dutch school.

No. 76. *Samson and Delilah*, an original picture—by David.

This picture is painted by an artist at the head of the modern French school, and is considered a very excellent production. The drawing is correct, and the colouring exquisitely fine. The figure of Delilah, although full of expression, is rather masculine; and there is about the figure of Samson a *squareness*, which is far from being graceful. This appears too to be heightened by a number of angles in the disposition of the limbs. We are rather of opinion that this picture has been an early production by David, as it certainly resembles as much the work of a *student* as that of a *master*.

No. 85. *Portrait of a gentleman*—C. R. Leslie.

This picture exhibits in the execution and expression, a great attention to nature, and at the same time proves that this young artist continues to advance in a proper knowledge of his art.

No. 87. *Portrait of a lady*—B. Otis.

This is a picture of considerable merit. We would, however, recommend to this artist the perusal of some hints relative to his pictures, in a review of a former exhibition.

No. 88. *Portrait of a lady*—Eckholt.

We have seen much better pictures by this very ingenious artist.

No. 98. *From Marmion, canto vi.*—Caldwell.

“ And judge how Clara changed her form,  
While fastening to her lover’s side,  
A friend, which though in danger tried,  
He once had found untrue.”

This picture, although the production of a young artist, displays, nevertheless, a considerable knowledge of the true principles of art. The effect of the whole is very striking, and the grouping of the figures is judiciously managed.

No. 103. *Portrait of Commodore Rodgers*—Jarvis.

This picture is a work of great merit, has great expression of character, and is an excellent likeness. There are, perhaps some defects in the colouring; but, upon the whole, we have no hesitation in pronouncing it a first rate production.

No. 106. *View of the Schuylkill from Chesnut-street*—T. Birch.

Represents the two bridges and adjacent country, and appears very correctly executed.

No. 154. *Ship in a squall*—T. Birch.

This picture is painted in a very beautiful style, and has more freedom in the execution than any other work of this artist that we have seen.

No. 186. *Lady and child*—T. Sully.

The portraits of this celebrated artist have been long distinguished for a peculiar ease and elegance of attitudes, and he has, in our opinion, fully established that reputation, by the great variety of pictures in the present exhibition. He has evidently improved in colouring and effect, and, in one of his female portraits, he has displayed much skill in what is denominated harmony in painting. His whole length pictures of doctor Rush, and the president of the Pennsylvania Hospital, are painted in a broad and pleasing style, and received very general applause.

No. 195. *Fruit and flowers*—De Beet.

In the execution of this piece the artist has displayed much talent in the arrangement, grouping, and harmony of colouring, and at the same time has delineated the various objects with great truth.

No. 197 } *Perry’s victory*—two drawings by Kearney, assist-  
198 } ed by T. Sully.

Representing the position of the American and British fleets at the interesting moment, when commodore Perry, finding the *Lawrence* rendered unmanageable, from her having received the whole fire of the enemy's fleet, is seen passing in a boat rowed by eight men to go on board the *Niagara*.

*Ditto*—Representing the *Lawrence* out of the action—Perry forcing the British line, engaged with the *Queen Charlotte* and *Detroit*, two of the enemy's heaviest ships, both of which are in the act of striking, the rest of the fleet having surrendered, except the *Little Belt* and *Chippeway*, which are seen making a vain attempt to escape.

The above mentioned drawings were executed by an artist who went to Lake Erie for the express purpose, and who received the attention and assistance of the gallant Perry and his officers, who held a meeting, in order to obtain the precise situation of the vessels at the time of the engagement.

The drawings will be engraved in the line manner by George Murray, Gideon Fairman, and Cornelius Tiebout.

These drawings are executed in a very spirited style, and have been pronounced by commodore Perry and his officers, to be correct and faithful representations of that glorious action.

No. 201. *Landscape*—by a young lady of Richmond, Virginia.

This picture is a charming and finished production of art. Whether we consider its composition, colouring, effect, or the chaste manner in which the various objects are delineated, it is equally entitled to our unqualified praise.

No. 233. *Perspective view of the design for Washington Hall*, proposed to be built on Third-street, adjoining the Washington Hotel—R. Mills.

The plan of this building occupies a space in front of seventy-five feet, by a depth of one hundred and twenty-five feet; the first floor is arranged to accommodate a large dining room, one hundred and thirty feet long by thirty feet wide, and some smaller rooms for committees, &c. The entrance to this floor is by a semicircular vestibule, fronted by a skreen of pillars; from this you pass to the great staircase in front by which you ascend to the grand saloon on the principal floor, one hundred and twenty feet long by seventy-two wide; this is in the form of an elongated el-

lipsis, encircled by a colonnade, supporting the galleries. The ceiling is a dome, elevated about thirty feet above the floor, crowned by a lantern sky-light.

The exterior elevation of this building presents a simple mass of one grand story, raised upon a rustic basement; the principal feature in it is a great niche, which sweeps into the front to make room for a statue of the illustrious Washington. Before this niche is a skreen of columns. On the frieze of the entablature is the dedication of the building, over this springs a semicircular arch, forming the head of the niche. On the top of the colonnade an eagle is seen just alighting, holding a wreath in his bill encircling the name of *Washington*.

On the blocking, over the wing buildings, are civic wreaths, encircling the names of *Penn* and *Franklin*. The busts of these great men are placed in niches below, on each side of the grand entrance. The whole building is surmounted by trophies, emblematic of the military and civil glory achieved by the Father of his country.

This appears to be a chaste and beautiful design for a public building, and cannot fail to do equal honour to our city and the architect.

(*To be continued.*)

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

### AMERICAN AND BRITISH CLAIMS.

BE not startled, gentle readers, at the title under which this little article appears. We have no disposition to intermeddle in state affairs. The painter's well known admonitory rebuke, *ne, sutor, ultra crepidam*, shall never be forgotten by us in our character as a journalist. If the cobbler ought to stick to his last, so should the man of letters to his peaceful vocation.

The modest Muse delights in scenes sedate,  
Nor lifts her voice amid the broils of state.

To our public functionaries, then, our Gallatins, and Bayards, and Adamses, and the rest, we cheerfully resign the settlement of all matters in dispute touching orders in council, paper

blockades, sailors' rights, spoils by sea, house-burnings by land contrary to the usages of honourable warfare, with all the et ceteras that fall within the turbulent vortex of politics. Nor shall we, in the capacity of a journalist, murmur at the time they may spend or the terms they may make.

But when we find either Great Britain or any other nation, boldly and openly asserting her claim to eminent characters, who were born and reared to manhood in the United States, and endeavouring thus, in equal violation of generosity and right, to appropriate to herself the lustré which their talents and achievements are calculated to reflect on their native country—when we meet with acts of injustice and usurpation like this, we should hold ourselves deficient in love of country, and every thing appertaining to the character of an American, were we to refuse our prompt though feeble aid toward redressing the wrongs, and vindicating the honour of the land that gave us birth, and which contains in its bosom the bones of our ancestors.

We are led to these remarks by an attempt that we have lately seen in a British publication, and which we have reason to believe is sanctioned by the concurring voice of the nation, to wrest from his native country and appropriate to themselves, the glory conferred on the present age by the resplendent talents of our countryman, Mr. West.

That great master of the pencil, is descended, says the writer, of English parents, was born before the American revolution, was resident in London at the time of the conclusion of peace, and is, therefore, legitimately a British subject: and hence, he concludes, that all his wonderful achievements on canvas, redound exclusively to the glory of England.

The relationship of Mr. West, in a civil point of view, is a question which we leave to civilians to settle. Nor is it a matter of the slightest moment, to which of the two countries, in that respect, he belongs. The circumstance of his nativity can not be in any way affected by the decision.

Mr. West was born and reared to manhood in the province of Pennsylvania. Here, of course, the *natural* foundation of all his subsequent greatness was conclusively laid: here were received and brought to their unusual strength and perfection,



those excellent stamina of body, which have sustained, unbroken, the toils and changes of more than seventy years of exertion. The texture of his mind, too, is altogether American. Here he imbibed that noble and enterprizing spirit, and here were formed those habits of industry, perseverance and virtue, which, under Providence, were the proximate means of his elevation and fame. To complete the picture, here did our great countryman manifest his taste, and commence his career in the use of the pencil.

Under this view of the subject, the correctness of which no one can, consistently with veracity deny, what was left for Great Britain to perform? Simply to afford to Mr. West patronage and encouragement: and even with these she would probably never have favoured him, had they not been extorted from her by the genius and other exalted excellencies, which he bore along with him from his native country, had he not, in fact, been decidedly superior to any of the natives of her own climate. From America did this great artist derive his talents and all his good qualities both physical and moral, and only found in Great Britain a suitable field for the exercise and display of them. Away, then, with those flimsy grounds—those unfounded and selfish pretexts, on which the latter country would claim him as rightfully her own! As well might we denominate Columbus an American, and claim to ourselves the honour resulting from his discovery of a new world, because it was on our own shores that he constructed the unperishable fabric of his renown: and as well might the people of England assert their claim to the glory attached to the names of Washington and Hancock, Green and Laurens, and the whole host of our revolutionary worthies, because they were born in a British province before the acknowledgment of our independence as a nation. The mere circumstance of a man's removal to a foreign country, cannot either rob him of the place of his nativity, or the place of his nativity of a right to claim him as its son; nor can it do away the salutary influence of that climate which was instrumental in conferring on him strength of body, as well as in heightening the powers of the mind. Mr. West is as much an American—as much a native of the United States, as any one born in Pennsylvania within the last twenty years, who has never breathed the air of a transatlantic region.

Another attempt equally flagrant in itself, and honourable in its bearing on the American character, was lately made in relation to our gallant countryman, the much lamented Lawrence. It is known to every one that shortly after his fall, that distinguished young officer was publicly declared, in the British prints, to have been a native of England. Nor is it recollected or believed that the report was ever afterwards contradicted in the same papers, although its fallacy was promptly and satisfactorily exposed in several of those of the United States.

These facts are worthy of record, because they contribute not a little to American renown. We thank most sincerely the people of Great Britain for such evidences of their jealousy and such marks of their envy. They amount to eulogies on our countrymen which nothing can equal. Envy pursues exalted merit as the shadow does the substance: it points to it like the needle to the celestial cynosure. Britain, exalted both in reality and in her own estimation, envies nothing that shines with a secondary lustre.

- Wherefore did several of the cities and islands of Greece contend for the birth-places of Hippocrates and Homer? Because to these places were attached the idea of unfading honours, in consequence of their relationship to such distinguished individuals. In like manner do the Britons acknowledge and proclaim the great preeminence of the American character, in attempting to appropriate its lustre to themselves. By their want of wisdom, they convert into honour what they intend as degradation.

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#### CLASSICAL LITERATURE—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

FROM some of our correspondents we solicit translations, in heroic verse, of the two following beautiful and celebrated passages from the *Æneid* of Virgil. This favour we hope we may feel ourselves authorized to expect, more particularly, from some of the literary youth of our country, to whom we cannot too often repeat the advice which we have already given, *never to neglect their classical learning*. Such neglect is the very bane of letters---the canker-worm of elegant knowledge. To classical literature in ge-

neral we would inculcate on our young friends the same unwearied attention, which Longinus, Pliny, or some other critical writer (no matter who) does with respect to the works of Homer.

“ Be Homer’s works your study and delight,  
Read them by day, and meditate by night.”

Such would be our injunction, with regard not only to the writings of Homer, but to the whole body of the Greek and Roman classics. Next to the Holy Scriptures, Christendom is most indebted to these elegant and instructive productions, for the present enlightened state and ameliorated condition of the human mind. But for them, which never ceased to shed, to a certain extent, their phosphor radiance through the dismal gloom, the dark ages would have continued to shroud the world in their mantle “ of dooms-day dye ” even down to the present period. Let scholars, then, never turn their back on those brilliant sources, to which they are indebted for many of the comforts, and more than half of the elegancies they enjoy.

Exemplò Libyæ magnas it Fama per urbes:  
Fama, malum quo non aliud velocius ullum:  
Mobilitate viget, viresque acquirit eundo;  
Parva metu primò; mox sese attollit in auras,  
Ingrediturque solo, et caput inter nubila condit.  
Illam Terra parens, irâ irritata Deorum,  
Extremam (ut perhibent) Cæo Enceladoque sororem  
Progenuit; pedibus celerem et perniciousis alis:  
Monstrum horrendum, ingens; cui quot sunt corpore plumæ,  
Tot vigiles oculi subter (mirabile dictu)  
Tot linguæ, totidem ora sonant, tot subrigit aures.  
Nocte volat cæli medio, terræque per umbram  
Stridens, nec dulci declinat lumina somno.  
Luce sedet custos, aut summi culmine tecti,  
Turribus aut altis, et magnas territat urbes:  
Tàm ficti pravique tenax, quàm nuncia veri.

*Virgil, Æn. l. 1 v. 1. 173.*

Tum Juno omnipotens, longum miserata dolorem,  
Difficilesque obitus, Irim demisit Olympo,  
Quæ luctantem animam nexosque resolveret artus.  
Nam, quia nec fato, meritâ nec morte peribat;

Sed misera ante diem, subitoque accensa furore:  
 Nondum illi flavum Proserpina vertice crinem  
 Abstulerat, Stygioque caput damnaverat Orco.  
 Ergo Iris croceis per cælum roscida pennis,  
 Mille trahens varios adverso sole colores,  
 Devolat, et supra caput astitit: ' Hunc ego Diti  
 ' Sacrum jussa fero, teque isto corpore solvo.'  
 Sic ait, et dextrâ crinem secât: omnis et unâ  
 Dilapsus calor, atque in ventos vita recessit. *Æneid*, iv. l. 693.

ANCIENT AND MODERN POETS.

How wonderfully snail-paced was the march of the ancient, and how swallow-like the flight of the modern poets! Nor is this the only point of difference that exists between them. The former left behind them a track which time itself will never efface; whereas most of the latter, like the silken winged Trochilus---a mere thing of down, fluttering through the air with an arrow's speed---no sooner escape from sight than they escape from recollection. They are remembered only while we are reading them.

The *Æneid* of Virgil contains somewhat less than ten thousand lines. Its immortal author spent *eleven years* in writing it. He composed less than a thousand lines a year, and yet left his poem so imperfect, in his own estimation, that a clause in his will contained an injunction that the manuscript should be destroyed.

Lord Byron's *Corsair* amounts to nearly two thousand lines; and yet the noble author composed it, *stans uno in pede*, for aught we know, in little more, perhaps, than a "little month!" Twenty-four lines, more or less, to one! a wide difference this between the cerebral movements in an Englishman and a Roman! It is true, the one is a Lord and the other was not; and who knows but a privileged order of men may be intended to form also a privileged order of poets? Yet on second thoughts, which are said to be generally the best, this explanation is not satisfactory: for Walter Scott, who is not a Lord, can *do up poetry* with almost as much rapidity as young Byron, who is.

Whence, then, shall we account for this wonderful difference in the mental fertility and movements of different poets? Gentle readers, the answer is obvious. The great Roman wrote for *immor-*

*tal renown*—and he has acquired it, but to do this he was obliged to study his subject, arrange his matter, select his thoughts, and finish his expressions with the utmost care. He admitted nothing into his verse but the very jewels of his mind, polished and brightened to the heighest lustre they were capable of receiving. The poets of Britain, on the other hand, write to please the multitude, to be fanned by the breath of popular applause, regardless, as it would seem, of the voice of posterity. To gain *their* object but little study is requisite. They need only empty the contents of their minds promiscuously on paper, varnished over with a few smart conceits, and glittering expressions, and their work is done. Let these hunters of popularity, however, bear in mind, that the applause of the million is as fleeting as a vapour; possessed to-day, lost to-morrow—Such, if we mistake not, will be the fate of no inconsiderable portion of their reputation—After a lapse of two thousand years, the writings of Virgil are still in the prime—the zenith of their fame. Two thousand years hence, what will have become of the writings of Lord Byron!! Virgil contributed, by his writings, to polish and refine, settle and dignify his native language; but no such advantages will result to the English language from the writings of the present fashionable poets of Britain. From their present style of writing, these scholars will rather injure than benefit their native tongue.

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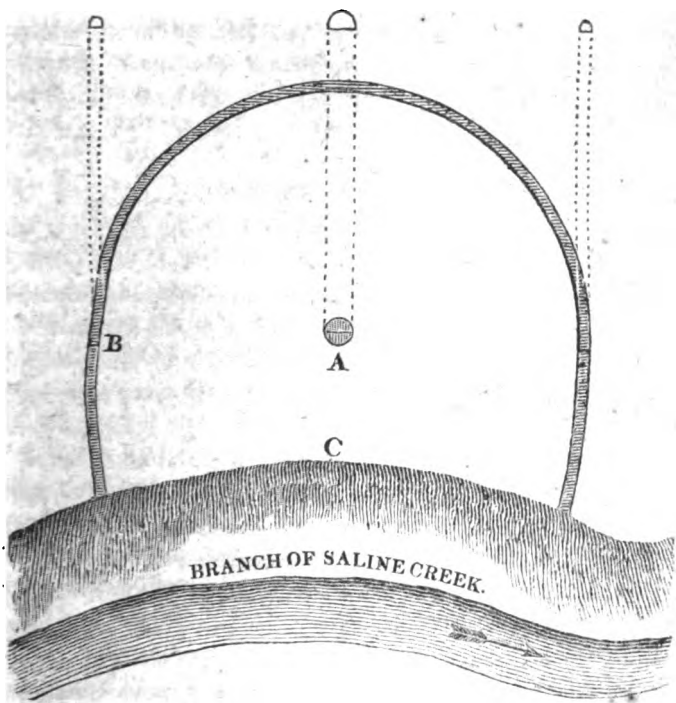
#### AMERICAN ANTIQUITIES.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE annexed representation of an aboriginal stone work, valuable in its present state, as tending to throw some degree of light on the antiquities of our country, would be still much more so, were it accompanied by a full and circumstantial description. Unacquainted with the name and place of residence of the gentleman who communicated the article as it now stands, we are unable to apply, directly by letter, for further information. We, therefore, publish the drawing as it was handed to us, in the hope that it may meet the eye of its author, or of some other person capable of furnishing us hereafter with the requisite explanation. We need, scarcely add, that the value of such explanation would be much enhanced by the early period at which it might be received.

ED.

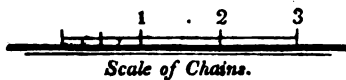
## AN ANCIENT STONE WORK

Found in section, No. 34. Township No. X. south of base line, range No. 5. E. of third principal Meridian.



## EXPLANATION.

- A. File of Stones.
- B. Stone wall.
- C. Precipice.



## DESCRIPTION.

It is situate on the most elevated point of a high hill—is built of stone and in form resembles a half moon. Time has long since demolished the walls which must have been erected at immense labour. Judging from the quantity of stone, the walls must have been at least six feet thick and as many in height. On the north and east sides the hill gradually descends about sixty feet perpendicularly. At the distance of a few rods from

the bottom of the rocks winds a branch of the saline, keeping its course parallel to the rocks. On the west a ridge inclines towards the south, and is soon lost in the valley. The materials must have been brought from the creek. It is evident that a great length of time has elapsed since the erection of this work, from the growth of timber, which is as large as that in the adjoining grounds. In the middle of the enclosed ground is an elevated pile of stones.

#### LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

"A Treatise," containing a plan for the internal organization and government of Marine Hospitals in the United States; together with a "Scheme for amending and systematizing the medical department of the navy." By William P. C. Barton, A. M. M. D. Member of the American Philosophical Society, and Surgeon in the navy of the United States.

It is with great pleasure and not a little instruction, that we have looked into the pages of this valuable and interesting volume. Such a work has been long and loudly called for by the interests of the American navy, and Dr. Barton has certainly done much towards satisfying the demand. He has condensed into a narrow compass—the digest, well arranged and handsomely expressed, and free from every thing foreign and useless—all the more important matter relating to marine hospitals that is to be found in preceding writers, scattered over a wide extent, and buried under a mass of irrelevant matter. Nor has he confined himself merely to the office of a compiler. Profiting by an experience of several years in the capacity of surgeon in the navy of the United States, he has added, from his own resources, many things that are practically important. Believing the work to be superior, as a copious manual for the naval surgeon, and a code of directions to those who may hereafter superintend the establishment of our marine hospitals, to any publication that has appeared in this country, or, as far as we know, in any other, we cannot do less than recommend it to public attention, and wish it a circulation as wide as that department, the interests of which it is intended to subserve. **Ed.**

**“ MEMOIRS of the life of David Rittenhouse, L L. D. F. R. S.** late president of the American Philosophical Society, &c. Interspersed with various notices of many distinguished men: with an appendix, containing sundry philosophical and other papers, most of which have not hitherto been published. By **William Barton, A. M.** counsellor at law, member of the American Philosophical Society; the Mass. Hist. Society, and the Royal Society of Valencia, in Spain.

This is a large volume, amounting to upwards of six hundred pages, octavo, and containing a great and multifarious mass of matter, much of it not a little interesting and curious. Intending hereafter to take from it such extracts as will constitute for the Port Folio a biographical notice of the late Dr. Rittenhouse, we shall dismiss the work for the present, by simply remarking, that in our estimation, it is worthy of a much more liberal share of patronage than it has hitherto received. **ED.**

Select American Biography, or an account of the lives of persons, connected by nativity or otherwise, with the history of North America, since, &c. &c. See prospectus.

Proposals for a publication entitled as above, to which is subjoined a well written prospectus, have been just deposited in our hands. A want of room prevents us from doing more, at present, than merely expressing a hope, that every work recording in a suitable style and manner, the lives and characters of such American worthies as have not already been honoured with that place in the “written roll of fame” to which they are entitled, will receive encouragement from the American people. **ED.**

#### THE CHRONICLE.

**Is the Press—The Chronicle, or An Annual View of History, Politics, and Literature, Foreign and Domestic; by John E. Hall, Member of the American Philosophical Society and Professor of Rhetoric and Belles Lettres in the University of Maryland.**

The publishers of the American Register, lately edited by **Charles B. Browne, Esq.** of Philadelphia, having declared their intention to discontinue that work, the present is considered as no



unfavourable moment, to offer to the public a similar Repository of History, State Papers and Literature, on a more enlarged and methodical arrangement. The Register was brought down as late as the middle of the year 1809; at which period the Chronicle will commence. The subscribers to that work, are therefore respectfully informed that this publication will enable them to preserve a complete series.

The Chronicle shall be devoted to the following subjects:

- I. An Annual History of Europe.
- II. A Congressional History of the United States, with occasional notices of important proceedings in the State Legislatures.
- III. Public Documents.
- IV. A Register of Remarkable Occurrences.
- V. Biographical Sketches of Persons distinguished at the Bar or in the Pulpit, in the Closet or the Field.
- VI. Proceedings of Learned Societies, at home and abroad.
- VII. An Annual History of Literature, Foreign and Domestic.
- VIII. Essays on Miscellaneous Topics, and Poetical Effusions.
- IX. Statistical Reports.

#### CONDITIONS.

The Chronicle shall be published in quarterly numbers, consisting of at least 250 pages each, at six dollars per annum, payable on the delivery of the second number in each year.

It will be printed in double columns: and to each volume will be added a minute index, referring to every character and event of consequence.

WE regret that we cannot admit into the Port Folio, the whole prospectus of this interesting and necessary Journal. We call it *interesting* without having seen it, because the field it covers is so extensive, rich and varied, as to render it capable of being made so, and from the talents, learning, and industry of its editor, we are persuaded of his competency to the honourable execution of the task he has undertaken.

The plan and conditions of the Chronicle being before our readers, it is proper that they should be possessed of some information touching the character which it promises to assume. It will be, as it ought, in the true sense of the word, a national work,

disdaining to submit to the trammels or to wear the livery of either of the two political parties into which the people of the United States are unfortunately divided. Breathing the lofty, unbending and dignified spirit which honoured our country in better times, it will be such a publication as men of each party may read without offence, and as every American ought to encourage. In evidence of the assurance here given, we need only extract from the prospectus the following paragraph.                      Ed.

The *History of the Congress of the United States* will present a comprehensive and faithful account of the foreign and domestic relations of the country. We have not been inattentive to the difficulty of compiling a history, copious without redundancy, compact without obscurity, and dignified without turgidness. But the historian of the day is not to be judged by the same rules that are applied to him who describes the events of a century, when the angry passions have subsided, and the halo of greatness no longer diverts the rays of truth. As we aim only at producing an artless and faithful relation of facts, we shall not bewilder ourselves in endless digressions, nor mislead our readers by superficial conjectures. In commenting upon the various means of artifice or force by which our trade has been vexed and our independence threatened by the powers of Europe—in ridiculing the absurdity of the doctrine of retaliation where there has been no offence, and stigmatizing with energy, that of confiscation where there has been no crime, we shall show that we are sworn to no leader, nor enlisted under the banners of any sect. We are for the country, honestly: promptly and without fear; a country never surpassed in any age, for the excellence of her political institutions, and the integrity of her people: where the persecuted of every nation may claim a home, and the honest of every denomination may find a friend: a country where liberty is firmly fixed in a generous soil, like a luxuriant tree by whose delicious fruits the eye is captivated, and beneath whose pleasant shades the weary are invited to repose. In those political speculations which the course of our history may demand, we shall neither seduce the people into the slumber of a pernicious apathy, nor stimulate them to an impertinent interference with the constituted authorities. He whose happy lot has placed him in this country, should be profoundly grateful when he surveys the condition of his neighbours. He should teach the people to be satisfied with the ample share of felicity which they enjoy; and not, by grasping at more, to jeopardize that which they already possess to await with patience, the regular and constitutional means of manifesting these sensations of discontent which their rulers may have excited; and, above all, to regard the slightest addition which is made to the sum of public wealth by the invasion of individual rights, as one of the most dangerous and deceitful steps towards the tyranny of despotism. He should inculcate

the most sacred respect for truth, which is the best safeguard of a representative democracy: an habitual reverence for those establishments which wisdom has devised and experience has sanctioned: a liberal though not unqualified confidence in the sagacity, the spirit and the integrity of the public rulers. He should strive to enlighten the ignorant and repress the ambitious; to prevent the poor from being entangled in the mazes of vice, and the opulent from being intoxicated by the fumes of insolence. Such are the maxims by which this Journal shall be conducted. The editor disdains the trammels of any party, but will devote his best endeavours to the establishment of order, the promotion of industry, and the diffusion of knowledge. He wishes to behold justice brought to the edifices of the rich, and the cabins of the poor: to see power acting but as the handmaid of reason, and to excite that spirit of emulation, in every rank of the community, which springs from the best affections of the heart.

**Delaplane's Repository of the Portraits and lives of the Heroes, Philosophers, and Statesmen of AMERICA.**

THE intention of the proprietor, touching a publication bearing the above title, we had the pleasure of making known to the readers of the Port Folio in our May number. On that occasion we were obliged to confine ourselves to a brief and simple annunciation of the fact, being destitute of materials which might enable us to do more. At present, however, the case is different. We have it, at length, in our power to communicate to the public such a view of the subject, as will enable them to judge of it, each one for himself. Nor is it without feelings of peculiar gratification that we embrace the opportunity. There is now before us a specimen of the work, containing a well written preliminary essay, the life of Christopher Columbus, and the portraits of six distinguished personages, each one of which is to be accompanied by a Biographical Memoir. The entire performance, is such as elicits not merely our cold approbation, but our honest applause. America may own and foster it without a blush. The composition not only abounds in justness of remark and strength of argument, but, in point of scholarship, is creditable to the writer. The paper is large and of superior quality, the typographical execution correct and excellent, and the portraits finished in a style of elegance peculiarly honourable to the present state of the Fine Arts in our country.

In support not only of the interesting nature, but of the utility and high importance of such a performance as Delaplaine's Repository promises to be, we require for ourselves no arguments more cogent and convincing than those which are contained in the following extract from the preliminary observations to that work.

"Others there are, who, actuated by a very different feeling, renounce every thing whose sole tendency is to embellish life, or to please the fancy: In their catalogue of worldly comforts, nothing finds a place that is not necessary to the sustentation of animal existence. Beyond this, whatever contributes merely to the pleasure, or the refinement of life, is condemned as useless prodigality, or criminal excess. The productions of the fine arts are denounced as, at best, the useless superinductions of a fastidious taste—the trappings of folly, if not vice, which have nothing to do with the nature of man, because they are not necessary to his physical maintenance. But against doctrine so degrading, man has, from his first creation, practically revolted; for scarcely has he advanced a step beyond the guidance of mere instinct—scarcely has he acquired an obscure knowledge of the means necessary to bodily support, when he shows that he has implanted in him, the first rudiments of the imitative arts. Men actuated by mistaken prejudices of this kind would, if they were not set right, reduce their race below their proper dignity. But, of such restrictions, man becomes justly impatient, proclaims that he has appetites of a higher nature—that he possesses affections, passions, and powers of imagination, which no less imperiously than hunger, thirst, or the sense of heat and cold, demand to be provided for—and that he has other capacities besides the refectation of the body, for fulfilling the desires, and perfecting the nature, of his species.

"Who is he that has ever read a transaction in history, without etching out in his fancy portraits of the persons concerned?—Is there any one of an imagination so dull as not to feel pleasure in surveying the likenesses of those persons who have recommended themselves by their actions or their writings, to the esteem and applause of mankind?

"This is not only a reasonable curiosity, but seems so intimately interwoven in our nature as to supersede some of our inveterate

prejudices. Can we witness the avidity with which the greatest men treasure up pictures, or the vast expense at which they purchase old coins, medals, busts and medallions containing likenesses of the illustrious personages of antiquity, without being convinced of the importance of transmitting to posterity, in a shape so respectable as to ensure permanent care, the portraits of those individuals to whom we owe all that we possess worthy of being noticed by after-ages.

“ That these propensities deserve to be cherished, and their impulses to be obeyed, it is our duty to infer from the universality with which they have pervaded the human race. He who never heard of paint or canvas, inscribes upon the shell of a fish an uncouth resemblance of the object of his reverence or his love. A rude pyramid of stone—a huge mound of earth—a misshapen tomb with an oral narrative transmitted by hereditary piety, have served to inform the unlettered savage of the debt he owed to the hero or the legislator whose dust ages have given to the winds. It was in memorials of this sort, the earliest benefactors of their countries—the luminaries of their day—lived for centuries beyond the period of their physical existence, and made salutary impressions upon succeeding generations, their deeds being transmitted by images. The hieroglyphics of the Egyptians—the picture-writing which, on the first discovery of America, the Spaniards found with the Mexicans, and a variety of things of a correspondent character found by circumnavigators in newly discovered countries, abundantly prove the universality of this disposition.\* Can it indeed be thought wonderful that an art should be passionately loved by all mankind, which at a single glance presents to the untutored mind, that of which the scholar can obtain but an obscure view by the process of reading and reflection—which brings the most distant objects close to our eyes, and enables us when removed to distant parts of the earth, to keep company with those we love and venerate.

“ But, in order to bring the matter nearer home to our bosoms, let us recur to well known facts, and consider the effect of pictures upon books. A history of England sluggishly crawls through two or three editions in the space of several years, and is read only by men of letters. An enterprising bookseller publishes it

with portraits, and in one year the circulation of it is increased tenfold—it gets into the hands of the people at large—many who never thought of such a thing, become historians, ardently interested in the subject, in consequence of their obtaining that sort of personal acquaintance with the characters. With what enthusiasm have not the lovers of poetry dwelt upon the portraits transmitted as resemblances of Shakspeare—and what words can express the mortification that followed Mr. Malone's officious discovery that there never had been a likeness taken of that glory of his country, and that consequently the portraits which had afforded so much satisfaction were spurious, and mere impositions on public credulity.

“ A series of portraits, therefore, acknowledged to be perfect resemblances of the leading worthies of America—an historical gallery as it were—done in a style calculated to ensure transmission to posterity, must be considered by every man deserving the name of an American as a national work of great value. In order to its being duly appreciated, let us imagine a case in which the want of such a memorial had been long deplored, and by some unaccountable accident applied. If by an event which would indeed be miraculous, a genuine authentic portrait were discovered of that father of his country, with whom alone it would not injure our Washington to be compared—Alfred the Great, what would be the joy of the whole civilized world?—What potentate could afford to purchase it?—The revenue of a nation would not be its ransom!! Let us be thankful then that our Washington and his glorious associates and followers, have lived in better times—and that this republic arose, at a period when the advanced state of science and of the arts, has enabled its sons to rescue from oblivion, every lineament of its benefactors, and along with their deeds to consecrate their features to endless commemoration.

“ But as a permanent monument what would avail personal portraits alone? Even to the most skilful physiognomist the face of a human being can reveal nothing more than a generalized outline of his prevailing disposition—an obscure intimation of the predominant passions of his heart. For the purposes to which this publication is directed, something more is requisite: the moral being must be described as well as the physical—and the personal portrait be accompanied with a characteristic biogra-

phical sketch of the man intended to be commemorated. Neither can be perfectly satisfactory by itself---the union of them only leaves nothing to be wished for. As an example of the value of such a combination, lord Clarendon's History of the Rebellion stands conspicuous. To the illustration and embellishment of the best historical portraits of character that have been written, perhaps, in any age or language, every aid was brought that could be borrowed from the works of the best artists---the consequence was, that the readers of that work are as deeply impressed with the personal images as well as characters of the men who figured in the rebellion as if they had enjoyed daily familiar intercourse with them, and that no one portion of the history of England has been so well understood by the majority of readers as that of the commonwealth."

It is a little remarkable that, without any interchange of sentiment or intention between the editors or proprietors, and even without their possessing the slightest knowledge of each other, a work, similar in all material points to Delaplaine's Repository, has been just commenced in Great Britain, under the superintendence of Edmond Lodge, Esq. Nor can it be regarded otherwise than as highly creditable to our artists, as well as eminently flattering to the taste, the laudable curiosity, and the liberal desire of knowledge which characterize the people of the United States, that the *first call* for such a work *here*, should be cotemporaneous with *that* of the *most wealthy and enlightened of the nations of Europe*. For, notwithstanding the magnificent collections by *Houbraken* and *Birch*, and the imitations of *Holbein's* heads from originals contained in the royal library of England, there has never, we believe, appeared in that country, till the present time, a work consisting entirely of accurate and well executed portraits, accompanied with full Biographical Memoirs of the "illustrious personages" of the nation.

Were further argument requisite to establish the importance of such works, it might be found in the subjoined extract from the British Editor's address to the public.

"Little need be said here on the extended information and delight which we derive from the multiplication of portraits by engraving, or on the more important advantages resulting from the study of biography. Separately considered, the one affords us an

amusement not less innocent than elegant; inculcates the rudiments, or aids the progress of taste; and rescues from the hand of time the perishable monument raised by the pencil. The other, while it is perhaps the most agreeable branch of historical literature, is certainly the most useful in its moral effects: Stating the known circumstances, and endeavouring to unfold the secret motives of human conduct; selecting, and, as it were, condensing, all that is worthy of being recorded; bestowing its lasting encomiums and chastisements; it at once invigorates the mind, and warms and mends the heart. It is, however, from the combination of portraits and biography that we reap the utmost degree of utility and pleasure that can be derived from them; as in contemplating the portrait of an eminent person we long to be instructed in his history, so in reading of his actions, we are anxious to behold his countenance. So earnest is this desire, that the imagination is generally ready to coin a set of features, or to conceive a character, to supply the painful absence of the one or the other. All sensible minds have experienced these illusions, and it is from a morbid excess of this interesting feeling that the errors and extravagancies of the theory of physiognomy have arisen."

In behalf of a production so eminently calculated as Delaplaine's Repository is likely to be, not only to exhibit in an honourable point of view the present state of the Fine Arts in the United States, and to contribute itself to their further improvement, but also to serve as a national monument around which patriotism and pride of country must permanently rally, we should deem ourselves culpably deficient in the spirit of an American, were we to withhold our wishes for its encouragement and success. ED.

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THE QUARTERLY THEOLOGICAL MAGAZINE,  
AND RELIGIOUS REPOSITORY.

Conducted by the Rev. Charles H. Wharton, D. D. and the Rev. James Abercrombie, D. D. &c. &c.

It is with pleasure that we see a work of so much merit as the abovementioned, making its appearance in our country.— We give it, without scruple, our most decided approbation, and strongly recommend it to the assiduous perusal of our fellow-citizens. The rev. author who has hitherto conducted this Magazine, has enriched its pages with some of the best pieces, on



the most interesting subjects of a Theological nature, that are extant in the language, and some of the original productions to which he has given a place in it, do honour to the genius and erudition of our country. We trust that he will not intermit or lessen his exertions to furnish it with matter; and that when aided by the talents and learning of his rev. Colleague, it will be continued with an increase of the vigour and efficiency, by which it has been hitherto characterized—We ardently hope that this work will meet with encouragement proportioned to its merit—Should this be the case, we feel an entire confidence that it will, at once extend the influence of religion and morality, and improve and refine the literary taste of our countrymen—It is decidedly the best performance of this kind that has issued from the American press.

From an attentive perusal of the quarterly Theological Magazine and Religious Repository, we fully concur in sentiment with the writer of the preceding article. As far, therefore, as our recommendation of the work subjoined to his can avail, we most cordially offer it to the readers of the Port Folio. The publication, while under the superintendence of its present able and pious conductors, cannot fail to subserve the cause of Theological science and vital religion.

Ed.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE BIRTH-DAY OF FREEDOM.

A NATIONAL SONG.

TUNE—"Anacreon in Heaven."

ALL hail to the BIRTH of the happiest LAND,  
 That the Sun in his journey is proud to awaken;  
 Here—ENERGY—ENTERPRISE—KNOWLEDGE command,  
 By OBSTACLE hearten'd—by DANGER unshaken.  
 VIRTUE, VALOUR, unite,  
 Prop the PILLAR OF MIGHT,  
 Rear'd by HIM, who surmounts it an ANGEL OF LIGHT!

CHORUS.

Oh! proud beat our *Hearts*, and our *Valour* swells high,  
 On the BIRTH-DAY OF FREEDOM—the FOURTH OF JULY!

Long—long was the CONFLICT—and doubtful the FRAY,  
When to crush the PHILISTINE our DAVID descended;  
But JUSTICE, indignant, decreed Us the DAY,  
And HEAVEN our VIRTUE and VALOUR befriended.  
Then our CHIEFTAIN belov'd,  
And *Compatriots* approv'd,  
From the CAMP to the SENATE in majesty moved.

## CHORUS.

We FREEMEN were *Born*, and we FREEMEN will *Die*,  
And this *Oath* we *renew*—on each FOURTH OF JULY!

*This Day*—the old SOLDIER limps jollily out,  
And points to his *scars* as the *stars* of his *glory*;  
*This Day*—the sad *Widows* and *Orphans* may shout,  
Whose *Husbands* and *Sires* shall live deathless in story.  
Sweet peace to the *Dead*,  
Whose spirits were shed,  
And now for their *Palms* to ELYSIUM are fled!

## CHORUS.

The MARTYRS OF FREEDOM look down from the SKY,  
And crowd round their CHIEF—on the FOURTH OF JULY!

The *Lyre* of the BARD—the HISTORIAN's *Page*,  
Shall our CHIEFTAIN resound 'till FAME's clarion sever;  
The HERO—the STATESMAN—the CHRISTIAN—the SAGE,  
Who LAWS bound with FREEDOM in UNION forever.  
Oh! aecurst let *Him* rave,  
And no Lenity save,  
Who dares *plant a nettle* on WASHINGTON's grave!

## CHORUS.

Our *Hearts* to Mount *Vernon*, sad *Pilgrims* will hie,  
To *weep* at his SHRINE—on the FOURTH OF JULY!

O FREEDOM!—how soothing to *Sense* and to *Thought*,  
The *Nurse* of the ARTS—and the *Cradle* of SCIENCE!  
To protect thee, our *Sires* their *Descendants* have taught,  
And we scorn foreign *Threats*, and we ask no *Alliance*!

For *Who* dare molest,  
 The fair *Queen of the West*,  
 While her *Sons* imbibe *Warrior-blood* from her breast?

CHORUS.

Ye Matrons, the accents your Infants first try,  
 Be *Washington—Freedom—and FOURTH OF JULY!*  
 Here—GENIUS his *Badges*, respected, may wear;  
 AMBITION toil rising the *Mount of Promotion*—  
 Here—YEOMANRY whistle, unarm'd, at his *Share*;  
 And RELIGION choose safely her *Shrine of Devotion!*  
 Here MODESTY roves,  
 In *Cashmerian* groves,  
 Like INNOCENCE led by the *Graces and Loves!*

CHORUS.

Ye *Bards* of the *WEST!*—to no *Helicon* fly,  
 The *Theme* shall inspire—on the *FOURTH OF JULY!*  
 Here—COMMERCE, exulting, shall spread her white wings;  
 Here—the *FIELDS*, breathing perfume, wave golden their  
 tresses;  
 To the base rumbling *WHEEL*, here the shrill *ANVIL* rings,  
 And the taper's late vigil pale *STUDY* confesses.  
 Where's a *COUNTRY* on *EARTH*,  
 So *DIVINE* in her *BIRTH*,  
 Can boast of such *PROWESS*, such *BEAUTY*, such *WORTH?*

CHORUS.

Who loves not his *COUNTRY*, abash'd let him fly,  
 Nor man patriot *Concord*—this *FOURTH OF JULY!*  
 LATE—the *War-Fiends*, infuriate, have ravaged the *EAST*,  
 And on horrible *Banquets of Carnage* run riot;  
 NOW—the *WORLD'S* from the *TYRANT'S* blood-sceptre re-  
 leas'd,  
 And conquering *MONARCHS* are leaguings for *QUIET*.  
 HOPE espies from afar,  
 The *MILLENNIAL STAR*,  
 Smile on *PEACE* while erecting the *TOMBSTONE* of *WAR!*

## CHORUS

Peal your CANNON in triumph—your STREAMERS bid fly,  
Our wave-cradled NELSONS!—this FOURTH OF JULY!

Should FACTION—ENCROACHMENT—OPPRESSION arise,  
We instinctively turn to our good CONSTITUTION;  
The CYNOSURE—in our political Skies!

The ORACLE—knowing nor *Change*, nor *Pollution*!

Lo! the eye of the *Seer*,

In *Futurity's* year,

Sees AMERICA—EMPRESS OF NATIONS appear!

## CHORUS.

To the GREAT GOD OF ARMIES, Who marshals the sky,  
Let our GRATITUDE rise—on this FOURTH OF JULY.

THE two following little poems, which are by no means destitute of merit in themselves, will doubtless be regarded as objects of more curiosity at least, if not of more real interest, when it is known, that they are the production of a man who is *perfectly insane*—who, in consequence of a state of confirmed and hopeless mania, has been for many years confined in the Pennsylvania hospital. We have lately spent an hour in company with this unfortunate character, intentionally and frequently changing the topic of conversation, without being able to find even one, on which we could elicit from him a single ray of sober reason.

To communicate to our readers some idea of the general state of his intellect, which appeared to us to be equally unsettled on all subjects, we will mention to them one or two of the strange delusions under which he labours. He has a wonderful predilection for the study of geography, and employs a great part of his time in drawing and painting maps and charts of the world, which, on account of their singularity, and the strange fancies connected with them, deserve to be ranked among the curiosities of the time. He strenuously contends that the island of Great Britain is no where to be found in a state of terra firma, but that it was long since overwhelmed by the waters of the ocean, and exists, at present, only as an extensive and dangerous shoal or sand-bank, proving oftentimes fatal to the unskillful mariner. The prevention of accidents like this constitutes with him a leading object in the preparation of his sea-charts. He very gravely assured me that the council of Nice have lately, after solemn deliberation, determined on the exclusive adoption of these charts, rendering it penal to employ any others.

Such is the deplorable state of mind of the author of these poetic effusions. Whence it is that he is enabled to methodize his thoughts, and ar-

range his words in harmonious numbers, is a difficulty we shall not attempt to solve. It constitutes one of the arcana of madness. ED.

—  
AN ODE TO THE EVENING STAR. BY RICHARD NISBETT,  
MARINER.

O VENUS, lovely evening star,  
Diffusing precious light afar!  
How much superior is thy fame  
To her's from whom thou tak'st thy name!  
She leadeth hapless man astray:  
Thou lightest wanderers on their way.

The mantle of the dark was spread,  
The tempest roar'd around my head,  
As wearied, pensive, and alone,  
Through devious wilds I journey'd on,  
Imploring for some gentle ray  
To light a wanderer on his way.

When soon, with gladness and surprise,  
I saw thee in the western skies  
Cheering the dismal gloom of night  
With grateful, friendly, moderate light,  
Complete as all the glare of day  
To light a wanderer on his way.

Oh thus, should jarring cares infest,  
Or anxious passions rend the breast,  
And in dark Tempest struggling roll,  
May Reason open on the soul;  
And with serene and sober ray  
Conduct a wanderer on his way.

Let others toil for wealth and fame,  
Or call Ambition but a name,  
Yet follow what delusion yields,  
Unmindful of yon starry fields:  
The idler fancies such display  
Mislead the wanderer from his way.

To them their pleasures I resign,  
The evening star of reason mine:

With this—no other light we need,  
This best man's destin'd path shall lead  
To that cold tomb of kindred clay,  
Where ends the wanderer's earthly way.

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ODE TO TRANQUILLITY. BY RICHARD NISBETT.

SWEET spirit of Tranquillity!  
Religion's latest, loveliest child—  
The bliss of souls from bondage free:  
In sober garb, with accents mild,  
Oh! tell thy peaceful tale to me  
Sweet spirit of Tranquillity!

How many a worldling worn with care,  
Disquieting his soul in vain;  
Whose bubble phantoms burst in air,  
Voluptuous luxuries to gain—  
Might find the all of life in thee  
Sweet spirit of Tranquillity!

The best of flame religion feels,  
Sweet lamp of innocence is thine:  
Whether forlorn the pilgrim kneels,  
Or courteous at the symbol'd shrine,  
'Tis but of small avail, we see,  
Without thine aid—Tranquillity!

Tell me, O fair one, whence thou art,  
So coming without book or psalm!  
From what pure mansion did'st thou part  
Soft efflux of eternal calm!  
And no reluctant quest, we see,  
To those who seek Tranquillity.

Vain are Ambition's flattering toys;  
They end in dismal dreams at best:  
Vain is the churchman's rattling noise;  
In vain the pulpit's thumprt or prest,  
Unless the bosom's meek and free,  
And posied with Tranquillity.

The handmaid thou to all the powers,  
 With which kind Heaven endows the mind.  
 We seek thee not on banks of flowers,  
 For fear the serpent lurks behind:  
 It is through sterner lore we see—  
 We sip thy charms, Tranquillity!

It is to rein the foolish eye,  
 From turning round to Vice corrupt;  
 Since thy bright essence we descry,  
 Far hovering o'er the vast abrupt:  
 And there we could delighted be,  
 Consorted with Tranquillity.

HORACE IN PHILADELPHIA.

BOOK I. ODE I.

TO OLIVER OLDCHOOL, ESQ.

"Mæcenâs atavis edite regibus  
 O, et presidium et dulce decus meum!  
 Sunt quos curriculo, &c."

Thou poet's patron, proser's friend  
 Mysterious sir, to thee I bend  
 In lowliest submission,  
 Great despot of the scribbling train!  
 Who hopes for fame, must hope in vain,  
 Without thy kind permission.

What different sports our youths amuse!  
 Some prone to literature and news  
 Lounge at the *Athenæum*,  
 Whilst others stroll to centre-square  
 To meet the promenading fair  
 And ogle when they see 'em.

Some drive in gigs to Schuylkill-falls,  
 And stop for punch at *Mendenhall's*,  
 Or else to hills less partial,  
 Through *Gloucester's* meadows make their way,  
 And sip egg-nog at close of day  
 With good old *Mistress Marshall*.

*This struts a Fencible or Guard,  
And proudly in the State-house yard  
With musket makes a racket,  
And that, on horseback, at Bush-hill,  
Prefers an afternoon to kill  
In trooper's cap and jacket.*

Let each his own employment choose,  
And be it mine to introduce  
To this most reading people,  
Old Roman Horace, then shall I  
In pride exalt my head so high  
I'll o'ertop Christ-church steeple.

## BOOK 3. ODE 28.

## THE FOURTH OF JULY.

*"Festo quid potius die  
Neptuni faciam? prome reconditum  
Lyde, strenua cœcubum, &c.*

'Tis the day, dearest wife, when all hearts should be glad;  
Shall I then be sober alone?  
Let me hear no complaints, see no visages sad,  
Nor to-day, our misfortunes bemoan.

Bring that cask of old whiskey, my boast and my pride,  
That in seventy-six was distill'd;  
To Washington's health it was quaff'd till he died,  
And now in his name shall be fill'd.

My life's day is closing, but e'er it departs,  
My old clay for the last time I'll wet  
In a bumper to him who was "first in our hearts,"  
And is first in our gratitude yet.

And I'll join with his name those brave youths who have prov'd  
For their country they knew how to bleed,  
Noble Lawrence and Allen, lamented and lov'd,  
And Burrows, a hero indeed!



## TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

To our readers and correspondents we have but little to say for the present month. Many of the latter have been extremely kind to us, in furnishing valuable matter for our Journal. To these we hope we neither are nor ever will be, deficient in a sense of the most pure and lively gratitude. Acknowledgments we know are easily made, and are, therefore, by many regarded as light and without value. Notwithstanding this, we *will* say to our correspondents, *en masse*, that we *thank them*: and were there a window to our breast, and they in a situation to look through it, and inform themselves of all that passes within, they would find on our heart the impress of sincerity.

To a few of our friends we owe a more particular tribute, and the debt must be paid.

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To the eloquent and classical pen of the gentleman who furnished us with the excellent article on Russia, we cannot express the weight of our obligations. Such powerful aid, so handsomely tendered, at this early period of our editorial labours, is more than we expected, and every thing we could wish. It would be superfluous in us to express the welcome with which every thing from the same hand will be received. The power of this accomplished scholar in critical and epistolary composition are well known. It will be long before the recollection of his letters on France and England will be removed from the minds of the friends of elegant literature in America. He has already travelled and is now travelling in the United States. Would that it were for any other purpose than his health!—We are sure that his active, observant and capacious mind treasures up matter of real importance wherever he goes. The bee extracts sweets from every flower. When his leisure may serve, a letter or two touching any thing connected with our own country, except its political concerns, will be hailed as a valuable contribution, not merely to the Port Folio, but to the treasury of letters.

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OUR friend in Savannah, whose talents and goodness are equally esteemed by us, will accept our acknowledgments for his multiplied favours. Although it has not been in our power—

such is the conflicting nature of the claims on us for priority—to insert his letters with the promptness and regularity we both wished and intended; they are, notwithstanding, lying in our bureau, held in the light of valuable communications, and shall shortly appear for the gratification of our readers. We hope, and indeed, are confident, that his liberality will never attribute to intentional neglect, a delay that has been imposed on us by that necessity, the force of which none but an editor can properly appreciate

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To our friend and correspondent, S. B. who communicated the narrative of Stanislaus and the “Tomb of Eliza Jennings” we are almost afraid to hint our acknowledgments. Like a sensitive plant, he would shrink from what his modesty would immediately construe into the breath of applause, and conceal himself amid the bowery recesses of his sylvan retreat. Even *there*, however, our voice of thanks *must* pursue him; and be allowed at least to bear to him the plain but honest message, that he can in no other way so highly oblige us, as by allowing us the pleasure of hearing from him frequently—We will not say that the bees have ever hung in clusters on his infant temples, diffusing around him their sweets and their fragrance; nor do we know that he has been, in his maturer years, a candidate for honours at the hill of Parnassus. We are informed, however, and have substantial reasons for crediting the report, that the Muses condescend to visit his slumbers, and to distinguish him by their favours, on the hill which his own SWEETBRIERS have decorated. Having laid us under such weighty obligations by articles *in reason*, we hope he will have no objection to add to them by contributions *in rhyme*.

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WE are pleased with the debut of Horace in Philadelphia. This his first essay promises, in all things, well. Pursuant to the privileges and prerogative of our office we dub him a poet, and empower him to demean himself accordingly. The sprightliness of his thoughts and the classical neatness of his style, bespeak him a descendant of the polished Roman. With his 4th of July ode, in particular, we are delighted; not that we think it of a much better structure than the other, which also meets our high approbation, but that it is composed of choicer materials. One

of the greatest difficulties in the poet's art is, to give interest and novelty to every-day occurrences. On this point our correspondent has much stronger ground to feel flattered than discouraged. We hope, therefore, he will proceed in what he has so auspiciously commenced. Besides affording gratification to readers of taste, he will subserve the cause of classical literature. A little spice of Attic pepper or American cayenne—poignancy falling not far short of a sting—would not only render his productions more salutary in their effects, but would also season them, we think, to the public palate. Individuals ought not to be pointed at; but we are no advocate for overmuch clemency towards the faults and foibles of certain classes, or of the whole community. But Horace is competent to shape his own course.

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To the sons and daughters of rhyme in general—taking, to use a trite expression, the *will* for the *deed*—we are certainly bound to express our acknowledgments. Their communications to us are neither few nor small. Within these two months we have had placed in our hands, of metre,—some “cantering” some stalking, some skipping, some, in truth, of every gait and description—a sufficient quantity to form two respectable—we mean for size—octavo volumes. But, alas! poetry must not, like broad-cloth or potatoes, be estimated either by the bushel or the yard. Quality not quantity is the only legitimate rule of its valuation: and we regret to say, that, according to this standard, what we have hitherto received from our metrical correspondents is of but limited worth. Still, however, confident that our country contains many real sons of song, who have not yet bestowed on us their favours; and that many others who have heretofore written but indifferently, can, by attention, write much better, we are neither discouraged ourselves, nor do we wish to spread discouragement over the minds of others. We solicit, therefore, from the votaries of the muses a continuance of their communications, assuring them that they will be received with great thankfulness, and judged with as much lenity as may comport with honesty, and independance in the conduct of an editor.

## NATIONAL SONG.

It will be recollected by our readers, that, in the May number of the Port Folio, we offered, *under certain restrictions*, a premium of fifty dollars, for the best national song with which we might be furnished, by the fifteenth day of the last month. By this proposal we considered ourselves as instituting a trial at tilt and tournament among the American knights of the taper. Pursuant to the terms and conditions laid down, twelve combatants soon made their appearance, each in complete armour, and mounted on a winged charger, his beaver closed and his armorial ensign proudly displayed. To do them justice, they bore themselves like cavaliers—their deportment was bold, their daring gallant, and their courtesy and grace altogether worthy of gentlemen of the spur. From a singular delight which warriors feel in bespattering each other with blood, brains, or something worse, they all appeared wonderfully anxious for the contest. But alas! a mere zeal to kill or be killed, does not alone constitute a champion.

No sooner had the cavaliers come to the shock, than eight out of the twelve were completely unhorsed, their beavers cracked as if they had been made of crockery ware, their lances shivered like so many pipe-stems, and their crests and plumes as pitiously soiled, in mud at least, as were the locks of Hector, when dragged at the axle of the implacable Achilles.

Of the four remaining knights it soon appeared that one had a decided ascendancy over the others. His charger was more vigorous and better disciplined, he maintained his seat with greater steadiness, and was more dextrous in the use of the lance. To render even him, however, an accomplished cavalier and real champion, it was evident that there was need of further practice, both in the art of horsemanship, and the use of his arms.

Bearing in mind that the prize had been promised not to mere comparative merit among the heroes of the lance who might put in their claims, but to excellence of the highest order, it was immediately perceived, that none of those engaged could be considered entitled to it. To prevent, therefore, a useless expenditure of blood and breath, a parley was immediately sounded, and the decision of the judge made known to the knights. They received

the communication with the most polished courtesy, and without a murmur withdrew from the lists. In the mean time, that their countrymen might not be altogether in the dark with respect to their lineage, pretensions, and standing, permission was obtained to publish their several armorial mottos. In the present number of the Port Folio may be seen the motto of him who was master of the ring. It stands under the title of "The birth-day of Freedom." He who may be so elated with its fire as to be dissatisfied with the sobriety of mere reading, may sing it to the tune, "Anacreon in Heaven."

In plain language, Henry C. Knight, A. B. of Massachusetts, has, on the present occasion, surpassed all our other correspondents, in his attempt at the composition of a national song. In truth his song has great merit. We must still, however, regret, that we cannot, with the approbation of our judgment, confer on it the premium. With all the ballad excellence which it possesses, it wants, we think, certain qualities essential to a permanent national song—such a one as time must render more and more popular, and ultimately incorporate with the sentiments of the people. We have great satisfaction in admitting this animated and nervous production to a place in the Port Folio, confident that it will prove not a little gratifying to our readers, and be sung with great enthusiasm and effect at the approaching celebration of the anniversary of our independence.

The most meritorious of the other songs, which we have had the pleasure to receive, shall appear hereafter.

Should we, on any future occasion, offer a premium for a national ode or song, the proposal shall be accompanied by a few observations touching the character which such a composition ought to exhibit.

To the second best song we have received, is affixed the motto,

Nous sommes ici  
à l'abri du vent.

Although we have not opened the sealed note which accompanies it, we believe we have a perfect knowledge of the author. By his permission we shall be pleased to publish, in the next number of the Port Folio, either with or without his name, this

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composition, which we feel ourselves justified in calling animated and bold. Its merit is far from being ordinary. We shall always give to the productions of the writer of it a cordial welcome.

Our correspondent, E. D. is informed that his interesting and well-written paper on Lord Byron's Corsair, was received at too late a period for admission into the present number of *The Port Folio*, had it even not been preceded by another communication on the same subject, which was already printed when it came to hand

We are much pleased with the article in its present form, but think, notwithstanding, that it may, without any difficulty, be considerably improved. As we believe the author resides in Philadelphia, we should be gratified by an interview with him. Creditable as the paper already is to him, we are of opinion that, by a few minutes conversation, arrangements can be made to render it more so, as well as more acceptable to the readers of *The Port Folio*.









# THE PORT FOLIO,

THIRD SERIES,

CONDUCTED BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

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Various; that the mind  
Of desultory man, studious of change,  
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.

COWPER.

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VOL. IV.

AUGUST, 1814.

NO. II.

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AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## LIFE OF CAPTAIN LEWIS.

It will be perceived that the following sketch of the life of the late governor Lewis, is from the pen of Mr. JEFFERSON. It is prefixed to the History of the Expedition to the Pacific ocean, conducted in chief by that enlightened and intrepid soldier. Our readers will probably be of opinion that the most valuable part of this paper is that which contains the instructions of the executive of the United States to captain Lewis, sketching the general outline of the expedition, and specifying, with great ability, the conduct to be pursued towards the aborigines of the country, together with the leading points in the history of that people, and the various objects of nature, to which the attention of the adventurers was to be in a particular manner, and as it were, *ex officio*, directed. They will, at least, agree with us, that that detail embraces matter useful and interesting, in no common degree, to those who may be called on hereafter, or who may, of their own accord, undertake, to explore new regions in the wilderness of our country.

It must be acknowledged that the biographical record of the unfortunate Lewis is short. With the exception, however, of the three years during which he was engaged in the expedition to the Pacific ocean, his life was marked with few incidents worthy of notice. But those who would know and appreciate him thoroughly, must observe and examine him well, when exploring, with his brave associates, the wilds of the Missouri, the Rocky mountains, and the river Columbia. This can be done only through the medium of the history of that expedition, lately published in this city; a work which, for the variety, interest, and importance of the matter which it contains, stands deservedly high in the estimation of the public, and should be

read by every one desirous of becoming acquainted with the character and resources of the western world. That work is to be regarded in the light of a faithful representation of the life and conduct of captain Lewis during the period he was engaged in his expedition: it is his mental portrait for the time; and it must be acknowledged that the picture it exhibits is rare, striking, and even sublime. The chief of the party is there represented as a leader, who for patient perseverance, firmness of purpose, inflexible fortitude, intrepidity of spirit, and hardihood of soul, was never surpassed: and such in reality was his true character.

We have only to join our country in lamenting his early loss, and to regret that it has not been in our power to have the biographical memoir here presented, accompanied by a well executed likeness of him. This deficiency, however, it shall be our business to remedy in a future number of the Port Folio.      **ED.**

*Monticello, August 18, 1813.*

SIR,

IN compliance with the request conveyed in your letter of May 25, I have endeavoured to obtain from the relations and friends of the late governor Lewis, information of such incidents of his life as might be not unacceptable to those who may read the narrative of his western discoveries. The ordinary occurrences of a private life, and those also while acting in a subordinate sphere in the army, in a time of peace, are not deemed sufficiently interesting to occupy the public attention; but a general account of his parentage, with such smaller incidents as marked his early character are briefly noted; and to these are added, as being peculiarly within my own knowledge, whatever related to the public mission. The result of my inquiries and recollections shall now be offered, to be enlarged or abridged as you may think best; or otherwise to be used with the materials you may have collected from other sources.

Meriwether Lewis, late governor of Louisiana, was born on the 18th of August, 1774, near the town of Charlottesville, in the county of Albemarle, in Virginia, of one of the distinguished families of that state. John Lewis, one of his father's uncles, was a member of the king's council, before the revolution. Another of them, Fielding Lewis, married a sister of general Washington. His father, William Lewis, was the youngest of five sons of colo-

nel Robert Lewis, of Albemarle, the fourth of whom, Charles, was one of the early patriots who stepped forward in the commencement of the revolution, and commanded one of the regiments first raised in Virginia, and placed on continental establishment. Happily situated at home, with a wife and young family, and a fortune placing him at ease, he left all to aid in the liberation of his country from foreign usurpations, then first unmasking their ultimate end and aim. His good sense, integrity, bravery, enterprise, and remarkable bodily powers, marked him as an officer of great promise; but he unfortunately died early in the revolution. Nicholas Lewis, the second of his father's brothers, commanded a regiment of militia in the successful expedition of 1776, against the Cherokee Indians; who seduced by the agents of the British government to take up the hatchet against us, had committed great havoc on our southern frontier, by murdering and scalping helpless women and children, according to their cruel and cowardly principles of warfare. The chastisement they then received closed the history of their wars; and prepared them for receiving the elements of civilization, which zealously inculcated by the present government of the United States, have rendered them an industrious, peaceable, and happy people. This member of the family of Lewises, whose bravery was so usefully proved on this occasion, was endeared to all who knew him by his inflexible probity, courteous disposition, benevolent heart, and engaging modesty and manners. He was the umpire of all the private differences of his county—selected always by both parties. He was also the guardian of Meriwether Lewis, of whom we are now to speak, and who had lost his father at an early age. He continued some years under the fostering care of a tender mother, of the respectable family of Meriwethers, of the same county; and was remarkable even in infancy for enterprise, boldness, and discretion. When only eight years of age he habitually went out, in the dead of night, alone with his dogs, into the forest, to hunt the raccoon and opossum, which, seeking their food in the night, can then only be taken. In this exercise, no season or circumstance could obstruct his purpose—plunging through the winter's snows and frozen streams in pursuit of his object. At thirteen he was put to the Latin school, and continued at that until eighteen, when he

returned to his mother, and entered on the cares of his farm; having, as well as a younger brother, been left by his father with a competency for all the correct and comfortable purposes of temperate life. His talent for observation, which had led him to an accurate knowledge of the plants and animals of his own country, would have distinguished him as a farmer; but at the age of twenty, yielding to the ardour of youth, and a passion for more dazzling pursuits, he engaged as a volunteer in the body of militia which were called out by general Washington, on occasion of the discontents produced by the excise taxes in the western parts of the United States; and from that situation he was removed to the regular service as a lieutenant in the line. At twenty-three he was promoted to a captaincy; and, always attracting the first attention where punctuality and fidelity were requisite, he was appointed paymaster to his regiment. About this time a circumstance occurred, which, leading to the transaction which led to the expedition to the Pacific ocean, will justify a recurrence to its original idea. While I resided in Paris, John Ledyard, of Connecticut, arrived there, well known in the United States for energy of body and mind. He had accompanied captain Cook on his voyage to the Pacific ocean; and distinguished himself on that voyage by his intrepidity. Being of a roaming disposition, he was now panting for some new enterprise. His immediate object at Paris was to engage a mercantile company in the fur-trade of the western coast of America, in which however he failed. I then proposed to him to go by land to Kamschatka, cross in some of the Russian vessels to Nootka Sound, fall down into the latitude of the Missouri, and penetrate to, and through that, to the United States. He eagerly seized the idea, and only asked to be assured of the permission of the Russian government. I interested, in obtaining that, M. de Simoulin, minister plenipotentiary of the empress at Paris, but more especially the baron de Grimm, minister plenipotentiary of Saxe-Gotha, her more special agent and correspondent there in matters not immediately diplomatic. Her permission was obtained, and an assurance of protection while the course of the voyage should be through her territories. Ledyard set out from Paris, and arrived at St. Petersburg after the empress had left that place to pass the winter, I think, at Moscow. His finances

not permitting him to make unnecessary stay at St. Petersburg, he left it with a passport from one of the ministers; and at two hundred miles from Kamschatka, was obliged to take up his winter quarters. He was preparing, in the spring to resume his journey, when he was arrested by an officer of the empress, who by this time had changed her mind, and forbidden his proceeding. He was put into a close carriage, and conveyed day and night, without ever stopping, till they reached Poland, where he was set down, and left to himself. The fatigue of this journey broke down his constitution; and when he returned to Paris his bodily strength was much impaired. His mind, however, remained firm, and he after this undertook the journey to Egypt. I received a letter from him, full of sanguine hopes, dated at Cairo, the 15th of November, 1788, the day before he was to set out for the head of the Nile; on which day, however, he ended his career and life: and thus failed the first attempt to explore the western part of our northern continent.

In 1792, I proposed to the American Philosophical Society, that we should set on foot a subscription to engage some competent person to explore that region in the opposite direction; that is, by ascending the Missouri, crossing the Stony mountains, and descending the nearest river to the Pacific. Captain Lewis being then stationed at Charlottesville, on the recruiting service, warmly solicited me to obtain for him the execution of that object. I told him it was proposed that the person engaged should be attended by a single companion only, to avoid exciting alarm among the Indians. This did not deter him; but Mr. Andre Michaux, a professed botanist, author of the *Flora Boreali-Americana*, and of the *Histoire des Chesnes d'Amerique*, offering his services, they were accepted. He received his instructions, and when he had reached Kentucky in the prosecution of his journey, he was overtaken by an order from the minister of France, then at Philadelphia, to relinquish the expedition, and to pursue elsewhere the botanical inquiries on which he was employed by that government: and thus failed the second attempt for exploring that region.

In 1803, the act for establishing trading houses with the Indian tribes being about to expire, some modifications of it were recommended to congress by a confidential message of January

18th, and an extension of its views to the Indians on the Missouri. In order to prepare the way, the message proposed the sending an exploring party to trace the Missouri to its source, to cross the Highlands, and follow the best water-communication which offered itself from thence to the Pacific ocean. Congress approved the proposition, and voted a sum of money for carrying it into execution. Captain Lewis, who had then been near two years with me as private secretary, immediately renewed his solicitations to have the direction of the party. I had now had opportunities of knowing him intimately. Of courage undaunted; possessing a firmness and perseverance of purpose which nothing but impossibilities could divert from its direction; careful as a father of those committed to his charge, yet steady in the maintenance of order and discipline; intimate with the Indian character, customs, and principles; habituated to the hunting life; guarded by exact observation of the vegetables and animals of his own country, against losing time in the description of objects already possessed; honest, disinterested, liberal, of sound understanding, and a fidelity to truth so scrupulous, that whatever he should report would be as certain as if seen by ourselves; with all these qualifications, as if selected and implanted by nature in one body for this express purpose, I could have no hesitation in confiding the enterprise to him. To fill up the measure desired, he wanted nothing but a greater familiarity with the technical language of the natural sciences, and readiness in the astronomical observations necessary for the geography of his route. To acquire these he repaired immediately to Philadelphia, and placed himself under the tutorage of the distinguished professors of that place, who with a zeal and emulation, enkindled by an ardent devotion to science, communicated to him freely the information requisite for the purposes of the journey. While attending too, at Lancaster, the fabrication of the arms with which he chose that his men should be provided, he had the benefit of daily communication with Mr. Andrew Ellicot, whose experience in astronomical observation, and practice of it in the woods, enabled him to apprise captain Lewis of the wants and difficulties he would encounter, and of the substitutes and resources offered by a woodland and uninhabited country.

Deeming it necessary he should have some person with him of known competence to the direction of the enterprise, in the event of accident to himself, he proposed William Clark, brother of general George Rogers Clark, who was approved, and, with that view, received a commission of captain.

In April, 1803, a draught of his instructions was sent to captain Lewis, and on the twentieth of June they were signed in the following form:

“ To Meriwether Lewis, esquire, captain of the first regiment of infantry of the United States of America.

“ Your situation as secretary of the President of the United States, has made you acquainted with the objects of my confidential message of January 18, 1803, to the legislature; you have seen the act they passed, which, though expressed in general terms, was meant to sanction those objects, and you are appointed to carry them into execution.

“ Instruments for ascertaining, by celestial observations, the geography of the country through which you will pass, have been already provided. Light articles for barter and presents among the Indians, arms for your attendants, say for from ten to twelve men, boats, tents, and other travelling apparatus, with ammunition, medicine, surgical instruments, and provisions, you will have prepared, with such aids as the secretary at war can yield in his department; and from him also you will receive authority to engage among our troops, by voluntary agreement, the number of attendants above mentioned; over whom you, as their commanding officer, are invested with all the powers the laws give in such a case.

“ As your movements, while within the limits of the United States will be better directed by occasional communications, adapted to circumstances as they arise, they will not be noticed here. What follows, will respect your proceedings after your departure from the United States.

“ Your mission has been communicated to the ministers here from France, Spain, and Great Britain, and through them to their governments; and such assurances given them as to its objects, as we trust will satisfy them. The country of Louisiana having been ceded by Spain to France, the passport you have from the minister of France, the representative of the present sovereign of the



country, will be a protection with all its subjects; and that from the minister of England will entitle you to the friendly aid of any traders of that allegiance with whom you may happen to meet.

“The object of your mission is to explore the Missouri river, and such principal streams of it, as, by its course and communication with the waters of the Pacific ocean, whether the Columbia, Oregon, Colorado, or any other river, may offer the most direct and practicable water communication across the continent, for the purposes of commerce.

“Beginning at the mouth of the Missouri, you will take observations of latitude and longitude, at all remarkable points on the river, and especially at the mouths of rivers, at rapids, at islands, and other places and objects distinguished by such natural marks and characters, of a durable kind, as that they may with certainty be recognised hereafter. The courses of the river between these points of observation may be supplied by the compass, the log-line, and by time, corrected by the observations themselves. The variations of the needle, too, in different places should be noticed.

“The interesting points of the portage between the heads of the Missouri, and of the water offering the best communication with the Pacific ocean, should also be fixed by observation; and the course of that water to the ocean, in the same manner as that of the Missouri.

“Your observations are to be taken with great pains and accuracy; to be entered distinctly and intelligibly for others as well as yourself; to comprehend all the elements necessary, with the aid of the usual tables, to fix the latitude and longitude of the places at which they were taken; and are to be rendered to the war-office, for the purpose of having the calculations made concurrently by proper persons within the United States. Several copies of these, as well as of your other notes, should be made at leisure times, and put into the care of the most trust-worthy of your attendants to guard, by multiplying them against the accidental losses to which they will be exposed. A further guard would be, that one of these copies be on the cuticular membranes of the paper-birch, as less liable to injury from damp than common paper.

"The commerce which may be carried on with the people inhabiting the line you will pursue, renders a knowledge of those people important. You will therefore endeavour to make yourself acquainted, as far as a diligent pursuit of your journey shall admit, with the names of the nations and their numbers;

"The extent and limits of their possessions;

"Their relations with other tribes or nations;

"Their language, traditions, monuments;

"Their ordinary occupations in agriculture, fishing, hunting, war, arts, and the implements for these;

"Their food, clothing, and domestic accommodations;

"The diseases prevalent among them, and the remedies they use;

"Moral and physical circumstances, which distinguish them from the tribes we know;

"Peculiarities in their laws, customs, and dispositions;

"And articles of commerce they may need or furnish, and to what extent.

"And, considering the interest which every nation has in extending and strengthening the authority of reason and justice among the people around them, it will be useful to acquire what knowledge you can of the state of morality, religion, and information among them; as it may better enable those who may endeavour to civilize and instruct them, to adapt their measures to the existing notions and practices of those on whom they are to operate.

"Other objects worthy of notice will be—

"The soil and face of the country, its growth and vegetable productions, especially those not of the United States;

"The animals of the country generally, and especially those not known in the United States;

"The remains and accounts of any which may be deemed rare or extinct;

"The mineral productions of every kind, but more particularly metals, lime-stone, pit-coal, and saltpetre; salines and mineral waters, noting the temperature of the last, and such circumstances as may indicate their character;

"Volcanic appearances;

“ Climate, as characterized by the thermometer, by the proportion of rainy, cloudy, and clear days; by lightning, hail, snow, ice; by the access and recess of frost; by the winds prevailing at different seasons; the dates at which particular plants put forth, or lose their flower or leaf: times of appearance of particular birds, reptiles or insects.

“ Although your route will be along the channel of the Missouri, yet you will endeavour to inform yourself, by inquiry, of the character and extent of the country watered by its branches, and especially on its southern side. The North river, or Rio Bravo, which runs into the gulf of Mexico, and the North river, or Rio Colorado, which runs into the gulf of California, are understood to be the principal streams heading opposite to the waters of the Missouri, and running southwardly. Whether the dividing grounds between the Missouri and them are mountains or flat lands, what are their distance from the Missouri, the character of the intermediate country, and the people inhabiting it, are worthy of particular inquiry. The northern waters of the Missouri are less to be inquired after, because they have been ascertained to a considerable degree, and are still in a course of ascertainment by English traders and travellers; but if you can learn any thing certain of the most northern source of the Mississippi, and of its position relatively to the Lake of the Woods, it will be interesting to us. Some account too of the path of the Canadian traders from the Mississippi, at the mouth of the Ouisconsin to where it strikes the Missouri, and of the soil and rivers in its course is desirable.

“ In all your intercourse with the natives, treat them in the most friendly and conciliatory manner which their own conduct will admit; allay all jealousies as to the object of your journey; satisfy them of its innocence; make them acquainted with the position, extent, character, peaceable and commercial dispositions of the United States: of our wish to be neighbourly, friendly, and useful to them, and of our dispositions to a commercial intercourse with them; confer with them on the points most convenient as mutual emporiums, and the articles of most desirable interchange for them and us. If a few of their influential chiefs, within practicable distance, wish to visit us, arrange such a visit with them,

and furnish them with authority to call on our officers on their entering the United States, to have them conveyed to this place at the public expense. If any of them should wish to have some of their young people brought up with us, and taught such arts as may be useful to them, we will receive, instruct, and take care of them. Such a mission, whether of influential chiefs, or of young people, would give some security to your own party. Carry with you some matter of the kine-pox; inform those of them with whom you may be of its efficacy as a preservative from the small pox, and instruct and encourage them in the use of it. This may be especially done wherever you winter.

“As it is impossible for us to foresee in what manner you will be received by those people, whether with hospitality or hostility, so it is impossible to prescribe the exact degree of perseverance with which you are to pursue your journey. We value too much the lives of citizens to offer them to probable destruction. Your numbers will be sufficient to secure you against the unauthorized opposition of individuals, or of small parties; but if a superior force, authorized, or not authorized, by a nation, should be arrayed against your further passage, and inflexibly determined to arrest it, you must decline its further pursuit and return. In the loss of yourselves we should lose also the information you will have acquired. By returning safely with that, you may enable us to renew the essay with better calculated means. To your own discretion, therefore, must be left the degree of danger you may risk, and the point at which you should decline, only saying we wish you to err on the side of your safety, and to bring back your party safe, even if it be with less information.

“As far up the Missouri as the white settlements extend, an intercourse will probably be found to exist between them and the Spanish posts of St. Lewis opposite Cahokia, or St. Genevieve opposite Kaskaskia. From still further up the river the traders may furnish a conveyance for letters. Beyond that you may perhaps be able to engage Indians to bring letters for the government to Cahokia, or Kaskaskia, on promising that they shall there receive such special compensation as you shall have stipulated with them. Avail yourself of these means to communicate to us, at seasonable intervals, a copy of your journal, notes and observations of every kind, putting into cypher whatever might do injury if betrayed.

"Should you reach the Pacific ocean, inform yourself of the circumstances which may decide whether the furs of those parts may be collected as advantageously at the head of the Missouri (convenient as is supposed to the waters of the Colorado and Oregon or Columbia) as at Nootka Sound, or any other point of that coast; and that trade be consequently conducted through the Missouri and United States more beneficially than by the circumnavigation now practised.

"On your arrival on that coast, endeavour to learn if there be any port within your reach frequented by the sea vessels of any nation, and to send two of your trusty people back by sea, in such a way as shall appear practicable, with a copy of your notes; and should you be of opinion that the return of your party by the way they went will be imminently dangerous, then ship the whole, and return by sea, by the way either of Cape Horn, or the Cape of Good Hope, as you shall be able. As you will be without money, clothes, or provisions, you must endeavour to use the credit of the United States to obtain them; for which purpose open letters of credit shall be furnished you, authorizing you to draw on the executive of the United States, or any of its officers, in any part of the world, on which draughts can be disposed of, and to apply with our recommendations to the consuls, agents, merchants, or citizens of any nation with which we have intercourse, assuring them, in our name, that any aids they may furnish you, shall be honourably repaid, and on demand. Our consuls, Thomas Hewes, at Batavia, in Java, William Buchanan, in the Isles of France and Bourbon, and John Elmslie, at the Cape of Good Hope, will be able to supply your necessities, by draughts on us.

"Should you find it safe to return by the way you go, after sending two of your party round by sea, or with your whole party, if no conveyance by sea can be found, do so; making such observations on your return as may serve to supply, correct, or confirm those made on your outward journey.

"On reentering the United States, and reaching a place of safety, discharge any of your attendants who may desire and deserve it, procuring for them immediate payment of all arrears of pay, and clothing which may have incurred since their departure, and assure them that they shall be recommended to the liberality of the legislature for the grant of a soldier's portion of land each,

as proposed in my message to congress, and repair yourself, with your papers, to the seat of government.

"To provide on the accident of your death, against anarchy, dispersion, and the consequent danger to your party, and total failure of the enterprise, you are hereby authorized, by any instrument signed and written in your own hand, to name the person among them who shall succeed to the command on your decease, and by like instruments to change the nomination, from time to time, as further experience of the characters accompanying you shall point out superior fitness; and all the powers and authorities given to yourself are, in the event of your death, transferred to, and vested in the successor so named, with further power to him and his successors, in like manner to name each his successor, who on the death of his predecessor, shall be invested with all the powers and authorities given to yourself. Given under my hand at the city of Washington, this 20th day of June, 1803.

"THOMAS JEFFERSON.

*"President of the United States of America."*

While these things were going on here, the country of Louisiana, lately ceded by Spain to France, had been the subject of negotiation at Paris between us and this last power; and had actually been transferred to us by treaties executed at Paris on the thirtieth of April. This information, received about the first day of July, increased infinitely the interest we felt in the expedition, and lessened the apprehensions of interruption from other powers. Every thing in this quarter being now prepared, captain Lewis left Washington on the fifth of July 1803, and proceeded to Pittsburgh, where other articles had been ordered to be provided for him. The men too were to be selected from the military stations on the Ohio. Delays of preparation, difficulties of navigation down the Ohio, and other untoward obstructions, retarded his arrival at Cahoki until the season was so far advanced as to render it prudent to suspend his entering the Missouri before the ice should break up in the succeeding spring.

From this time his journal now published, will give the history of his journey to and from the Pacific ocean, until his return to St. Louis on the 23d of September, 1806. Never did a similar event excite more joy through the United States. The humblest

of its citizens had taken a lively interest in the issue of this journey, and looked forward with impatience for the information it would furnish. Their anxieties too for the safety of the corps had been kept in a state of excitement by lugubrious rumours, circulated from time to time on uncertain authorities, and uncontradicted by letters, or other direct information, from the time they had left the Mandan towns, on their ascent up the river in April of the preceding year, 1805, until their actual return to St. Lewis.

It was the middle of February, 1807, before captain Lewis, with his companion captain Clark, reached the city of Washington, where congress was then in session. That body granted to the two chiefs and their followers the donation of lands which they had been encouraged to expect in reward of their toil and dangers. Captain Lewis was soon after appointed governor of Louisiana, and captain Clark a general of its militia, and agent of the United States for Indian affairs in that department.

A considerable time intervened before the governor's arrival at St. Louis. He found the territory distracted by feuds and contentions among the officers of the government, and the people themselves divided by these into factions and parties. He determined at once to take no side with either; but to use every endeavour to conciliate and harmonize them. The even-handed justice he administered to all, soon established a respect for his person and authority; and perseverance and time wore down animosities, and reunited the citizens again into one family.

Governor Lewis had, from early life, been subject to hypochondriac affections. It was a constitutional disposition in all the nearer branches of the family of his name, and was more immediately inherited by him from his father. They had not, however, been so strong, as to give uneasiness to his family. While he lived with me in Washington I observed at times sensible depressions of mind: but knowing their constitutional source, I estimated their course by what I had seen in the family. During his western expedition, the constant exertion which that required of all the faculties of body and mind, suspended these distressing affections; but after his establishment at St. Louis in sedentary occupations, they returned upon him with redoubled vigour, and began seriously to alarm his friends. He was in a paroxysm of one of these, when his affairs rendered it necessary for him to go to

Washington. He proceeded to the Chickasaw Bluffs, where he arrived on the 16th of September, 1809, with a view of continuing his journey thence by water. Mr. Neely, agent of the United States with the Chickasaw Indians, arriving there two days after, found him extremely indisposed, and betraying at times some symptoms of a derangement of mind. The rumours of a war with England, and apprehensions that he might lose the papers he was bringing on, among which were the vouchers of his public accounts, and the journals and papers of his western expedition, induced him here to change his mind, and to take his course by land through the Chickasaw country.\* Although he appeared somewhat relieved, Mr. Neely kindly determined to accompany and watch over him. Unfortunately, at their encampment, after having passed the Tennessee one day's journey, they lost two horses, which obliging Mr. Neely to halt for their recovery, the governor proceeded, under a promise to wait for him at the house of the first white inhabitant on his road. He stopped at the house of a Mr. Grinder, who not being at home, his wife, alarmed at the symptoms of derangement she discovered, gave him up the house and retired to rest herself in an out-house, the governor's and Neely's servants lodging in another. About three o'clock in the night he did the deed which plunged his friends into affliction, and deprived his country of one of her most valued citizens, whose valour and intelligence would have been now employed in avenging her wrongs, and in emulating by land the splendid deeds which have honoured her arms on the ocean. It lost too to the nation the benefit of receiving from his own hand the narrative now offered them of his sufferings and successes, in endeavouring to extend for them the boundaries of science, and to present to their knowledge that vast and fertile country, which their sons are destined to fill with arts, with science, with freedom and happiness.

To this melancholy close of the life of one, whom posterity will declare not to have lived in vain, I have only to add, that all the facts I have stated are either known to myself, or communicated by his family or others, for whose truth I have no hesitation to make myself responsible; and I conclude with tendering you the assurances of my respect and consideration.

TH. JEFFERSON.

Mr. PAUL ALLEN, *Philadelphia.*



## CRITICISM.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

An essay on the causes of the Variety of Complexion and figure in the human species, &c. &c. By Samuel Stanhope Smith, D. D. L. L. D. &c. &c.

(Continued from p. 33.)

**N**OTWITHSTANDING our explicit and honest disavowal, in the last number of the Port Folio, of any intention to intermeddle with the question touching the *original identity of the human race*, and notwithstanding the conscientious and perfect conformity of our practice to our professions, we are concerned to find that, among a few of our readers, there still exist, in relation to that point, slight and half-suppressed, yet audible murmurings.

To strip the matter of the last remaining shred of disguise, if any thing such there still be about it, and to silence even the tongue of suspicion itself, we will once more, and but once, make a faithful avowal of our sentiments on the subject.

On the correctness of the Mosaic account of the creation of man, we place the most full and implicit reliance. We receive the Scriptures entire as the oracles of divine truth, and have neither the arrogance nor the impiety to question a fact which they clearly set forth. Whatever they may contain that is above our reason and comprehension, as ordinarily exercised, we embrace and cherish as a matter of faith. Nor have we ever presumed to make our feebleness of intellect the standard of their immaculate verity. In these declarations we hope we are understood.

Man has sustained, since his creation, very signal changes in his complexion and figure. The object or final cause of these changes is supposed to be, the adaptation of the human race to become inhabitants of the different climates of the globe. Their efficient or productive causes are undetermined. In relation to ourselves, we frankly acknowledge that we are utterly ignorant of them. We are acquainted with no cause short of the power that first created man, capable, in our estimation, of producing that striking difference which exists between the African and the European, the American Indian and the Hindoo, the Patagonian and the Laplander. To THAT POWER, then, we think it much more consistent, as well with sound philosophy as with the spirit of true religion, to ascribe the whole work, than to endeavour to account for it by a chain of secondary but incompetent causes.

When in his Wisdom the Deity thought proper to project the changes which now mark the different races of men, we well know that his power was amply sufficient to effectuate them. He could do it miraculously if an immediate interposition of his hand were necessary: and, in the present state of our knowledge, perhaps that doctrine is the safest which admits that the work was originally effected in a miraculous manner. Such a doctrine is neither contrary to philosophy, nor inimical to religion. It is at once an acknowledgment of our ignorance, and a profession of our piety; both which, in our present condition, are equally incumbent on us on certain occasions.

That doctrine which ascribes to the influence of *climate, the state of society, and the manner of living*, the varieties that exist in the complexion and figure of the human race, is much more strongly marked by the pride of science than by the humility of religion. It is a bold attempt to explain what, to our limited capacities, is wholly inexplicable. It is, moreover, dangerous, as we conceive, to a belief in revelation. As urged by the Rev. Dr. Smith, its plain and unperverted language is as follows: "You must either adopt the belief, that all the varieties of complexion and figure which now prevail among the human race, are derived from the influence of climate, the state of society, and the manner of living, or you must admit that a plurality of races was originally created, and that more than Noah and his family escaped the deluge. There is no alternative; you must be either a philosopher or an infidel."

We reply, that, in relation to the present topic, we are neither the one nor the other. We are the simple unassuming christian. We honestly state the differences of *physical man* as we find them, acknowledging our incompetency to explain them, and referring their production to the power of God. To that Power we set no limits. We do not say that it must have operated in *this way or in that*—by *secondary causes*, or by its *own proximate agency*. It is enough for us to know that it has operated wisely, although in a way which we profess not to understand. Nor, to our mind, has a single ray of light been shed on the subject by Dr. Smith, notwithstanding the learning and ingenuity he has displayed. We are, on the other hand, most honestly of opinion, that his essay is

much better calculated to mislead than to instruct—to injure than to subserve the cause of truth.

It is solely in consideration of this belief, and not from any abstract love of controversy, that we have ventured to select, as a subject of examination and stricture, the work of so able and popular an author. Under this head we shall only add, that we should be pleased to see the verity of the Scriptures suffered to rest on their own internal evidence, rather than connected with or rendered in any measure dependant on visionary and unsettled systems of philosophy. We are persuaded that they would thus be placed on the only secure and stable foundation. He who disbelieves the Mosaic account of the creation of man, considered in itself, will not be likely to be convinced of its truth by any chain of physical reasoning, touching the combined power of climate and the state of society, to transmute a white man into a black, or a race of gigantic into one of dwarfish stature. The only method we know to preserve religion free from taint and philosophy from superstition, is to keep them, both in discussion and in practice, as they are in their nature, distinct from each other.

Another charge that has been brought against us is, an intention to degrade the African race, and to prove them, from their physical structure, to be fitted only for a state of slavery, or some very subordinate station in society. The only ground of this complaint is, that we have stated the brain of the African to be less in volume than that of the European.

The whole accusation, if it deserve such a name, is not only unfounded, but utterly ridiculous. Our intention is neither to degrade one race of men nor to elevate another, but, as far as we may be able, to develop the truth. We endeavour to speak of the Africans precisely as we find them. "Nothing do we diminish nor set down ought in malice." We have no wish to take from them the rank or station which God has given them: nor have we uttered a word which in truth and justice can be so construed. By nature, their rights are as numerous and sacred as those of the *whites*, and no man can faultlessly invade or circumscribe them. On the whole, and we say it for the last time, our object in this discussion is fair, correct, and honourable; such as the Christian, the philosopher, and the philanthropist, may avow.

and we will no further notice any complaints or murmurings respecting it. Ed.

It was our intention to appropriate the present number to an analysis and refutation of certain errors, philosophical and physiological, into which Dr. Smith appears to have fallen, in his essay on the complexion and figure of man. To this resolution we were the more strongly inclined to adhere, on account of the number and extent of these errors, their engaging form and seductive colouring, and the intrepid and imposing manner which marks their introduction to the attention of the public. In the course, however, of our reflections on the subject, considerations have offered themselves to our view sufficiently powerful to induce us to vary somewhat our original determination. In the wide and diversified range of inquiry which our author has thought proper to embrace in his essay, we discover several propositions, not strictly appertaining either to philosophy or physiology, yet important as to the issue of the question we are discussing, which present a legitimate claim to our attention. Should these propositions be suffered entirely to escape our notice, the neglect would probably be attributed to motives other than those by which we are actuated. Such an act of forbearance might be wrongfully construed into a consciousness, on our part, of our insufficiency to expose their incorrectness, or even into a tacit acknowledgment of their truth. In either case, the conclusion could not fail to operate considerably to our prejudice, and to prove in an equal degree favourable to the principles we are endeavouring to overturn.

Influenced by these considerations, we think it expedient to introduce this number by a few remarks, which truth seems to warrant and the occasion to require, in relation to the topics to which we have referred.

Anxious for the establishment of his hypothesis on a basis as extensive as the earth itself, and as durable as the physical laws which influence its inhabitants, our author hazards boldly, but we think inconsiderately, the following assertion:

“ In tracing, says he, the various climates of the globe, advancing from the arctic circle to the equator, we find them marked with considerable regularity by the colour of the inhabitants. In the European continent, we meet, in the highest temperate latitudes, with a ruddy and sanguine complexion, which is commonly

conjoined with different shades of redness in the hair. We soon descend to a clearer mixture of red in white. And afterward succeed the brown, the swarthy, and, passing over into Africa, the tawny, increasing by darker and darker shades, as we approach the hottest temperature of the torrid zone. In the Asiatic continent," he continues, "we pass at once from the fair to the olive, and thence, by various gradations in the darkness of the hue, to the black colour which prevails in the southern provinces of the Peninsula of Arabia and India."

If considered only as it here stands, in an insulated state, this quotation may probably appear to the reader somewhat obscure. By ample details, however, in the context, the writer has rendered it sufficiently intelligible. According to the explanation there given, its meaning is, that reckoning from the arctic circle to the equator, the varying shades of the human complexion are exactly graduated in their depth, not indeed to the latitude of places, but to the heat of climates—not to their precise situation on the globe, but to the temperature by which they are supposed to be produced.—They are represented as ruddy, where the climate is intensely cold, fair where it is temperate, swarthy, tawney, or olive, where it is warm, and black, where it attains its maximum of heat. This state of things is confidently held forth to us as the result of an acknowledged and immutable law of nature, to which no well founded exceptions are known to exist. From the strong and unqualified terms in which the existence of this presumptive principle is stated, and the high consideration which appears to be attached to it by our author, the sentiment evidently meant to be imposed on us is, that no instance can be found, where a people, subject to the influence of a warmer climate, exhibits, under a similar state of society, a fairer complexion than those nations inhabiting climates of a more temperate character—and, conversely, that, other circumstances being alike, the more ardent the climate, the darker the complexion of its native inhabitants. It is, in this calculation, presupposed, that each nation has been subject to the influence of its proper climate a sufficient length of time, to have sustained the utmost depth of complexion it is calculated to impart.

This picture, plausible and imposing as it unquestionably is, and according, also, in some measure, with ancient and popular

prejudices on the subject, must be acknowledged to be well calculated to secure for itself a favourable reception. It will, at least, be acceptable, at first view, to all those, who, deprived of opportunities, and, perhaps, also destitute of the inclination, for close investigation and original research, depend for their information on the labours of others. But, by the lovers and cultivators of physical geography, and all those who devote themselves in any way to the study of nature, whose belief is not the evanescent effect of mere reading or report, but the well digested result of observation and experiment, we apprehend that it will not be received as authentic. By such characters we conceive that it will be regarded as an unfounded representation, proceeding unquestionably, not from any premeditated intention to mislead, but from a hasty and limited view of things, conjoined with that excess of zeal in a favourite pursuit, which too often darkens the clearest understanding, and perverts the most profound and discriminating judgment. We shall, at least, endeavour to make it appear, that it is not, physically speaking, a faithful picture of nations, and cannot, therefore, be maintained by any evidence derivable from the history of man.

It is true, as was formerly conceded, that in some particular portions of the globe, certain given districts or provinces are marked by peculiar tints in the complexion of their inhabitants; and the warmer the region, the deeper is the shade by which it is distinguished. This remark is applicable to France, Spain, and Italy. It may also be applied to Arabia, Persia, the peninsula of India, and the empire of China. Although we are not prepared to concur in belief with Dr. Smith, that any of the Chinese are possessed of complexions *absolutely fair*; yet we well know that the natives of the north of that empire are less swarthy than the natives of the south—the inhabitants of Pekin than the inhabitants of Canton.

On taking, however, an attentive survey of the whole earth, as far as it has been brought within the compass of our inspection, we at once discover, that the same principle is by no means applicable, on a general scale, to the numerous nations by which it is peopled. In one place we find a very striking uniformity of complexion running through a great diversity of climates: in

another, the inhabitants of a warmer region possessing a lighter complexion than the inhabitants of a colder one: while, in a third, we meet with nations of very different complexions residing in the same climate, and separated from each other only by a marsh, a lake, or the channel of a river.

America, unequalled as it is in the number of its parallels of latitude, must be acknowledged to possess, at least, as great a variety of climates as any of the other quarters of the globe. We allude not to geographical climates, but to such as arise from gradations in the temperature of the atmosphere. According, then, to the principles of Dr. Smith's hypothesis, this continent ought to be marked by a corresponding variety in the complexion of its aboriginal inhabitants. The tribes and nations residing in its hottest sections ought certainly to exhibit a darker complexion than those who are fanned by the breezes of its milder skies; or chafed by the tempests from its regions of frost. The argument to this effect is the stronger, inasmuch as all the aborigines of America practise nearly the same customs, and pursue, with but few exceptions and slight variations, the same savage modes of life.

On taking a survey, however, of the new continent from the one extreme to the other, we are presented with a picture entirely different. Throughout this immense range of latitude and climate we discover in the complexion of the natives a striking uniformity. Nations residing in the shade of the boundless forests that lie to the northward of our northwestern lakes, where the winters are protracted and severe, and the summers short, serene, and temperate, possess, in reality, complexions as dark as those that sustain the action of a vertical sun on the winterless plains of Brazil or Amazonia. It is even true, that, as far as differences of complexion have been found to exist, some of the lightest coloured tribes of which we have any knowledge, reside now and have long resided, not only in the southern districts of *North America*, but in regions still nearer to the equator: while some of the darkest, on the other hand, are among the inhabitants of very high latitudes.

It is in vain to attempt, as our author has done, to maintain his hypothesis by alleging, that the savages of tropical America possess complexions darker by several shades than those who are

natives of more temperate regions. The assertion cannot be substantiated, either by the reports of enlightened and creditable travellers, or by the evidence of history. On the other hand, it is unequivocally discountenanced by both.\*

To convince our readers that our statements in relation to the present subject are not the mere offspring of supposition, but that they are derived from sources of unquestionable authority, we solicit their attention to the following brief quotations from a "Political Essay on the kingdom of New-Spain, by Alexander De Humboldt," one of the ablest and most creditable travellers of the age.

"The Indians of New-Spain," says this distinguished naturalist, "bear a *general resemblance* to those who inhabit Canada, Florida, Peru, and Brazil. They have the *same swarthy and copper colour*, flat and smooth hair, small beard, &c." Again: "In the faithful portrait which our excellent observer, Mr. Volney, has drawn of the Canadian Indians, we undoubtedly recognise the tribes scattered in the meadows of the Rio Apiere and the Casony." Our traveller proceeds in his narrative to inform us, that "The Indians of New-Spain (which lies on the north side of the equator, and possesses a temperate climate,) have a *more swarthy complexion* than the inhabitants of the *warmest climates* of South America. The *influence of climate*, continues he, appears to have *almost no*

\* Till possessed of Dr. Smith's authority for the following statement, we shall be compelled, though very reluctantly, to indulge a suspicion, that it is nothing better than *mere report*. We are persuaded it wants the authenticity of history.

"The general complexion of tropical America, says he, is but a few shades darker than that which is the *natural result of savage life even in temperate climates*.—There is, however, continues he, a visible increase of the dark hue as we proceed towards the circle of the equator, which is also the widest part of the southern continent (South America.) And there are many tribes of the natives stained with as deep a colour as the inhabitants of the southern extremity of the Indian peninsula."

The first clause of this quotation is what logicians denominate a *petitio principii*, (a begging of the question.)—It takes for granted what it ought to prove.—The second we fear is something worse—an assertion which cannot be supported by facts—or rather, as will be made to appear hereafter, an assertion in opposition to facts.



*effect on the Americans and Negroes. These races resist, in a singular manner, the impressions of the ambient air. The negroes of the mountains of Upper Guinea are not less black than those who live on the coast. We found the people of the Rio Negro swarthier than those of the Lower Orinoco, and yet the banks of the first of these rivers enjoys a much cooler climate than the more northern regions. In the forests of Guiana, especially near the sources of the Orinoco, are several tribes of a whitish complexion, of whom several robust individuals, exhibiting no symptom of the asthenical malady which characterises albinos, have the appearance of Mestizoes. Yet these tribes have never mingled with Europeans, and are surrounded with other tribes of a dark brown hue. The Indians of the torrid zone who inhabit the most elevated plains of the Cordillera of the Andes, and those who, under the 45° of south latitude, live by fishing among the islands of the Archipelago of Chonos, have as copihery a complexion as those, who, under a burning climate, cultivate bananas in the narrowest and deepest valleys of the equinoxial region. We must add, that the Indians of the mountains are clothed; and were so long before the conquest, while the aborigines who wander over the plains, go quite naked, and are consequently always exposed to the perpendicular rays of the sun. I could never observe, that in the same individual those parts of the body which were covered were less dark than those in contact with a warm and humid air. We every where perceive, that the colour of the American depends very little on the local position in which we see him. The Mexicans, as we have already observed, are more swarthy than the Indians of Quito and New-Grenada, who inhabit a climate completely analogous. Under the 54° 10' of north latitude, at Cloak-bay, in the midst of copper-coloured Indians with small long eyes, there is a tribe with large eyes, European features, and a skin less dark than that of our peasantry."*

This interesting quotation furnishes us with a collection of facts in the history of the human complexion, to the explication of which, the principles maintained in the essay which we are examining, are totally inapplicable. In our opinion, either the statements of the baron de Humboldt must be completely invalidated, or the hypothesis of our author forever abandoned. They are, in

their nature, as incompatible with each other as light and darkness, truth and falsehood, virtue and vice.

Even in the mind of Dr. Smith himself, the uniformity of complexion which obtains so extensively among the aborigines of America constitutes an objection to his favourite hypothesis. He accordingly attempts its solution with his accustomed zeal and intrepidity, and even appears to exhaust in the effort all his resources of argument and ingenuity. In our opinion, however, his labours are abortive. He gives us, indeed, a satisfactory reason why, according to the principles on which his theory is founded, the inhabitants of the tropical section of America possess a lighter complexion than those of the corresponding section of Africa. He represents to us, and adduces arguments familiar to every man of science in explanation of the fact, that the temperature of the former region is considerably lower than the temperature of the latter. The complexion resulting from its influence must be consequently fairer. His arguments, on this occasion, he derives from a very extensive and familiar acquaintance with the several causes which contribute to the formation and diversity of climate, in the tropical regions of the new and old worlds. But he assigns no reason whatever—certainly no satisfactory one—why, in America, the aboriginal inhabitants of the torrid zone are marked by a complexion equally as light as those who reside beneath the forty-fifth degree of north or south latitude—why the tribes that lead a savage life along the streams of the Maragnon possess a complexion nothing darker—in some instances even perceptibly fairer—than those who pursue a similar mode of life on the shores of lake Superior, or on the heights of Cape Horn. But it must, we think, be obvious to the most undiscerning, that such a reason is essentially requisite to the establishment of his principles, and that the want of it constitutes a deadly defect in the construction of his hypothesis. True as it unquestionably is, that the torrid zone in America is marked by heats much less intense than the torrid zone in Africa, it is no less true, that it greatly surpasses in its fervours any portion of the temperate zones. In conformity, then, to the principles of Dr. Smith, it ought to imprint a proportionably darker complexion on the savage people by whom it is inhabited.

When carefully examined and admitted, in the present inquiry, with that weight of evidence which clearly appertains to it, the history of man, in the continent of Africa, is also, in our opinion, decidedly hostile to the principles of our author. It is not too much to declare, that, according to those principles, the real negro complexion, marked, perhaps, by different shades, ought, with a few exceptions, to prevail throughout the whole tropical section of that peninsula. The reason on which we found this declaration is, that, as far as the country has been hitherto explored, there are but few parts of tropical Africa which are not subject to intolerable heats. This is notoriously the case on the eastern coast no less than on the western—in the countries of Aian, Zanguebar, and Monomotapa, no less than in those of Congo, Angola, Loango, and in that which is washed by the Senegal and the Gambia. It cannot be denied, that the western coast of the equinoxial section of Africa is decidedly the most intemperate. In that region, therefore, the negro complexion ought to appear in its most perfect state. But, from the best information attainable on the subject, we do deny that the eastern coast possesses that mildness of temperature attributed to it by Dr. Smith. The climate of that tract of country is, at least, as hot—travellers represent it as considerably hotter—than the climate of the south of Arabia, or any portion of the peninsula of India. Supposing, then, the shades of the human complexion to depend on the temperature of the place, and the mode of life pursued by the inhabitants, whence is it that the natives of the former region have complexions lighter by several degrees than those of the two latter?—For, as will presently appear, the inhabitants of the eastern side of tropical Africa, though exposed without defence to a warmer sun, are, in general, a fairer people than either the southern Arabs, or the natives of the southern provinces of India.

That our sentiments in relation to this point may be clearly understood, and applied with the greater facility and effect to the elucidation of the present question, we will consider the subject more in detail.

It is known that that portion of Africa which lies within the tropics, is peopled by nations of three several complexions, viz. the *Negro* complexion, which appears to be predominant, the

*Caffre* complexion, which is next in prevalence, and the *Moorish* complexion, which is still more circumscribed in its range. Of these, the negro is the darkest, and the *Caffre* the *fairest*, the *Moorish* exhibiting an intermediate but very different tinge.

The tropical *Caffres* are represented as the most miserable and degraded of the human race. They live in the very lowest condition of the savage state, naked, houseless, wallowing in filth, addicted to every description of turpitude, physical and moral, buried in sloth and indolence, and subsisting on the vilest and scantiest fare. They are, consequently, according to our author's own principles, in a state of most signal preparation to receive the deepest effect of climate on their unprotected complexions. This people inhabits the eastern coast of Africa, but their territory extends several hundred leagues into the interior of that continent—To the southward of the tropic of Capricorn it reaches entirely across the peninsula.

That portion of the *Caffres* with which this inquiry is particularly connected, inhabits the eastern division of tropical Africa—we mean that division whose borders are washed by the Indian Ocean. That tract of country is known to be, in general, low and flat, and its soil, for the most part, sandy and barren. It is intersected by only a few streams of water, and is never refreshed by a single shower, except during the rainy season, which, for a tropical country, is of short continuance. Even at that period, the fall of rain is by no means copious. At all other seasons, it is exposed to the constant action of a burning sun, from which it is but seldom protected by the covering of a cloud. Notwithstanding, therefore, its being fanned by the east wind charged with humidity from the Indian ocean, the country of the tropical *Caffres* is, for the foregoing reasons, excessively intemperate. Next to the western shores of Africa, lying in the same latitude, it is, perhaps, the hottest region of the globe. Whence is it, then, that the complexion of its wretched inhabitants, exposed as they are to all the inclemency of such fervid skies, is not of a dye proportionably deep? Whence is it that it is so many shades lighter than the complexion of their western neighbours, when, in reality, the difference between the temperature of the two regions is not very considerable? But, more particularly, whence is it that the com-

plexion of the tropical Caffres is so much lighter than that of the Hindoos, the southern Arabs, or the natives of New-Holland, who inhabit unquestionably more temperate regions?—Candid answers to these several interrogatories can never, we think, be reconciled to the principles of that hypothesis which contends, that the human complexion is always of a hue proportioned in darkness to the heat of the climate whose action it sustains. Nor is this hypothesis less seriously jeopardized by the assertion of travellers, that the Caffres, who reside under the  $31^{\circ}$  of south latitude, where the summers are temperate and the winters uniformly accompanied by frost, possess darker complexions than those who sustain the actions of the tropical fires.

Under the present head of our inquiry another very weighty objection to the principles of our author remains to be mentioned. It arises out of the natural history of the people of Abyssinia. That celebrated tract of country, well known to be among the loftiest in Africa, is one of the coolest in the whole extent of the tropical section of that continent. For several months annually, particularly during that season when the sun, from his vertical position, would be most powerful in his action, it is deluged by rains, and, therefore, protected from the solar influence by a covering of clouds. It is also swept, during a great portion of the year, by easterly winds which come cooled and loaded with vapour from the neighbouring Red and Arabian seas. Its climate bears no inconsiderable resemblance to that of the mountainous portion of the equinoxial section of South America. Add to this, that the people of Abyssinia are advanced in civilization, and consequently versed in the arts, and possessed of the comforts, of cultivated life, in a degree far beyond the miserable Caffres, as well as most of the other tribes which inhabit the tropical regions of Africa. Notwithstanding, however, these several circumstances, so eminently calculated to produce a different condition of things, the Abyssinians, if we except the negroes alone, exhibit, we believe, the darkest state of the human complexion. They are, at least, on a level with the darkest nations of the south of Asia. Their colour is many shades deeper than that of the tropical Caffres and Moors, who yet sustain the action of a much more arid and intemperate climate. It need scarcely be added, that such a state of things could

never obtain, were there in nature, any shadow of foundation for the principle of our author which we are endeavouring to subvert.

We confess ourselves not a little surprised, that Dr. Smith has not perceived, and, ingenious as he is, attempted in some way, to obviate the force of the objection to his hypothesis arising out of the depth of the Abyssinian complexion. He has himself acknowledged it to be "of a darker hue" than the complexion of the "southern Arabians." "It is," he says, "a very dark olive, *approaching to black*." His language might have been stronger—he might have pronounced it with truth to be *really black*.

Our author manifests, with a single exception, a perfect knowledge of the geographical position and relations of the country of Abyssinia; and no writer, we believe, has a juster conception of its climate and character. "It lies," he observes, "in the vicinity of the great Indian or Arabian ocean, its face is elevated and mountainous, rising, at a medium, at least, two miles above the level of the sea, and, at this great elevation, covered with clouds, and drenched by almost incessant deluges of rain during one half of the year.—This altitude," he continues, "of the general face of the country in Abyssinia raises it to a region of the atmosphere which is equivalent, in its temperature, to several (he might have said *many*) degrees of northern latitude." To this description of the country he adds, that "the inhabitants are in a state of partial civilization."

We conceive it scarcely possible for any one to state, to the principles of Dr. Smith, an objection more pointed and forcible than he has himself done in the preceding picture of the country of Abyssinia. A large portion of that mountainous region is known to lie considerably to the *northward* of the southern parts of Arabia, from which it is separated only by the Red sea, and the straits of Babelmandel. According to our author's own acknowledgment, the "altitude of Abyssinia is such as to raise it to a region in the atmosphere equivalent, in its temperature, to several degrees of northern latitude." No such elevation, however, marks the province of Yemen, nor indeed any of the southern districts of the Arabian peninsula. That whole country is low (and flat, and, comparatively speaking, experiences but seldom the shelter of a cloud or the refreshment of a shower. Hence, neither the soil nor the atmosphere being charged with a refrigerating moisture,

the inhabitants sustain the full intensity of the tropical heats. As well from its geographical position, then, as from its superior elevation above the level of the sea, Abyssinia, when compared to the south of Arabia, must be considered as situated in a temperate climate. Yet, from Dr. Smith's own acknowledgment, an acknowledgment which we know to be founded in truth, the complexion of the Abyssinians is "of a darker hue than that of the southern Arabians." Nor can it be urged, on the present occasion, that the latter people are, in consequence of a more advanced stage of civilization, better protected than the former from the embrowning influence of the solar rays. Being both in a kind of semibarbarous state, they are to be regarded, in that respect, as nearly on a level. We feel persuaded, that even our author himself must shrink from an attempt to reconcile this statement of facts with the principle so confidently advanced by him, that the depth of the human complexion is proportioned to the heat of the climate it sustains. His own representations amount to satisfactory evidence, that the southern extreme of Arabia, though subject to a higher temperature than the kingdom of Abyssinia, is inhabited by a people of a lighter complexion.

The matter being only of secondary importance to the issue of our question, we forbear to dwell on the geographical mistake committed by Dr. Smith with regard to the relative position of Abyssinia and the southern province of Yemen in Arabia. "We find," says he, "in this alpine region (Abyssinia) and between the ninth and fifteenth degrees from the equator, a race of men resembling the southern Arabians, *only of a darker hue, as they lie nearer the sun*, but extremely dissimilar *from* the negroes of the western coast." On this quotation we shall only remark, that Arabia runs as far to the south as the *twelfth* degree of north latitude, while Abyssinia extends northerly almost to the *twentieth*.—Our author himself represents it as reaching to the *fifteenth*. According, therefore, to his own statement, the Arabians who inhabit the southern extreme of the peninsula are *three* degrees "nearer to the sun" than the most northerly inhabitants of Abyssinia. In reality, however, the difference of latitude between the most southerly point of Arabia and the northern boundary of Abyssinia amounts, at least, to *seven* degrees—the Arabians, therefore, though of the lightest

complexion, are seven degrees "nearest to the sun." We introduce this, not as a leading argument, but as a mere subsidiary fact, tending, in conjunction with others, to demonstrate the frail condition of our author's hypothesis, by an exposure of the errors embodied for its support.

Did the limits of this paper allow us to pursue the present topic of discussion, we could draw from New-Holland, New-Guinea, Borneo, and other islands in the Indian ocean, further instances, equally conclusive with those which have been adduced, in disproof of Dr. Smith's supposed correspondence between the darkness of the human complexion and the temperature of the climate. We flatter ourselves, however, that the facts and arguments already brought forward, will be deemed sufficient for the establishment of our position, that whatever apparent reality there may be in such a correspondence, as applied to a few particular countries, yet, when regarded on a more extensive scale, and considered in the light of a general principle, it is utterly unfounded.

C.

*(To be continued.)*

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**PATRONAGE**, a novel. By Maria Edgeworth, author of "Tales of Fashionable Life," "Belinda," "Leonora," &c. Moses Thomas, Philadelphia. 3 vols.

WITH the question, "Whether that species of composition called novels be, in general, noxious or beneficial to society," it fares precisely as it does with some of still greater importance. The majority of votes, and the inclinations of the many are one side, and the opinions of the more grave, wise, and moral, on the other. Until truth and sound sense, however, shall be able to obtain a complete ascendancy over superior numbers by some other law than physical force, and some more rational mode of decision than reckoning by the poll, novels, even of the meanest order, will be read, and, continuing to be read, will continue to be written. But this consideration, far from affording a pretext to the moral essayist and public critic for entirely abandoning the cause of truth, and deserting their duty to society on so very important a topic, ought to operate as a more urgent and imperious motive to



their exertions, and suggest to them the expediency of diminishing, by all means in their power, the mischief they are unable to entirely prevent; and of endeavouring, since they cannot arrest its progress, to divert its course into those channels where it will be likely to be least pernicious.

To be left no choice but between a greater and a lesser evil, is one of the most perplexing situations to which human patience can be exposed. Yet such is the state of the critic, when it becomes his business to introduce to public attention the far greater number of modern novels. Conscious that any attempt to overcome the predilections of his readers by an appeal to their reason would be fruitless, he is compelled either to resign them, without aid or guide, to their own head-strong will, or to temporise with their wayward prejudices; to make a composition between their passionate fondness and their prudence; and since he cannot dissuade them from swallowing the poison, to administer along with it the best antidote his ingenuity can devise. Indeed, few things can be conceived more irksome than the task of the critic in such cases—a task, often painful in a two-fold way—in the regret of seeming, even by a salutary modification, to sanction that from which his conscientious principles must revolt, and which his candour and judgment must condemn—and in the drudgery of perusing such worthless productions.

Perhaps a greater burlesque (satire would be too respectable a term for it) upon the folly of modern times, could not be presented to a serious thinking mind than the catalogue of a London circulating library, accompanied with a circumstantial explanatory history of each article of its contents. What worse than inquisitorial cruelty and injustice was the scrutiny of Don Quixotte's library, and the condemnation of his volumes of Knight Errantry to the flames, while such trash as these remain unburned! Could the curate and barber have formed a conception of such squalid, monstrous productions of the human mind, as for some years past have delighted the gentry who read the English language, they would have exclaimed in the sense, though not in the very words of Lear—"Not being the worst, stands in some rank of praise," and restored his books again to the worthy knight of La Mancha. What Briton, or what American, having the slightest pretensions to taste, or pos-

possessing in his bosom a spark of national pride, can, without sorrow and disgust, contemplate the myriads that issue from the presses of London, or cast an eye along our own *once* sober streets, where *now* every hand, not employed in the hard drudgery of commerce, is loaded with the lumber of the circulating library, and servants, black and white, nursery maids, young ladies—alas! old ones too, if they would allow themselves to be called so, are seen flitting impatiently along with half-bound volumes stuffed with impossible adventure, with fulsome tautologous love, and with insipid monotonous nonsense. Indeed the leading characteristics of this whole family of novels are sameness and insipidity:—insipidity which the readers of our day not merely endure with patience, but seem vastly to admire:—a sorry diagnostic, by the by; since, as one of the most wise and enlightened of mankind has assured us, “that which we once admire we very quickly resemble.”

While we thus freely declare what our sentiments dictate respecting the great compound mass of the novel-shop, not only candour, but a sense of justice and strong inclination impel us to mark with approbation, no less distinct and decided, some exceptions, which do honour to the genius and literature of our language. Few they are indeed, but still of a quality to afford relief to the mind wearied with dwelling on “the palpable obscure” that surrounds them. *Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto*. Such are the works of the Burney family—of Mrs. Opie, and a few more illustrious females, who, though far from faultless, deserve and possess a high reputation;—and such, above all, are the admirable productions of Miss Edgeworth, who, in all the varied excellences of this class of composition, stands next to those great originals—those giant novelists, whom we shall hope to see equalled, only when we see a dramatic poet arise to stand in successful competition with Shakspeare—we mean Fielding, Smollet, and Goldsmith.

Unconquerable as is the general reluctance we feel to the critical perusal, or indeed to any perusal at all of such novels as we have glanced at, we feel rather cheered than oppressed by the review of this admirable lady's productions. No author that we know of, with the exception of those just mentioned, has display-

ed such an extraordinary mixture of genius with common sense—of invention with judgment—of general and intimate knowledge of our species in all its classes and conditions, with the most perfect refinement and polish of high life—of speculative moral philosophy with the prudentials of practical life, as Miss Edgeworth has. This is amply evinced in all her productions, though in some less than in others. Drawing all her conceptions from the very fountain head of pure experimental moral philosophy, she has perceived that in human actions, and in the consequent fortunes of men, creeds and opinions are, much oftener than facts and realities, the efficient causes of conduct—and, like a brilliant, but unfortunately not pure predecessor,\* she has adopted the sentence of a wise man of antiquity: “Men are disturbed not by things, but by their opinions respecting them;”† and therefore aims at the correction of opinions, and above all, the opinions of those who move in the highest ranks of society, because from them they trickle down to those beneath with all the force of superior example and authority. A studious investigation of her labours will show, that the extinction of those illusory theories of happiness which misguide mankind, and lead to disappointment and misery, is generally her main object; and that in accomplishing this, she seems to be much less studious of constructing a complicated story than sedulous to investigate the latent motives of the heart, and to develop and illustrate character.

In the novel before us, her object is to show the pernicious effects of ambition on the happiness of individuals—and for that purpose she presents us with a two-fold picture of that passion. The one in its vulgar, sordid exertions—the other in its lofty views and dignified aspirings. The whole forming an assemblage sufficiently awful and loathsome, to deter the boldest and to disgust the meanest of mankind, if not utterly bereft of common sense, from treading in such thorny paths. She has given us the portrait of a nobleman, who, possessed of rank to satisfy any reasonable ambition, and fortune to gratify common avarice—of vigorous intellect, of great high-mindedness—and blessed with every exter-

\* Sterne.

† Ταράσσει τις Αιθερίας ου Τα Πράγματα, αλλά Τα Πέρα Των Πράγματων Δογμάτα.

nal circumstance conducive to worldly happiness, at the instigation of an insatiate thirst for power, sacrifices all those blessings, and leads a life of intense labour and anxiety, of heart-burning jealousy and turmoil, undergoing days of pain, and restless nights, merely to indulge the perverse ambition of being the leading efficient minister of the crown. She exhibits him as possessed of all the qualities requisite to win his way by intrigue, or to force it by decisive resolution—to overawe men into compliance without a violation of manners, or to make them willing proselytes to his purpose, without the slightest departure, even by a look or a smile, from his own dignity. She describes him as making the herd of sycophants, *of every rank*, about him, the obedient servitors of his will, the pliant instruments of his purpose—even the depositories of his secret concerns, so far as is necessary to those purposes; but without ever relaxing into the most distant familiarity, or even for a moment allowing their imaginations to diminish the distance between them and their patron:—But she makes him, in the end, the victim of their perfidy, and so entangles him with his own machinery, that he retires from power in disgust, carrying with him, however, his character and dignity unimpaired. At last she brings him to a sense of the irreparable loss he has sustained by the misapplication of his past time—and to the adoption (though late) of that simple, independent mode of existence, by his departure from which he had forfeited all the sweets that fortune and natural endowments had originally placed at his disposal. Such is lord Oldborough, in whose portrait we perceive many features so strongly resembling corresponding traits in the character of Mr. Pitt, that one would think the latter had sate to Miss Edgeworth for the picture.

In a subordinate rank we find one of his lordship's creatures still more violently than himself stimulated by ambition—but ambition of a mean and grovelling kind; mingled, as is ever the case, with more arrogance, but without a spark of the exalted spirit, or a lineament of the native dignity which distinguish his lordship; aiming at office for himself and his family, but rather for the wealth and parade annexed to it, than for generous consequence; and seeking it by the most abject abasement. By various stratagems, which are perfectly well understood by the minister, he worms himself and his sons, who are just worthy of such a father,

into the patronage of that nobleman, under whose auspices they rise to high office; and then, repaying him with perfidy, contribute to his fall, and, at last, sink themselves to ruin. Such is commissioner Falconer, who may be viewed as little better than a more tempered, and therefore a more natural picture of state sycophancy than Macklin's sir Pertinax.

In order to convey to such of our readers as have not immediate access to the novel itself, a more lively idea of the portrait painting of our fair author, we beg leave to offer them a few extracts:

Early in the ensuing week Mr. Percy went to pay his visit of civility, and Mr. Falconer his visit of policy, to lord Oldborough. His lordship was so much altered, that it was with difficulty Mr. Percy recollected in him any traces of the same person. The lord Oldborough he had formerly known was gay, gallant, and rather dissipated, of a frank, joyous air and manner. The lord Oldborough, whom he now saw, was a serious, reserved-looking personage, with a face, in which the lines of thought and care were deeply marked; large eye-brows, vigilant eyes, with an expression of ability and decision in his whole countenance, but not of tranquillity, or of happiness. His manner was well bred, but rather cold and formal; his conversation circumspect, calculated to draw forth the opinions, and profit by the information of others, rather than to assert or display his own. He seemed to converse, to think, to live, not with any enjoyment of the present, but with a view to some future object, about which he was constantly anxious.

Mr. Percy and Mr. Falconer both observed lord Oldborough attentively during this visit: Mr. Percy studied him with philosophical curiosity, to discover what changes had been made in his lordship's character by the operation of ambition, and to determine how far that passion had contributed to his happiness;—Mr. Falconer studied him with the interested eye of a man of the world, eager to discern what advantage could be made by ministering to that ambition, and to decide whether there was about his lordship the making of a good patron.

There was, he thought, the right twist, if he had but skill to follow, and humour it in the working; but this was a task of much nicety. Lord Oldborough appeared to be aware of the commissioner's views, and was not disposed to burden himself with new *friends*. It seemed easy to go to a certain point with his lordship, but impossible to get further; easy to obtain his attention, but scarcely possible to gain his confidence.

Left alone with Mr. Percy, lord Oldborough looked less reserved; for he plainly saw—indeed Mr. Percy plainly showed, that he had nothing to ask from the great man, but that he came only to see his friend.

"Many years since we met, Mr. Percy," said his lordship, sitting down and placing his chair for the first time, without considering whether his face or his back were to the light—"A great many years since we met, Mr. Percy. And yet, I should not think so from your appearance; you do not look as if—shall I say it?—five and twenty years had passed since that time. But you have been leading an easy life in the country—the happiest life—I envy you."

Mr. Percy, thinking that these were words of course, the mere polite *cant* of a courtier to a country-gentleman, smiled, and replied, that few, who were acquainted with their different situations in the world, would imagine that Mr. Percy could be an object of envy to lord Oldborough, a statesman at the summit of favour and fortune.

"Not the summit," said lord Oldborough, sighing—"and if I were even at the summit, it is, you know, a dangerous situation. Fortune's wheel never stands still—the highest point therefore the most perilous." His lordship sighed again as deeply as before. Then spoke, or rather led to the subject of general politics, of which Mr. Percy gave his opinions with freedom and openness, yet without ever forgetting the respect due to lord Oldborough's situation. His lordship seemed sensible of this attention, sometimes nodded, and sometimes smiled, as Mr. Percy spoke of public men or measures; but when he expressed any sentiment of patriotism, or of public virtue, lord Oldborough took to his snuff-box, shook and levelled the snuff, and if he listened, listened as to words superfluous and irrelevant. When Mr. Percy uttered any principle favourable to the liberty of the press, or of the people, his lordship would take several pinches of snuff rapidly to hide the expression of his countenance; if the topics were continued, his averted eyes and compressed lips showed disapprobation, and the difficulty he felt in refraining from reply. From reply, however, he did absolutely refrain; and after a pause of a few moments, with a smile, in a softer and lower voice than his usual tone, he asked Mr. Percy some questions about his family, and turned the conversation again to domestic affairs;—expressed surprise, that a man of Mr. Percy's talents should live in such absolute retirement, and seeming to forget what he had said himself but half an hour before, of the pains and dangers of ambition, and all that Mr. Percy had said of his love of domestic life, appeared to take it for granted, that Mr. Percy would be glad to shine in public, if opportunity were not wanting. Upon this supposition, his lordship dexterously pointed out ways by which he might *distinguish* himself; threw out assurances of his own good wishes, compliments to his talents, and, in short, sounded his heart, still expecting to find corruption or ambition at the bottom. But none was to be found—lord Oldborough was convinced of it—and surprised. Perhaps his esteem for Mr. Percy's understanding fell some degrees—he considered him as an eccentric person, acting from unaccountable motives. But still he respected him as that rarest of all things in a politician's eye—a really honest independent man. He believed

also that Mr. Percy had some regard for him; and whatever portion it might be, it was valuable and extraordinary—for it was disinterested;—besides, they could never cross in their objects—and as Mr. Percy lived out of the world, and had no connexion with any party, he was a perfectly safe man. All these thoughts acted so powerfully on lord Oldborough, that he threw aside his reserve, in a manner which would have astonished and delighted Mr. Falconer. Mr. Percy was astonished, but not delighted—he saw a noble mind corroded and debased by ambition—virtuous principle, generous feeling, stifled—a powerful, capacious understanding distorted beyond recovery—a soul, once expatiating, and full of high thoughts, now confined to a span—bent down to low concerns—imprisoned in the precincts of a court.

“You pity me,” said lord Oldborough, who seemed to understand Mr. Percy’s thoughts—“you pity me—I pity myself.—But such is ambition, and I cannot live without it—once and always its slave.”

“A person of such a strong mind as lord Oldborough could emancipate himself from any slavery—even that of habit.”

“Yes, if he wished to break through it—but he does not.”

“Can he have utterly——”

“Lost his taste for freedom? you would say—Yes—utterly—I see you pity me,” said his lordship, with a bitter smile—“and,” added he, rising proudly, “I am unused to be pitied, and I am awkward, I fear, under the obligation.” Resuming his friendly aspect, however, in a moment or two, he followed Mr. Percy, who had turned to examine a fine picture.

Mr. Percy followed his lordship’s lead immediately to Italy, to France, to Paris, and talking over old times and youthful days, the conversation grew gay and familiar. Lord Oldborough seemed enlivened and pleased, and yet, as if it was a reminiscence of a former state of existence, he often repeated—“Ah! those were young days—very young—I was a boy then—quite a boy.” At last Mr. Percy touched upon love and women, and, by accident, mentioned an Italian lady whom they had known abroad. A flash of pale anger, almost of phrenzy, passed across lord Oldborough’s countenance, he turned short, darted full on Mr. Percy a penetrating, imperious, interrogative look. Answered by the innocence, the steady openness of Mr. Percy’s countenance, lord Oldborough grew red instantly—and, conscious of his unusual change of colour, stood actually abashed. A moment afterwards, commanding his agitation, he forced his whole person to an air of tranquillity—took up the red book which lay upon his table—walked deliberately to a window, and, looking earnestly through his glass, asked if Mr. Percy could recollect who was member for some borough in the neighbourhood? The conversation after this languished; and though some efforts were made, it never recovered the tone of ease and confidence. Both parties felt relieved from an indefinable sort of constraint by the return of the gentlemen. Mr. Falconer begged Mr. Percy to go and look at a carriage of a new construc-

tion, which the colonel had just brought from town; and the colonel accompanying Mr. Percy, the stage was thus left clear for the commissioner to open his business about M. de Tourville's packet. He did it with so much address, and with so little circumlocution, that lord Oldborough immediately comprehended how important the papers might be to him, and how necessary it was to secure the decipherer. When Mr. Percy returned, he found the commissioner and his lordship in earnest and seeming confidential conversation. Both Mr. Falconer and Mr. Percy were now pressed to stay to dine and to sleep at Clermont-Park; an invitation which Mr. Percy declined, but which the commissioner accepted.

Opposed to those, in respect to character, is Mr. Percy, a gentleman of considerable fortune, and of a spirit and moral habits fitted to reflect lustre on the highest rank and fortune. He is related to Mr. Falconer, and was early in life the intimate of lord Oldborough, from whom, however, a dissimilarity of pursuits, and a total discrepance of principle, has long separated him without interrupting their friendship. He brings up his sons in his own principles, imparts to them his own habits, and imbues them with his own contempt of patronage, and abhorrence of political craft and dependance. After bestowing on them the best education, he leaves to themselves the choice of a profession. One becomes a lawyer, the second a physician, and a third enters the army. Instead of crawling, like Falconer, by base devices, into the patronage of lord Oldborough, Mr. Percy inflexibly resists every overture on the part of his lordship, to enter into political life. And, even when, by a train of inauspicious accidents, he has lost his property, and is hurried to a jail, he maintains inviolate his dignity and his independence.

Perhaps more art or ingenuity has never, since the days of Fielding, been displayed by any writer of fictitious history, than by Miss Edgeworth, in conducting her fable through a multiplicity of incidents, all perfectly natural and level with the affairs of life, to the completion of her great moral deduction. By a series of events, in which the designs of the parties have little agency, and their power no control, the sons of Mr. Percy, in the honourable prosecution of their professional duties, recommend themselves to the attention and respect of lord Oldborough, and render him important and honourable services—and without favour, place, or pension, or any thing but their fair claim to the *quantum meruit*



due to independent gentlemen of profession, they rise to opulence and dignity, while, in an exactly co-ordinate process, the slavish Falconers sink into poverty and disgrace. Mr. Percy, after refusing a choice of offices tendered by his lordship, because incompatible with his principles, recovers his estate, and lives in his original grandeur and independence. Our readers will better enter into the conception of the character of the Percy's family, by reading the following dialogue, which takes place when lord Oldborough urges Mr. Percy to accept of some lucrative office:

"Look over the list of these men. In some one of these places of trust, give me a person in whom I can confide, a friend to me and to your country. Look over that list now in your hand, and put your finger upon any thing that will suit you."

"I thank you, my lord," said Mr. Percy, "I feel the value of your good opinion, and true gratitude for the warmth of your friendship, but I cannot accept of any office under your administration. Our political principles differ as much, as our private sentiments of honour agree. And these sentiments will, I trust, make you approve of what I now say—and do."

"But there are places, there are situations, which you might accept, where your political opinions and mine could never clash. It is an extraordinary thing for a minister to press a gentleman to accept of a place, unless he expects more in return than what he gives. But come, I must have Mr. Percy one of us. You have never tried ambition yet," added lord Oldborough, with a smile. "Trust me, you would find ambition has its pleasures, its proud moments, when a man feels that he has his foot on the neck of his enemies."

Lord Oldborough stood, as if he felt this pride at the instant. "You do not know the charms of ambition, Mr. Percy."

"It may be delightful to feel one's foot on the neck of one's enemies, but for my part, I rather prefer having no enemies."

"No enemies," said lord Oldborough—"Every man that has character enough to make friends, has character enough to make enemies—and must have enemies—if not of his power or place, of his talents and property—the sphere lower, the passion's the same. No enemies! What is he, who has been at law with you, and has robbed you of your estate?"

"I forgot him—upon my word I forgot him," said Mr. Percy. "You see, my lord, if he robbed me of my estate, he did not rob me of my peace of mind. Does your lordship think," said Mr. Percy, smiling, "that any ambitious man, deprived of his place, could say as much?"

"When I can tell you that from my own experience, you shall know," said lord Oldborough, replying in the same tone; "but, thanks to your dis-

covery, there seems to be little chance, at present, of my being competent to answer that question. But to business, we are wasting life."

Every word or action that did not tend to a political purpose, appeared to lord Oldborough to be a waste of life.

"Your ultimatum? Can you be one of us?"

"Impossible, my lord. Pardon me if I say, that the nearer the view your confidence permits me to take of the workings of your powerful mind, and of the pains and penalties of your exalted situation, the more clearly I feel, that ambition is not for me, that my happiness lies in another line."

"Enough—I have done—the subject is at rest between us forever." A cloud, followed instantaneously by a strong radiance of pleasure, passed across lord Oldborough's countenance, while he pronounced, as if speaking to himself, the words,

"Singular obstinacy! Admirable consistency! And I too am consistent, my dear sir," said he, sitting down at the table. "Now for business! but I am deprived of my right hand." He rang, and desired his secretary, Mr. Temple, to be sent to him. Mr. Percy rose to take leave, but lord Oldborough would not permit him to go. "I can have no secrets for you, Mr. Percy."

Again:

"I took it for granted, that the commissioner was entirely in your lordship's confidence."

"I thought you were too good a philosopher, to take any thing for granted, Mr. Percy. Consider, if you please, that I am in a situation where I must have tools, and use them, as long as I can make them serviceable to my purposes. Sir, I am not a missionary but a minister. I must work with men, and upon men, such as I find them. I am not a chemist, to analyse and purify the gold. I make no objection to that alloy, which I am told is necessary, and fits it for being moulded to my purposes. But here comes the ductile commissioner."

Lord Oldborough began to talk to him of the borough, without any mercy for his curiosity, and without any attempt to evade the various dexterous pushes he made, to discover the business which had this morning occupied his lordship. Mr. Percy was surprised, in the course of this day, to see the manner in which the commissioner, a gentleman well-born, of originally independent fortune and station, humbled and abased himself to a patron. Mr. Falconer had contracted a certain cringing servility of manner, which completely altered his whole appearance, and which quite prevented him even from looking like a gentleman. It was his principle never to contradict a great man, never to give him any sort of pain; and his idea of the deference due to rank, and of the danger of losing favour by giving offence,

was carried so far, that not only his attitude and language, but his whole mind seemed to be new modified. He had not the free use of his faculties. He seemed really so to subdue and submit his powers, that his understanding was annihilated. Mr. Percy was astonished at the change in his cousin; the commissioner was equally surprised, nay, actually astonished, by Mr. Percy's freedom and boldness. "Good Heavens! how can you speak in this manner?" said Mr. Falconer, as they were going down stairs together, after parting with lord Oldborough. "And why not? I have nothing to fear or to hope, nothing to gain or to lose. Lord Oldborough can give me nothing that I would accept, but his esteem, and that I am sure of never losing."

Heigho! If I had your favour with my lord, what I would make of it! thought the commissioner, as he stepped into his chariot. Mr. Percy mounted his horse, and rode back to his humble home, glad to have done his friend lord Oldborough a service, still more glad that he was not bound to the minister by any of the chains of political dependance.

Though in the contrivance of her schemes, Miss Edgeworth renders all other parts subordinate to her great moral purpose, she never fails to evince that she possesses, in an eminent degree, the power to move the feelings and passions at her will. Indeed she possesses more of it than any contemporary writer, but she makes a more temperate use of it. She understands as well as any one how to make an advantageous distribution of the virtues and vices, the foibles and accomplishments, among the characters necessary to the conduct of her plot, without overdoing any of them. By a few natural strokes she sketches her portraits with force and precision, and makes her heroes and heroines sufficiently excellent, and her disturbers of happiness sufficiently odious, without making up her dramatis personæ of angels or of devils. The ladies of Mr. Percy's family partake of the virtues of their father, while the children of Mr. Falconer are the inheritors of their parent's vices; yet on both sides the characters are so finely discriminated, that though those of the one family are all good, they are all sufficiently unlike; and though the others are all bad, they bear no further resemblance to each other. Unlike the general race of novel-writers, not only whose individual character, but whose whole works, plots, incidents, and denouements, all so nearly resemble each other, that in any two of them there is hardly discriminative matter enough to enable the shrewdest critic to characterise their contents, or to mark the distinction between them.

As to love, which constitutes the basis, and is the principal spring of action in the compositions of other authors, in Miss Edgeworth it is evidently introduced only as an accessory; but it is managed with great delicacy and truth, being rather elicited from circumstances than ostentatiously professed—and never outrages probability, nor trespasses upon the modesty of real life. Her heroines are neither introduced into impossible dangers, nor relieved by improbable escapes; nor are they ever betrayed by some sly Tarquin into fictitious personal struggles, and gross critical situations, in which the licentiousness inseparable from such descriptions, presents to the young mind a variety of indelicate suggestions that never would have entered there, and must either suffuse the cheek of virtue with a painful blush, or else cast a permanent cloud upon the purity of the virgin bosom.

Of the merit of this work it might, perhaps, be sufficient to say, that critics in Great Britain, who systematically oppose each other in opinion, unite in this one instance; and that the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews concur in warm encomiums on PATRONAGE.

We wish that, in conclusion of this article, it was in our power, consistently with a candid discharge of our duty to leave the encomiums which we have, with a conviction of their justice, pronounced upon this work, and upon Miss Edgeworth's talents in general, unalloyed by disapprobation. But errors, which in inferior writers would scarcely be worth the notice of criticism, when they issue to the world, sanctioned with such authority as her name, will unquestionably acquire circulation, and do mischief, because they will be imitated. The constant introduction of French phrases, are, even in the herd of vain and ignorant authors scarcely tolerable, but in this lady are highly censurable. We know it is the fashion—we know it pollutes the correspondence of British officers of high diplomatic trust on the continent of Europe. We can trace it in the letters of sir Charles Stewart, and lord Cathcart; and it may do well enough for those persons, and for Solomon Grundy in the farce; because, though *high* men, they are not great men:—but we cannot find a single instance of it in lord Wellington's correspondence, because he is truly great. We are really sorry to perceive even a faint trace of the diminutive-

ness of fashion in such a person as Miss Edgeworth. Is the English language so barren, and the French so copious, that an excellent English scholar is compelled to resort to the latter for want of words in the former to express her thoughts? We would ask. What occult meaning, or nice shade of thought, lurks under the French words, "*simagrec*," "*galeres de bel-esprit*," "*exigeanse*," &c. that a school-boy, tolerably versed in the elements of English, might not express with as great force and felicity in that language as they can be expressed in the French? Certainly none!

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## ON VEGETABLE LIFE.

(Continued from page 74.)

ON the subject of vegetable life, it was our intention to have subjoined a few observations, corroborative of the general views of our correspondent. On more matured reflexion, however, we deem such a measure superfluous and unnecessary. To those who may carefully and attentively examine them, the arguments of our correspondent will appear, we think, conclusive of the opinions he maintains. Of the laws of life in general, as far as they have been hitherto developed, he possesses a most accurate and intimate knowledge. His application of them, too, in elucidation of the various topics on which he touches, is, in a high degree, ingenious and able.

On the whole, we have no hesitation in pronouncing, as our opinion, that, in relation to vegetable life, our correspondent's two papers (published in the present and last number of *The Port Folio*) are, for condensation of matter, correctness of principle, and force of argument, superior to any thing we have read in the English language. We believe them to be unequalled in any language. ED.

VEGETABLES, then, like animals, consist of parts organised into one whole; each part being connected with and acting in conjunction with the others. The parts are, first, solid, inextensible, incontractile, not obeying stimulus, as the woody fibre, and the external cortical fibre. Secondly, parts put in motion by stimuli, natural or artificial, as the vascular system of the plant. Thirdly, parts solid, not vascular, also extensible, con-

tractile, and obedient to stimuli, natural and artificial, as the irritable fibres at the footstalks of leaves, and in the leaves themselves, as in mimosa. Fourthly, parts neither quite solid or fluid, but soft and yielding as the pith, obedient to natural and perhaps to artificial stimuli; this part being supposed by many, to be peculiarly the seat of irritability.

Vegetables are provided with vessels, by which other substances (principally dead animal and vegetable) are taken in, either mixed or dissolved in fluids, and decomposed. Thus, the roots of the beet, the rhubarb, and the gentian, may search for food in the same soil, and in the immediate vicinity of each other, but when the juices are delivered by the root vessels to the sap vessels, they will have very different properties, not only from each other, in these three plants, but from the fluids originally exposed to the action of the roots. This change cannot be accounted for from chemical or mechanical action. So of the sugar-maple and the walnut; the white oak, the black oak, the hickory and the pine. These may, and do grow in the neighbourhood of each other. The same juices are received by the roots of each, but the same juices are not delivered by the roots to their respective sap vessels. So the sap vessels convey the sap to the internal parts of the tree, where the vegetable glands, according to their respective vital actions, produce a saccharine juice in the maple and hickory, and a resinous fluid in the pine. In like manner, whatever be the soil in which a sugar-maple may be planted, the sap in the spring will be saccharine: plant a pitch-pine or hemlock in the same soil, whatever may be the nature of the juices which the soil contains; the ascending and descending fluid will be resinous. Plants, therefore, in their roots, and in the whole series of their vessels, assimilate like animals the food they receive; modified invariably in like manner, according to their respective organizations, and the purposes which Nature requires them to answer.

The food thus taken in from the soil, is converted into earth, alkali, acid, mucilage, gluten, farina, sugar, honey, wax, oil, resin, &c. in a manner which no chemical or mechanical explanation can account for; and which can be referred to the vital action of organization alone, exerted in a glandular system.

So in vegetables as in animals, there is a momentary, never-ceasing change of particles, whereof the vegetable is composed, that gives no time for chemical or mechanical action to exert itself in decompositions: old particles are excreted, new ones replace them, until, according to the laws of vegetation established for each vegetable, the vital action gradually grows weaker, and the plant, like the animal, dies through defective excitability, of natural decay. Hence identity can be no more predicated of the materials whereof a plant is composed, than an animal.

Hence also chemistry can throw no light on the theory of vegetation by the analysis of vegetable substances separated from the living vegetable; it is here as in the case of chemistry applied to animals, nothing but the *analyse cadaverique*.

Vegetables, like animals, have an apparatus by which light as well as the atmospheric and other gasses, are taken in, and decomposed: part converted into nutriment for the plant itself, by the separation of carbon and hydrogen, and part converted into nutriment to the excitability of the vegetable fibre. This apparatus is found in the leaves of plants, which are truly and strictly the bronchial vessels and lungs of the vegetable. The sap thus acted on by air and light returns, to form new parts, by depositing the prepared and assimilated nutriment.

Vegetables, like animals, are provided with an apparatus of organs and vessels, by means whereof the male and the female cooperating, can reproduce a similar vegetable. This process is performed, as in many animals, by the approximation of the organs; the anthers of the stamina, by an orgasm similar to that which takes place in animals, ejecting on the stigma, the pollen or farina *foecundans*. In other cases, the pollen is brought to the stigma by currents of air, or by the feet and wings of insects. This operation is not merely analogous, but similar to that which takes place in many classes of animals. The experiments and observations of Spalanzani on this subject, demonstrating the non-necessity of intromission, will place this similarity beyond reasonable doubt.

When this has taken place, the ovum in the ovary of the plant, receives the fecundating stimulus conveyed by the

stigma: for I do not apprehend, it is ascertained that the pollen itself is conveyed: the same obscurity existing here as in the case of human impregnation. It lives: it grows and increases in size, from the juices of the earth taken up by the roots, digested by the plant, converted into nutriment, and conveyed to its appropriate destination by the distributory vessels. This nutriment will be different in the vessels, for instance, of the gramina that grow under the oak, the hemlock, or the maple, from that contained in the vessels of those trees; although derived from the very same fluids of the soil, which they make use of for their respective purposes of nourishment and growth. This vegetable ovum, in many cases, affords nutriment analogous to the albumen and the vitellum of the animal ovum: the cotyledons are the egg. When the ovum is ripe to separate from the parent stock, an escar is left, as in the animal ovaria; *Hilum*. Plants, however, like animals, are not exclusively oviparous. They are oviparous by seeds, viviparous by buds. In animals, anomalies of reproduction sometimes take place, as in the offspring between the horse and the ass, and the ass and the mare. The Jomello, or Jumach, I consider as doubtful. The free-martin belongs to this class. Similar anomalies take place in vegetables. Thus we have as mules, or hybrids, the *Antirrhinum limaria*, Toad-flax: *Urtica alienata*: *Sibthorpia Europæa*: *Parietaria*: *Veronica hybrida*, &c. Living vegetables, are possessed of various properties, as the result of their respective organizations, varying in degree and intensity, with the varieties of organization more or less complicated and elaborate. The aggregate of these properties constitutes vegetable-life. These properties may be considered as consisting of irritability, contractility, extensibility, loco-motion, and *perhaps* (for further we dare not go) sensibility and voluntariness. All these will be considered presently, as well as the question whether vegetable motions are in any case produced by excitement *ab intra*.

Vegetables are liable to disease, and in consequence to death. Among their diseases a frequent one, is a premature defect of excitability from want of tone in the system: this is the case in all plants weakened by want of nutriment, or exhausted by excess of excitement. In these cases, the plant becomes the



prey of parasite animals and vegetables. I call the reader's attention to the curl in potatoes, to the smut in wheat (*ergot*) to the mildew, to the moss on old trees, to the morbid protuberances on oaks, to the honey dew, to the depredations of the caterpillar, the aphid, or puceron, and in our own country, particularly, the hessian fly. Twenty years ago, before plaster and clover were common, the hessian fly overran the country: why? because the wheat was feeble in the fall of the year, from poverty in the soil—from unskilful husbandry. How seldom do we hear of it now? The remedy is good tillage and good manuring: that is, as in animals, tonics and stimuli give vigour to healthy action, so that the life of the plant shall overpower the attacks of the parasite.

In like manner in vegetables, sphacelation, mortification, and sloughing take place. Where the action of the living parts is not vigorous enough to throw off the sphacelated and morbid portion, health is restored by the use of the knife, or cautery, as in animals. This is the foundation, as Dr. Smith well remarks, of much of Mr. Forsyth's practice in the management of fruit trees. I have already observed that animals die, not only of disease, but by gradual decay, that is, by defect of excitability, the wearing out of vital power, and the lignification of the vascular system. They die also like animals, by over stimulus, and by mechanical lesion.

When vegetables are subjected to destructive distillation, they are converted into acid liquor, empyreumatic oil, carbon and carburetted hydrogen, and alkali. The earths and neutral salts are occasional and extraneous. There is no difference between animal and vegetable products when analysed by fire, except that the former furnishes more ammonia, and the latter more acid. Even this distinguishing mark is obliterated in many of the fungi, the caoutchouc, the papaw, and in the combustion of vegetable gluten, which manifestly gives out animal odour.

I have omitted the analogies arising from the ingrafting or lateral junction of Polypi, and the ingrafting of trees—from the perspiration of plants—from the structure of the epidermis in animals, and the cuticle or epidermis in vegetables, which, in each class of beings, is sometimes thin, as in the eye, and in a

flower, sometimes thick, as in the rhinoceros, and the plane tree. Nor do I dwell on the analogy between the rete mucosum and the cellular envelop, or herbaceous tissue; or on the analogies of the true skin. These, with some that I must omit entirely, though strongly bearing on the subject, as well as others cautiously to be dilated on, will occur to the scientific reader, without being urged at great length here.

I proceed, then to the consideration of the vital properties and functions of plants.

*Irritability.* This is shown,

First—By the motion of the sap. This cannot be ascribed to capillary attraction, for capillary attraction is never exerted to such a height as the ascent of sap in the sap vessels: nor does capillary attraction take place at all in a dead vegetable. It is not owing to the rise of the fluids by the attraction of heat. For the sap vessels arise from the internal part of the tree, from the alburnum and the centre near the pith. Also, the sap runs freest in the spring, before the leaves put out. Also, heat cannot facilitate the rapidity of its descent on mechanical principles.

To what power is it then to be attributed? To the same power as in animals. When a particle of fluid stimulates the interior of the containing vessel, the tube contracts and squeezes forward the particle by its action. We know this is the only method of accounting for the phenomenon in animals, and let those who can account otherwise for it in vegetables, do so. Again: the sap will not flow if there be a sudden transition from moderate temperature to cold, for the gentle stimulus of warmth is taken away. It is true the sap flows most in those months when the weather is liable to become cold, as in spring and autumn: that is, because the sap is not needed till the leaves put forth, nor after they have died and fallen. In summer it is used up by the foliage of the vegetable.

Secondly—Place a seed in the earth any how: the root will shoot downward, the plume will rise. So if it be put in a basket, and as it grows, the basket is gradually turned round, the radicle and the plumule will endeavour, at great inconvenience, to occupy their natural situations.

Thirdly---Irritate with a bodkin the vegetable fibres inside the filaments of the Berberry, or at the footstalk of the leaves and leaflets of the sensitive and some other plants: the fibres will contract, and move the leaf by their contraction. Presently they will relax. They can be again and again thus irritated, till the fibres become exhausted of their excitability by the exertion. There is no other language but this that will apply to the phenomenon.

Fourthly---The following experiments appear to me to afford decisive evidences of this property. The Balsamum impatiens, was killed by M. Cavallo by electric shocks and sparks, too slight to injure any part of the organization. Von Usler took a plant of Euphorbia, which, on being wounded, bled plentifully as usual: he killed it by electric shock; it bled no more. In Dr. T. E. Smith's discourse on the irritability of vegetables, the following experiment is related. In the natural state of the Berberry, when the flower is expanded, the stamina lie upon the petals, under whose concave summit the anthers are sheltered, and in this situation are rigid. But on touching the inside of the filament near its base, with a bristle, the stamen bends upwards towards the stigma, and sheds its pollen.

Fifthly---During germination the starch (farina) is converted into sugar. This is also the common process of malting. This effect cannot take place if the seed be dead. When dead, the usual process of malting will only aid its putrefaction. How can this conversion be conceived to happen, unless the vessels wherein the process takes place, be allowed to possess irritability, so as to act by vital power in producing this absorption of oxygen and elimination of carbon? Expose starch to air and to moisture as long as you please, it will putrify. Moisten a parcel of dead seeds for thirty-six hours, they will putrify. Subject a living seed to the same operation, it germinates, saccharine matter is formed out of the farina, and a new substance produced.

Sixthly---For further illustrations, I refer to my proofs of voluntarity.

*Contractility. Extensibility.* If irritability be proved, contractility also is: for the effect of irritation in plants, so far as I know, is contraction: and indeed, excepting the cases of the iris

and the corpus cavernosum,\* it is so in animals. When the contraction is over, the part irritated returns to its former situation. As to extensibility, when the tendril of a vine can find no support, it is contorted into a spiral form; but when a support is placed within its reach, it no longer bends spirally upon its own stem, but extends toward the support. The tumours of plants, like the tumours of animals, are proofs of similar properties belonging to the animal and vegetable fibre.

*Loco-motion.* It is granted that this cannot be asserted of the whole vegetable, but only of its parts. Perhaps it would be difficult to prove a higher degree of loco-motive power in the sea nettle, the inhabitants of coral, and sponges, or the oyster, than in many plants. So much power of loco-motion, only is bestowed, either in the one case or the other, as is necessary to the well being of the animal or the plant. It cannot be denied, that plants move their leaves, their stems, their branches, their roots. That their leaves close for the purpose of sleep: that they uniformly turn their upper surfaces to the light. That the stamina and the pistills move toward each other when their functions require it: and that this motion takes place without any force mechanical or chemical, applied ab extra. Vegetables have more parts possessed of the power of loco-motion than the whole tribe of molluscæ, zoophytes, &c. and even more perhaps than the crustaceæ. The whole controversy is reduced to a mere question of more or less.

*Sensibility. Voluntarity.* The latter implies the former: the evidences may be well classed together.

I would premise the following considerations, which, as postulata, I think, will be conceded. Whenever we observe

\* To the very able and learned writer of this article, we would suggest, as further exceptions to the rule of animal action herein set forth, the instances of the several circular or sphincter muscles of the body—the sphincters ani—vesicæ—vaginæ, &c. The two former, when under the stimulus of evacuation, and the latter when under that stimulus which is peculiar to itself, expand instead of contracting. By this mode of action they render the canals which they are intended to guard more patulous, and reduce them to a condition better suited at the time to the functions which they severally perform. This fact, however, is not mentioned as constituting any objection to our correspondent's general argument, which we deem irresistible. ED.

marks of contrivance, intelligence, and design, we have a right to infer the interference and operation of some intelligent agent. I see a watch, and observe that its movements are well calculated to exhibit the divisions of time—a cotton machine, and a loom by which the wool is converted into cloth—a house with apartments and furniture calculated for comfort and convenience—have I not a right to infer, that these were made by some artist, having knowledge and design in the structure of these machines? I see the marks of intelligence and skill, far surpassing human, in the structure of the earth—in the animals and vegetables that dwell upon it—in the solar system of which our planet constitutes so small a part—in the general system of the heavens, in which our solar system is but a speck, have I not a right to exclaim with the psalmist, “the heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handy work: the whole earth is full of the majesty of thy glory!”

But whether in great things or in small, the general rule is the same: when I see motions and exertions manifestly tending and calculated to answer a particular purpose, as means to an end, I presume that they are really intended to answer that purpose. If I see a boy stretch his hand and direct his eye toward a piece of cake upon the table, I presume he means to seize hold of the cake, and if he carries it to his mouth, I infer that he means to eat it. And in all such cases, when I can discover no impulse whatever ab extra to cause the motion, I have no alternative but to refer it to some excitement ab intra. Let us take Esop's well known fable of the fox and the grapes. Does any man in his senses suppose that the cake on the table by some unknown and undescribed species of attraction, forcibly draws the boy's hand toward it, or that the bunch of grapes depending out of the fox's reach, draws the fox from the ground, and raises him high into the air? Is not the motion in either case, referred by common consent to appetite and inclination existing in the boy and the fox? To the excitement of internal feeling, desire? When a young man seeks the company of the female he addresses, although by a metaphor we may say he is drawn into her society, does any one think of explaining it otherwise than by the operation of desires existing in himself? So, when, in a darkened room, the

whole plant turns toward a ray purposely admitted—when vegetables uniformly turn the upper surfaces of their leaves to the light—when the tendril of a vine shoots strait toward a support within its reach, instead of forming a spiral, as when there is no such support—when the radicle obstinately tends downward and the plumule upward—when the stigma turns out of its direction to meet the anther, or the anther to meet the stigma, and when these motions are not occasional and accidental, but uniform, and manifestly necessary to effect the process of reproduction, and when no kind of impulse, *ab extra*, can be discovered to produce this direction of motion, are we not compelled to refer it to some exciting cause existing within the plant? My reader may call this instinct if he pleases, for this will leave to the vegetable, sensation, pleasure, and pain: but he will have to distinguish it from the similar instinct in animals similarly situated: he will have to inform us what he means by instinct: he will have to distinguish between the cases of instinct that can be explained by acquired knowledge, and those of which we can give no explanation: he will have to say, why unknown cases of apparent instinct may not be explained by the analogy of known cases, as Darwin has done: in short, he will have to plunge out of his depth, which, like Falstaff, having myself “a comfortable alacrity at sinking,” I shall avoid if I can. If, however, I were to adopt a theory of instinct, I would unite the views of Darwin and Cabanis.

I state it as a maxim in metaphysics,\* universal, incontrovertible, that there is no evidence of cause and effect, but the constant concomitance of the circumstances; wherein the one always precedes, and the other follows.

\* Some people may smile at the word “metaphysics:” I hold few branches of knowledge equally certain in their principles. But metaphysical truth cannot be elicited from the feminine intellect of Dr. Beattie, or the elegant and plausible trifling of Dugald Stewart. A metaphysical student must prepare himself by a course of anatomy and physiology. When he has, with great care, perused Hartley on *Man*, and the modern writers on physiology, Richerand, Bichat, Crichton, he may begin with some of the elementary works of the schoolmen.

I state it as a maxim in metaphysics, universal, incontrovertible, that there is no proof of, no reason for inferring, in any case whatever, intention and design, but the frequent repetition of an action, that turns out in fact to be the means to an end. If the proof from induction, that is, if the number of repetitions be sufficiently numerous and sufficiently uniform, to take away all ground for referring the action to occasional and accidental coincidence, the proof is complete, and obligatory upon our understanding.

With these observations in mind, let us proceed to the facts, that seem to establish sensation and voluntarity as properties of the living vegetable. It will be easily seen, that the motions in question are produced by excitement *ab intra*.

First: The property of irritability is, by the terms, confined to the irritable fibre or organ. When a muscle of an animal is excited by pricking it, by acids or alkalies, by electricity common or voltaic, the muscle moves, and by its motion, moves the parts to whose functions it is subservient. But if the muscle be moved in consequence of an excitement applied to a distant part, then must there be some common bond of union and connexion—some common sensory by means whereof irritability is called into action in a distant and unirritated fibre.

Now, there are irritable fibres that contract on irritation about the footstalks of the leaves and leaflets of many plants: in others, as in the *tragopogon* and *anemone*, they are situated in the claws of the petals, or divisions of the corolla; all these are capable of contracting on the direct application of stimulating substances, a bristle, electricity, &c.: when stimulated they contract, and contracting, like muscular fibres, they move the leaves, leaflets, &c. connected with them. This is a case of simple irritability, not to be explained away; no more is the death of the leaf in *mimosa*, when the edge of the bud in its axilla is slightly touched with sulphuric acid—or the stoppage of the sap in the *Euphorbium*, when killed by the over-excitement of strong electricity. But in the following cases, the irritable and contractile fibre is brought into action, by excitement applied to a distant though connected part.

When the extremity of the leaf of *mimosa* is touched, the contractile fibres at the footstalk contract, and close the leaf. In

the class syngenesia (confederate males) the stamens of some plants contract when others are stimulated. In some plants of the same class, as in *centaurea*, *calcitrapoides*, in the artichoke, and the globe-thistle, if the top of the floret be touched, the confederated filaments that support the anther, will contract. Dr. Smith's Discourse on the irritability of vegetables. Darwin, Phytol. viii. 3. Other similar instances will be given hereafter.

Secondly: The contraction of an irritable fibre, can well be accounted for, from the presence and application of a stimulus: but excitement cannot be accounted for from the want—from the absence of a stimulus. It can be well accounted for, why all the plants in a hot-house turn the upper side of their leaves to the light and not to the heat, because light acts prejudicially to the leaf on the underside; hurts it. If a living vine leaf be suspended by a thread, it will turn its front to the light. So will the daisy, the sun-flower, the marigold, and others; so a whole clover field will turn to the sun.

But some plants, as the mimosa, and in a less degree, *lapsana*, *nymphaea alba*, *calendula*, &c. close their leaves at night, on dark days, in a dark room, and before rain. In the *Amœnitates Academicæ*, forty-six plants are noticed that go to sleep at regular hours. Here is a motion produced—a folding over and shutting up of leaves and petals by the contraction of a contractile and irritable fibre, not from the application of stimulus, but the absence of it. This can be accounted for, from an internal sensation, but in no other way. In like manner the *hedasylum gyrans* and the aspen, move their leaves, not when the air is in motion, but when it is calm and still, that is, when they need exercise.

“Sleep may be defined the repose of the organs of sense and of voluntary motion.” Richerand's Physiology, § 116.—Hence the sleep of plants implies previous voluntary motion.

Another case of motion produced, not by the presence, but in the absence of stimulus, is the effect of cold. The sap juice of the maple will not run in cold and dark days: it flows less freely on the side of the tree exposed to the north-west. So Hales and Evalker found the ascent of the sap juice retarded from similar causes in spring. Phyt. viii, 3. So in vines and



many other plants, if they be cut when the stimulus of warmth excites the sap vessels into action, they will even bleed to death. Why do not they bleed, if cut a week or two earlier, while the weather is somewhat colder? Obviously because the grateful stimulus produced by the feeling of a warm spring day is wanting. Again; mimosa closes its leaves, not when it rains, but at the approach of rain: and every body knows the barometrical properties of the shepherd's purse.

Let it be recollected that the distinguishing character of irritability is, to be exerted where the stimulus is applied. But when distant parts are affected by a stimulus applied to any one part, it exhibits the only proof we possess of sensorial power, or sensibility; and can only be referred to internal feeling. The next class of cases will also illustrate this position.

Thirdly: Plants have associated motions: habits.

In animals the circulation is carried on, and the vital actions take place, not by means of a single motion, produced by the application of one uniform stimulus, but by a set of motions, associated, acting in concert; as when we talk, or walk, &c. These motions act in concert, and are synchronous by exercise and habit: they are not perfectly so in infants: the habits require time and practice before they are formed.

It is the same in plants.

It requires some years for a plant imported from a different climate to acquire the habits necessary to fit it for its present residence. All gardeners know this.

When a whole plant, or even a leaf is turned round to meet the light, this is not an effect produced by a single fibre—many contractile fibres must act in concert. So when the tendril of a vine is whirled round and round, like a cork-screw, when support is beyond its reach, this is more than a single fibre is adequate to effect.

“So the divisions of the leaves of a sensitive plant are accustomed to close together in the absence of light: hence if by any injury, as a slight stroke, one of them is irritated into contraction, the neighbouring ones contract also, from their motions being associated with those of the irritated pair. So the various

stamina of the berberry\* have been accustomed to contract together in the evening, and thence if you stimulate one of them with a pin, according to the experiment of Dr. Smith, they all contract by acquired associations." Phyt. viii, 5.

I cannot say whether these associations are acquired or not: all animal acquired associations imply voluntariness, for at first there is effort. There are associations among the involuntary organs; but I cannot conceive of any associated motions without a common sensory.

The cases already noticed of one part of a vegetable contracting, when a stimulus is applied to another, are involved in this explanation; for there must be some means whereby the irritation is conveyed from the part irritated originally, to the part not irritated. These cases may be compared with the unexplained analogous cases of sympathy and consent of parts in the human system.

Fourthly: As to the class of fly-catchers (*musciivoræ*) *arum muscivorum*, *dionæa muscipula*, *drosera*, *sarracenia*, *silene dipsacus*, *apocynum androsemi folium*, *nepenthes distillatoria*, some of which kill by seizing on the fly and griping it, others by drowning it; I am inclined to suspect something more than a mere case of irritability. For in the first class, the irritation is not applied to the contracting fibre. How is this fibre notified when to contract?

\* It is worth while to give Dr. Smith's account of the berberry. The stamens of such flowers as are open, are bent back under the petals, and shelter themselves under their concave tips. No shaking of the branch has any effect on them, but if the *inside* of the filaments be touched with a small stick, they instantly spring from the petal, and strike the anther against the stigma. The *outside* of the filament has no irritability, nor has the anther itself any, as may be easily proved, by touching either of them with a blunt needle, a fine bristle, or a feather, or any thing which cannot injure the structure of the part. If a stamen be bent to the stigma, by means of a pair of scissors applied to the anther, no contraction of the filament is produced. The irritation may be produced three or four times. Dis. on the Irrit. of Plants. Hence the anthers use the petals as an umbrella. Hence the use of insects which Linnaeus says are remarkably fond of the flowers of the berberry.

Fifthly: I omitted under the instances of simple irritability, to notice, the undeniable proofs of excitement, and consequent vascular motion *ab intra*, that are furnished by the various secretions of plants. When the under side of leaves in the sun give out oxygen separated from carbonic acid gas—when the internal glands from one and the same sap, separate, in some cases gum, mucilage, sweet juices, acid juices—in others from a common sap, oily juices, resinous juices, and acid juices—in others gluten, mucilage, farina, and saccharine matter—in others the bitter, in others the narcotic principle, how are the vessels that operate these secretions excited to act *ab extra*? Are not all these separations performed inside the plant, as in our glandular system, and must not the stimulus to their performance be internal? If not, show it externally.

Sixthly: Plants are excited to the motion of their parts, by desires and aversions, by wants and cravings that affect the whole system.

They are sensible to moderate warmth, and to light: they act with more energy when they are present. They turn to, they seek after light in particular: this affects not the leaves only, but the whole plant—so when the sap ascends and descends more rapidly in a warm spring day, this is the consequence of moderate stimulus felt through the whole plant which the sap vessels pervade.

Plants feel hunger and thirst, and send out their roots in search of food. When a plant is planted on a wall, the root will descend till it comes to the ground. This is not the effect of mere gravitation, for we know that roots can send out lateral fibres in search of food. The roots also are rendered capable of acting more strongly by the application of external stimuli, as a small quantity of lime, of sulphat of lime, of wood ashes, of common salt, &c. as our stomachs act more strongly, and the whole system is occasionally invigorated by a glass of wine.

Plants are sensible to the effect of cold and darkness, and many of them take precautions against it, by closing their leaves, their petals, and their corols.

They are also sensible to mechanical violence offered to a particular part, as I have already instanced, in the contractions

that take place in mimosa, berberis, many syngenesian plants, &c. when one part is stimulated or injured.

But the most decisive and obvious proof is, the facts observable at the time of the year when the process of reproduction takes place. The very many instances in confirmation of this may be found in the notes to Dr. Darwin's poetry, and in his *Phytologia*. Some few I will notice.

In *Collinsonia*, the stigma bends in contact with one stamen, and then with another, as it becomes ripe for the purpose. The same takes place in *Gloriosa*, *Genista*. *Glabra*, *Epilobium*, *Spartium*, &c. At sir Brook Boothby's several of the females of *Collinsonia* were observed to bend toward the stamina of other flowers. In *Parnassia*, the stamina alternately approach and recede from the stigma. In *Nigella*, the tall stigma bends down to the anthers beneath. In the *Water Lily* also, if I mistake not, the tall stamina bend down to the stigma beneath. All these motions and contrivances take place exactly as if guided by a desire to obey the dictates and facilitate the operations of sexual appetency: *nor can they otherwise be accounted for*. They are not occasional, or accidental, but take place whenever circumstances induce the necessity of resorting to contrived motions to effect the purpose of Nature. On this part of the subject much more might, but no more need be said.

Such are the views that appear to me most natural to take on the subject of vegetable animation, sensation, perception, and voluntary motion.

I may have expressed myself in the warmth of advocating one side of a question, more strongly perhaps, than the proofs may warrant. Upon sober reflection, however, I can say no more, than that I know not myself, how to reply satisfactorily to the facts and arguments here advanced. Perhaps some person better conversant with the subject than I am, will be able to put the fallacy of these remarks in a stronger point of view than I now see them.

I am, &c.

T. C.

*Carlisle, April, 1814.*

## THOUGHTS OF A HERMIT.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## ON STYLE.

Nothing more strongly marks the progress of society from rudeness to refinement than changes in style. As men advance in knowledge, language acquires copiousness; as they become more accurate in their discriminations, it acquires precision; and as they increase in sensibility to delicacy and beauty, it acquires elegance and polish. But there are certain limits to this improvement which it cannot transcend, and it yet remains to be decided whether it can long remain stationary in that excellence it has thus gradually attained, or like every thing else that is human, be destined by natural causes to undergo deterioration and decline.

If this be the inevitable fate of language, its corruption is to be ascribed chiefly to the perversion of that labour, and the abuse of that taste by whose successive efforts it has been perfected. When the thoughts and images which are most obvious and natural have been long used, and by use become familiar, writers, for the sake of acquiring the grace and attractions of novelty, resort to those thoughts and images which are more foreign and remote: and where they do not find it easy or prudent to exhibit novelty in the thought, their anxiety to say something new encourages them to attempt innovation in language. Indeed, this being the easiest mode of producing novelty, is the one most likely to be attempted. Hence arise new-coined words—strange epithets, and a multiplicity of them—forced conceits, strained metaphors, vain circumlocutions, and all those miserable shifts by which writers, from an eagerness of applause, the fear of seeming trite, or the mere wish to stimulate the reader's attention, endeavour mechanically to substitute words for thoughts, and empty sound for solid sense.

This gradual corruption of style is plainly to be perceived in the history of the Greek and Latin languages, which, after having attained all the excellence of which they were susceptible, seemed, by the influence of false refinement, to have been gradually declining, until they were finally lost by their amalgamation with the barbarous languages of the North. The English language, too, is generally thought to have passed the summit of its excellence, though the opinions are various respecting the period when its downward

course commenced. Some have fixed upon the reign of queen Anne, when Addison, and Bolingbroke, and Swift flourished: others upon the subsequent period of Hume, Robertson, Johnson and Goldsmith. A very small number would go back to the time of Dryden, contending that the language has since lost in manliness and vigour, more than it has gained in precision and elegance; whilst some, on the other hand, have not scrupled to say that the style is still in a state of advancement, and steadily improves in copiousness, perspicuity, and melody. Godwin, in his *Inquirer*, has no hesitation in preferring the style of the present day to that which prevailed in the beginning of the last century: but in forming a standard of excellence we are no doubt influenced by the prevailing taste of the age in which we live, and cannot so readily perceive those affectations of language to which we are most accustomed; in the same way as little peculiarities of manner are more apt to be overlooked by an intimate acquaintance than a stranger.

Our language has indeed, within the last hundred years, made great advances in precision, and in the variety as well as the regularity of its structure, but it has also lost a great deal of its simplicity and ease. We now express the nicest discriminations, the most delicate shades of thought, with distinctness and accuracy: we admit nothing loose or tautologous—nothing vulgar or coarse: but whilst all this exactness is approved by the understanding, more careless effusions would often find easier access to the heart. Readers seldom critically scan every sentence they read, but, for the most part, giving themselves up to the author, they passively yield to the impressions his work insensibly produces. Now to such as these, that which most moves the affections, nay, which most penetrates and illumines the understanding, often produces the effect, by deviating from the rules of strict propriety, as by a word or two too many or too few; a happy vagueness of expression; a loose though harmonious structure; or perhaps by the thought itself exceeding the temperate limits of truth and nature. The good effect of some of these deviations being too clear to be disputed, they have been legitimated by the critics, and received appropriate names; but there are a multitude of others which have not been so sanctioned, that still perform the part of transmitting

impressions from mind to mind with superadded strength and spirit. Even where these small irregularities have not that effect, they throw over a composition the captivating grace of ease. From these considerations, it seems probable, that if the writers a century ago are more apt to offend than those of the present day, they are also more likely to please; and that their superior beauties more than compensate for their superior defects. If we were to regard the tastes of all readers indiscriminately, we should prefer the delicate and ever-varying graces of Addison to the strength and dignity of Dr. Johnson, though the former writer is so inferior in weight of matter.

Whilst style in the United States is exposed to danger from the undue solicitude for novelty and ornament which our writers may be expected to feel in common with their cotemporaries, there are particular circumstances in our situation which have a tendency, by cherishing affectation in language, to hasten the period of its corruption.

In the first place, the books in general use among us are the more recent productions, and frequently the lightest and most insignificant of these, such as novels and romances, in which, for want of substantial merit, the writer is constantly endeavouring to gain the attention or the applause of the reader by every artifice of language, and which are consequently conspicuous for affectation. A taste for the false splendour which forms the distinguishing feature in modern productions, would, without doubt, be somewhat tempered and corrected by a greater familiarity with the earlier English writers.

The preceding remark applies with additional force to our limited acquaintance with the classics, whose temperance in ornament, as much as any thing besides, has procured them the solid reputation they have enjoyed, independent of country or time.

A third cause may be found in the great prevalence of public speaking, both from the number of our political and religious meetings, and the multitude of our courts of justice. This very frequent exercise of oratorical talents, a natural consequence of our form of government, not only occasions *eloquence* to be more cultivated and in higher estimation, but imparts a declamatory style to our writers. In fact, the greater part of our authors are also

public speakers; and where they are not, they follow the reigning humour, and strive to write beautifully, and eloquently, and pathetically, in which attempt they insensibly fall into mere rant and declamation. Once a year, too, the English language and common sense are put to the rack for the purpose of extorting new modes of national exultation and invective: and although our July orations have strong claims to indulgence from the patriot, they are responsible for the sin of much eloquent nonsense and splendid inanity to the man of taste.

It may, lastly, be remarked, that the great number of newspapers, and the frequency of political speculation in this country, also the consequences of our popular government, furnish tempting invitations to authorship. Whilst this facility of access to the public multiplies the number of writers, it proportionably adulterates the quality: and these rash volunteers in literature, though they cannot take just and comprehensive views; nor open new trains of thought—can neither awaken the feelings of the reader, nor inform his understanding, may safely aspire to the praise of showy and sounding diction. They thus contribute to propagate the false taste of which they themselves have been the disciples.

But the candidate for literary honours ought to recollect that the most valuable part of fine writing is independent of style. The merit of diction alone consists in its perspicuity, or its fitness for conveying the meaning of the writer with ease to the reader; in its precision, which leaves nothing ambiguous or uncertain; its force, which selects the most apposite words, and places them so as to produce the fullest effect; its melody; and its rhetorical ornaments. But a piece of composition may possess all these qualities, and yet be very dull and uninteresting. Before a book is eminently qualified to please, it must have a valuable foundation of matter as well as an agreeable style. It must have substance as well as form. The thoughts must be just, and also instructive, impressive or new; for the understanding must be gratified as well as the ear. But that which a book owes to the goodness of its materials, and that which it owes to the form in which they are exhibited are easily confounded, and ordinary readers are apt to impute to the one what properly belongs to the other.



Thus it has happened, that some writers of original genius and solid sense, who have been ostentatious of embellishment, and the intrinsic merit of whose productions has obtained a currency for their faults—have become very dangerous models for imitation. The success of such writers has emboldened many hardy adventurers for literary fame, to give their crudities to the world, whenever they could set them off with the fantastic decorations they admired in others, not knowing that these authors have acquired reputation with good judges, not by means of such false ornaments, but in spite of them. A piece of gaudy and tasteless finery, though it cannot conceal the loveliness of native beauty, often makes real ugliness more conspicuous.

If we examine those productions which have been most admired for beauty of style, we shall find that the finest passages owe their excellence to the brilliancy, the delicacy, or the originality of the thought, rather than to the happy selection of words in which it is conveyed; though, without doubt, to produce the greatest effect in composition, both these qualities must concur. Where there is intrinsic merit in the ideas, nine times out of ten they will present themselves to an unvitiated taste in that form of expression which is best fitted for transmitting them with fidelity and truth.

He, then, who would aspire to the praise of fine writing, must first provide himself with an ample stock of knowledge on the subject on which he means to treat; and when he is furnished with the ideas, he may then seek for the best mode of embodying them to advantage: just as he who would build an elegant edifice, must not disregard the solidity and fitness of the materials; for however skilful he may be in the use of plaster and paint, if the masonry be manifestly unsubstantial, and the timbers neither sound nor well put together, the ill-compacted fabric will be as deficient in appropriate beauty as in use.

Those young writers who bestow their chief pains on the ornaments of style—on gaudy epithets, striking metaphors, and fanciful allusions, begin at the wrong end. The consequence is that they fall into an affected, inflated, manner of writing, which is equally unfavourable to truth, nature, and real eloquence. It would be well, therefore, if these beautifying authors would make the

following test of their compositions before they spend much time in decoration. Let them put down their thoughts in the plainest and simplest words they can find, and in the smallest number possible. Let them then examine what they have written, and if it has the merit of being rational and just; if it, moreover, imparts something new, or places what was before known in a new light, then they may safely set about the work of embellishment. But even in this operation they should beware of *burying* the thought under a cumbrous load of ornament; and should imitate the taste, if not the modesty, of a modern fine lady, who fashions her dress, not so much for the purpose of concealing her person as of showing it to the best advantage. Every word which does not speak something to the understanding, or raise a new image to the fancy, like water added to spirit, lessens its effect.

Nor is it only by a profusion of words and figures that a style may want simplicity. There may be a redundancy of thought as well as of expression. It is one of the modes of modern affectation to encumber the leading ideas with those that are merely subsidiary, which may then be called the *impertinencies* of style. Mr. Gibbon is a great master in this art of calling off the attention of the reader from the main business before him. Speaking of the Romans who lay dead on the field of battle, fought with the Goths on the Danube, he says, "their flesh was *greedily* devoured by the birds of prey, *who, in that age, enjoyed very frequent and delicious repasts*, and several years afterwards, the *white* and naked bones, which covered the wide extent of the fields, presented to the eyes of Ammianus, a dreadful monument of the battle of Salices." This quotation happens to furnish an example of both species of vicious exuberance; the words *greedily*, *delicious*, and *white*, are little better than expletives; and the repasts of the birds might have been spared altogether.

While affectation and false refinement have been sanctioned by some writers in Europe of eminent genius, and, under the pernicious influence of their great names, have, like a tide, overflowed the whole field of literature in the United States, the friend to a pure and manly species of writing, hails with pleasure the return of good taste that is manifested by some productions of the present day; which, directing their chief aim to

enlighten and convince the mind, are not indifferent about pleasing it, and have thus attained the highest beauties of style, because style has not been their first object. The Edinburgh Review has often, and the Quarterly Review, occasionally, afforded examples which seem to unite, as far as they are capable of union, the easy natural manner of Addison or Swift, with the vigour, precision, and splendid diction of Dr. Johnson. Let us indulge the hope that they have not only furnished valuable models of composition, but that they also give a probable indication, that the period of fine writing in our language, may be long protracted, if not perpetuated, notwithstanding the inherent tendency of that language, in common with every other, to gradual deterioration and decay.

#### AMERICAN SCENERY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

##### QUEENSTOWN.—UPPER CANADA.

THE renewal of military operations on the Canada frontier has given a new interest to the recollection of those scenes about which curiosity was so much excited, and expectation disappointed last year. Events in the present year on the Niagara strait, bear more *eclat*, though those of the last were in a great measure to be attributed to causes which no longer exist.

A view of Queenstown which appears in this number, conveys a very characteristic picture of the bold and lofty declivities of the Niagara strait from the basin at Queenstown to the falls, a distance of eight miles. The cliffs on each side rise about two hundred feet above the level of the water of lake Ontario. It was up this path to the summit of the height our troops ascended, at the period when the British general Brock fell, and when general Scott of our army distinguished himself; on this height it was that a British Indian addressing colonel Scott, exclaimed—"You not born to be shot—so many times, (holding up the fingers of both hands to count ten) I levelled and fired my rifle at you."

The remote perspective in the picture, gives the falls, above which two and a half miles, the small river or creek named the

Chippeway after an Indian tribe who reside on its upper waters. This creek is a deep turbid stream, navigable twenty-five or twenty-six miles inland. The village which bears the same name occupies both banks near its confluence with the Niagara. A stout wooden bridge crosses the creek; the houses not exceeding forty.

There are no permanent military works at Chippeway: the defences established by the British there, are the ordinary field-works of earth stockaded.

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#### AMERICA BY FRENCH PENS.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Few travellers have visited this country, who have disentangled themselves from prejudice. Few nations, indeed, have been so frequently misrepresented either by blind enthusiasm, or malicious falsehood. Several French writers have decorated their descriptions with the most romantic fables, whilst the English, with scarcely an exception, have filled their volumes with expressions of scorn and hatred.

External motives have often governed them both, particularly the former. One of these has had a favourite hypothesis to support; another a recent affront to resent: thus we see St. John de Cr ve  ur eulogising with great extravagance, the rural habits of our peasantry, because he had long maintained that husbandry was alone the true source of happiness: thus the Revolutionist, Brisot de Warville, extolled in too lofty a tone of praise, the purity and excellence of our republican institutions; and thus Volney and Talleyrand, disgusted with the licentiousness of their countrymen, painted us in terms derisory and disparaging.

Forever drawn in colours too gaudy or too sombre, we look in vain for a pencil that shall seize with accuracy and blend with harmony, the various tints which enter into the portrait of a people whose national features are not yet fully developed.

A man who sets out to survey a foreign country, with an intention of publishing his observations, has very important duties to fulfil. His pages may be consulted by the naturalist, the philoso-

pher, the geographer, or the statesman. If his reports are false, he will mislead them as to the manners of the people, internal structure, native productions and general policy of the country described. It behoves him then to form his opinions with great care and caution. Perfect freedom from prejudice, a long residence amongst, and a thorough knowledge of the language of the people visited, are some of the essentials necessary for qualifying a man to report upon their customs and character. Devested of his homestead partialities, he should view men and objects with an equitable eye, although they happen to rise up before him in shapes novel and uncouth; referring always to his temperate judgment rather than to the feelings of his heart for a decision. If things differ from those he has been accustomed to see, let him ask himself whether circumstances peculiar to the country, do not make the difference necessary? Whether the climate, soil, and locality do not require appropriate habits? Whether the habits of his own country, however superior at first sight, would not be inconvenient and unsuitable abroad?

Foreign manners and customs contemplated in this sober way, must, not unfrequently extort praise from the judicious tourist, rather than satire; for, dismissing those homeborn feelings which so often disfigure the truth, he would never be seen to record as characteristic marks of a whole nation, little incidental occurrences that possess barely a stamp of individuality.

Having been grossly and constantly misrepresented by European writers, it should be the aim of every American to defend the good name of his country, and to consolidate our different manners and opinions into one durable and impressive shape, which may place us distinctly, conspicuously, and immoveably among the communities of the earth, as a characterized people; so that it shall no longer be pretended that we are a heterogeneous assemblage, eagerly claiming kindred with other countries, while we slight our own; possessing sentiments as unsettled as our relations are dispersed; viewing our soil and its sons with frigid indifference, and forestalling with greedy appetite the less perfect products of foreign growth! What maxim is better established, than that, he who does not respect himself, will look in vain for the respect of others!

Our institutions, our civilization and our understandings have been undervalued by transatlantic pens, and we have acquiesced too easily in their unjust assertions; we have by our silence, our foreign prepossessions, and by our neglect of indigenous worth, contributed to spread opinions as unfavourable as false. Should we not cease then to stigmatise as *homespun*, objects confessedly equal, if not superior, to those, which, coming from abroad, receive the tribute of praise and admiration?

It has lately been asserted in print by Mr. Fennell, that the managers of the Philadelphia theatre, receive native productions with great reluctance; not because they want merit, but because they are not composed in Europe:—Nay, that several contemptible pieces, of English origin, and held in no estimation in that country, have been advertized in America with a *false declaration* of their bearing the seal of English approbation, which secured to them a favourable reception here; thus cheating our imaginations by a profitable homage to our prejudices! and audiences, which the great Cooke has pronounced competent to distinguish the finest passages in Shakspeare, by their judicious plaudits, have permitted their taste and judgment to be swayed by spurious reports.

The French, English, and even the Germans have dipt their pens in gall, and lost sight of decency and truth, when describing America. Subjoined are a few extracts from the works of some of the French writers, which will show their monstrous exaggeration and jaundiced prejudices; very particularly those from the work of Mr. Volney.

The Abbé Robin was the first of that nation who wrote upon this country after, or rather during, the revolution. He only visited Boston, which he alone describes; but as usual with modern travellers, he applies all he sees there, good or bad, to the rest of the nation, and even entitles his work “An Account of the Manners, Customs, Commerce &c. of the Americans.” His impressions are generally favourable.

Boston was at that time (1780) built almost wholly of wood. The Abbé describes the houses thus:

“Every part of them is so securely fastened, and their weight, compared to their size, so inconsiderable, that they can be moved from place to place. I saw some, two stories high, transported

half a mile. The moveable houses of the Scythians were much less extraordinary."

I have heard of some other traveller who asserts that, when two neighbours happen to quarrel, one of them sends for a strong team, with which he removes his dwelling to the next street.

Monsieur Robin pretends to prove by the records of our tombstones, that the age of man is shorter here than in Europe. This supposition may be considered as parallel in absurdity with Buffon's assertions of the deterioration of all living beings in this part of the globe, since it is proved daily by our bills of mortality that septuagenaries and even centenaries are exceedingly common.

"At twenty years old," says the Abbé, "the women lose the colour and complexion of youth: at thirty-five or forty they are wrinkled and decrepid; the men showing almost the same premature decay. Presuming that the life of man was shorter here, I have examined the grave-yards of Boston, and I have seen by the tombstones that few exceed fifty years; very few reach to sixty; almost none attain to seventy, and beyond there exists no register."

The Abbé's chimney caught fire, and this *momentous* event is thus related:

"The common people are still attached to their old prejudices. I saw lately an instance of it. The house in which I lodged caught fire; it was occupied by a Frenchman. It is easy to imagine what a stir this must make in a town built wholly of wood. Crowds assembled in a moment; but when they discovered who tenanted it, they ceased their exertions and gazed at it in idleness. I ordered the doors to be shut, hermetically sealed the chimney, *which alone was on fire*, with a wet blanket, which I kept constantly moist. The women of the family flew into a violent passion at sight of the floors inundated with slime and water; I took nevertheless entire command of the house, while they continued to scold and to declare the remedy worse than the disease."

The marquis de Chastelleux published on America in 1785. — Brissot de Warville wrote a severe criticism on this work, and visited this country himself in 1788. The brilliant talents, favourable impressions, and republican enthusiasm of this traveller, render his journal peculiarly interesting to us all, but more especially to that valuable part of the community—the Quakers, whom Bris-

not has described at great length, with great justness and great praise. A few extracts upon that and other heads follow; and it is as pleasing as uncommon to see in them some traits of civility and truth, mixed as they are with occasional errors.

“Neatness without luxury, is a characteristic feature of the purity of American manners; and this neatness is seen every where at Boston, in their dress, in their houses, and in their churches.”

“Strangers, who, having lived a long time in America, tax the Americans with cheating, have declared to me, that this accusation must be confined to the towns, and that in the country you will find them honest. The French are the most forward in making these complaints; and they believe that the Americans are more trickish with them than with the English. If this were a fact, I should not be astonished at it. The French, whom I have seen, are eternally crying up the services which their nation has rendered to the Americans, and opposing their manners and customs, decrying their government, exalting the favours rendered by the French government towards the Americans, and diminishing those of congress to the French.”

“A stranger in a society of Americans, if he has the misfortune not to speak their language, is sometimes left alone; no person takes notice of him. This is a breach of humanity, and a neglect of their own interest; of humanity, because consolation is due to a man distant from his friends, and his ordinary means of amusement; of their own interest, because strangers disgusted with this treatment, hasten to quit the country, and to prejudice others against it.”

“The luxury which Penn wished to avoid, already appears. They have carpets, elegant carpets in Philadelphia. It is a favourite taste with the Americans; they receive it from the interested avarice of their old masters, the English.

“A carpet in Summer is an absurdity; yet they spread them in this season, and from vanity: this vanity excuses itself by saying that the carpet is an ornament; that is to say, they sacrifice reason and utility to show.”

To a Frenchman whose floors are paved with brick, like the side-walks of our streets, carpets must have indeed appeared a superfluity: something like “cloathing the earth” as Mr. Brissot



remarks in another part of his book; but we cannot perceive any greater luxury in shutting out the cold air from our rooms by a carpet—an elegant one if we can afford it, than keeping the rain from our heads by the use of an umbrella; which by the by was considered a foppish piece of luxury a few years ago. Mr. Brisot proceeds:

“Physicians of this country attribute the consumption to different causes; to the excessive use of hot drinks, such as tea and coffee; to the habit of remaining too long in bed, and the use of feather-beds, for they know not the use of mattresses; to the custom of eating too much meat, and of drinking too much spirituous liquors. Women are more subject to it than men; because, independently of the above causes, they take but little exercise, which is the only powerful remedy against the stagnation of humours, the great principle of the marasma: they enjoy but little the pleasures of walking; a movement which, varying the spectacle of nature, gives a refreshment to the senses, a new spring to the blood, and a new vigour to the soul.”

“A particular cause of consumptions amongst the quaker women is doubtless the habit of gravity and immobility which they contract in early life, and which they preserve for hours together in their silent meetings. The women of the other sects are equally attacked by consumptions, but it is attributed to different causes: they are fond of excessive dancing; heated with this, they drink cold water, eat cold unripe fruits, drink boiling tea, go thinly clad in winter, and give no attention to the sudden changes of weather. The quakers are more reasonable in these respects; but they balance these advantages by a fatal neglect of exercise. To preserve good health, a female should have the gayety of a woman of fashion, with the prudence and precaution of a quaker.”

“Some vast fields of Indian corn, but bad cultivation, pale faces worn by the fever and ague, naked negroes, and miserable huts, are the most striking images offered to the eye of the traveller in Maryland.”

I pass by Mazzei, Liancourt, Michaux and Pictet, who have each published some account of us, to give a few extracts from the works of Volney and Talleyrand; two men of great note in the political as well as literary world. Both these authors are

personally known in Philadelphia. They stayed a long while amongst us, traversed the country in every direction, and had opened to them every source of information. Their misrepresentations are not then errors of the pen, or of superficial survey, but wilful, malicious and deliberate.

Volney is a man of proud spirit and sour temper; jealous of the least appearance of slight; presuming much upon his celebrity as a writer, and by whom we have been judged with bitterness and folly. He had the arrogance to assert that the talents of the great, the immortal Washington, would not have raised him above the rank of colonel in the French service. He pronounced as foolishly upon the spirit of the people, as he did upon the merit of this wonderful man. Happening to be in conversation with him in a richly furnished room, when the news of the Algerine war arrived, he pointed to the silk curtains, and exclaimed that "since we had taken to decorate our houses with the rich trappings of European luxury, we must submit to any foe who chose to attack us, and that the Moors had nothing to do but to sail into our harbours and put us under contribution; adding, that the revolutionary courage of the people was enervated by fine papered parlours and satin chairs!" As if an half dozen of houses expensively furnished had any thing to do with the valour of the people; or as if the nations of Europe were grown more pusillanimous since they have embellished their rooms with taste and elegance! But thus it is we are censured. One traveller thinks a carpet too good for us; another would have us seated upon wooden benches, and a third has gone so far as to blame the pleasing courtesy of children, who are taught in some schools to bow to passengers; declaring it a mark of servility unworthy of Republicans! Are republicans then to adopt the ferocious manners of a banditti, proscribing civilization and comfort!

But it is time to give the promised extracts: and first from Mr. Volney's preface to his "Picture of the Climate and Soil of the United States," in which this vain man compares himself to Aristides:

"The brilliant success of my travels in Egypt, far from leading me to expect the like again, makes me apprehend the contrary, because too much commendation heaped upon a hook, contri-

butes to tire those who wished well to the author, and because there are always some Athenians ready to give in the *black shell*, rather than listen to the everlasting praises of this *poor Aristides*."

Of our political and moral worth, as a nation, under the administrations of Washington and Adams, as well as of the climate, general face of the country, and diet of the people, the following caricature is drawn; and which is really a fitter subject for laughter than serious comment.

"The Americans deserve preeminently the name of a youthful people, for the inexperience and passion with which they give themselves up to the enjoyments of wealth and the seductions of flattery."

"If I were to consider their conduct or that of their government in a moral point of view, from the year 1783 to 1798, I could prove incontestably, that there has existed in the United States, in proportion to the population, to the quantity of business and multiplicity of combinations, neither more economy in their finances, good faith in their transactions, decency in public morals; no more moderation of party spirit, or care in education and instruction, than in most parts of old Europe: that what has been done well and usefully, what has existed of civil liberty and security of persons and property, have resulted rather from the general habits of the people, from the necessity of industry, from the high prices of labour, than from any able measures or wise policy of the government."

"The federalists assert the superiority of a monarchical, or rather despotic government, over all others; the necessity of arbitrary and absolute power, to curb the passions and indocility of the ignorant multitude, as authorised by the example and experience of most governments, ancient and modern; in a word, all the old politics—religious doctrines of the *royal prerogative of the Stuarts*."

"The general appearance of the territory of the United States, may be thus described: an almost universal continental forest; five great lakes to the north: to the west vast meadows (prairies): In the centre a chain of mountains, the ridges of which run parallel with the Atlantic coast, at a distance of twenty to fifty leagues. Upon a sea-board of three hundred leagues stand some ten or twelve towns, built of painted plank and of brick, containing from ten to sixty thousand souls."

Around these towns are farm-houses constructed out of trunks of trees, (log-houses) surrounded by some fields of wheat, tobacco, or indian corn, mostly covered with standing wood, either burnt or barked: these fields are divided by fences made out of branches of trees, instead of hedges, while the houses stand engulfed as it were (englober) in the bosom of a dark forest:—add to these a capricious and peevish (bourru) sky,—an atmosphere by turns very wet or very dry, very foggy or very clear, very hot or very cold; so variable that the same day exhibits the chills of Norway, the sun of Africa—the four seasons of the year, and one will have in few words a physical picture of the United States.”

“From the Summer solstice, or even three weeks before, Philadelphia experiences such excessive hot weather, that the streets are deserted from twelve at noon until five in the evening; and most all its inhabitants retire to bed after dinner.”

“Our mists or fine rains are so little known in America, that they are called *English rains*—*English weather*, and whenever they occur, which sometimes happens after the equinox, it is the height of fashion to go into the streets, without umbrellas, on purpose to get as wet as water-birds.”

Mr. Volney thus describes American cookery, and the daily food of the inhabitants of the United States:

“I will undertake to assert that if a premium were offered for a system of regimen the best calculated to destroy ones health, stomach and teeth, none could be found to answer the purpose so well as that of the Anglo-Americans.”

“In the morning at breakfast, they pour into their stomachs a pint of warm water, so slightly impregnated with tea or coffee, that it is nothing more than brownish slop. With this they swallow unchewed pieces of hot doughy bread—toast, swimming in butter, fat cheese, slices of beef, and salt and smoaked ham, &c.—every one of which is difficult to digest. At dinner, boiled paste is served up; this they call a pudding; the greasier the better: all their gravies, even that for roast beef, are nothing more than melted butter; turnips and potatoes are drowned in hogs-fat, butter and grease: their pastry, called pompkin-pye, is nothing but half-baked greasy dough: to wash down this slimy stuff, tea is brought in, almost immediately after dinner; but now it is so strong, that its

bitter taste sticks to the throat, and attacks the nerves so violently, that it prevents even the English from sleeping, more than the strongest coffee. Supper is made up of salt meat and oysters, and as *Chastelleux* remarks, the whole day is spent in heaping one indigestible thing upon another. To give a tone to the stomach, fatigued and relaxed, they drink Madeira wine, rum, brandy, gin and whiskey, all which completes the attack upon the nervous system."

Mr. Volney, when in America, used to say with his accustomed vanity, that such men as Mr. Talleyrand furnished the outlines of a work, and then employed authors by profession like himself to put them into style. The great beauty of the following extracts from Mr. Talleyrand's book, entitled "Essay upon the advantages to be drawn from New Colonies under present circumstances," induces me to believe that Mr. Volney's pen was not hired on this occasion. The American woodman is described with some approximation to truth: the fisherman is unfaithfully represented.

"In viewing those populous towns," says Mr. Talleyrand, "filled with English, German, Irish, Dutch and native inhabitants; those remote villages, so distant one from the other; those vast uncultivated tracts, traversed rather than peopled by men who belong to no country; what common tie can we imagine amidst this disparity? It is a novel spectacle for a traveller, who, taking his departure from a large town, where society is perfected, follows successively every degree of civilization and industry, which becomes every moment weaker, until he arrives in a very few days at the clumsy and coarse hut, constructed with the trunks of new-fallen trees. Such a journey is a kind of practical and living analysis of the origin of nations: We leave a complicated aggregate to arrive at the most simple elements; every day we lose sight of some one of those inventions, which our increasing wants have rendered necessary, and we seem to travel backward in the history of the progress of the human mind. If such a spectacle rivets the imagination, if we are delighted to find in space what alone belongs to time, we must be content to see very few social ties among these men, who appear so little to belong to the same association, so little to possess an uniformity of character."

“ In several districts, the ocean and the forest have made the Americans either fishermen or woodmen; and such men, to speak truly, have no country:—their attachment to society is reduced to almost nothing. It has been long asserted that man is the disciple of surrounding objects; and that is true; for he who is encircled by a wilderness, can be instructed by those things alone from which he derives his livelihood. The idea of man’s mutual support never occurs to him; and it is only by analyzing the trade that he follows that the principles of his affections or of his morality are discovered.”

“ The American woodman cares for nothing; every sentiment of feeling is a stranger to his breast; those extended limbs, so elegantly branched out by nature; that beautiful foliage and lively verdure which animates one part of the forest; the deep green that darkens the other, are to him of no consequence: he has no recollections to retrace: his only object is to find out the way of felling his tree with the least labour. He has never planted; he knows not its pleasures: a tree reared by him would be of no value, for it would not in his life-time be fit for his axe. He lives then upon destruction, and everywhere he destroys. He is not attached to the fields, for he has never cultivated them; fatigue alone, unimixed with any hope of repose, constitutes his existence. He feels not that fond partiality for the objects used by him, that the farmer or manufacturer does; he never interests himself in the fate of his productions, for he knows not the happiness of husbandry; and if in leaving his home, he does not forget his axe, he abandons without a sigh, the house that has sheltered him for years.”

“ The American fisherman, is, from his profession, full as indifferent. His affections, his interest, his life are placed near the society to which he believes he belongs. It would be an error to suppose that he is an useful member of the community; for these fishers must not be compared to those of Europe, nor must it be believed that they are, as in Europe, a nursery for seamen, or the means of creating skilful and robust men. In America, with the single exception of the whale-men of Nantucket, fishing is a trade of idlers. Their whole courage consists in venturing out six miles to sea, when the weather is fine, and one mile when it is doubtful; and their science is very small, since the line is the only

artifice they use; and their only exercise a lazy attitude in their boat, with their arms hanging over its side. Attached to no particular spot, they are acquainted with land only by a transient residence in a miserable hut: it is the sea that maintains them, and they select their abode according to the scarcity or plenty of codfish. When some writers have asserted that the fisheries were a species of agriculture, they have advanced a sentiment of more brilliancy than truth. Every attribute, every virtue which belongs to agriculture, is wanting to the fisher. Agriculture produces a patriot in the right acceptation of the word: the fisheries can only yield cosmopolites."

Before Mr. Talleyrand left America, the fisheries of the banks and coasts of Newfoundland, produced annually to the nation, not through idleness, but persevering industry, upwards of two millions of dollars: in 1808 the totality of the product of the sea was two millions eight hundred and four thousand dollars, and of the forest, five million four hundred and seventy-six thousand dollars. The fisheries have always been the greatest nursery for seamen in this hemisphere; from them have issued a valuable race of neither timid men nor cosmopolites. To their courage and patriotism we are indebted, under providence, for the glorious naval victories so often and so valiantly achieved of late; and Mr. Talleyrand must have been totally ignorant of their singular hardihood and merit, when he presumed to class the awkward drones of his own coast above them. The insensibility and uselessness imputed to the American woodman, bear in many places the same marks of ignorance; and his description of both, according to an European writer, resembles a composition rather than a portrait. S. B.

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#### NOTES OF A DESULTORY READER.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

##### SYLLA THE DICTATOR.

FERGUSON is the only writer I know of who has ventured to appear as an apologist for the character of Sylla, which he boldly does in his history of the Roman Republic. It is no doubt diffi-

cult, to make a due estimate of men, whose conduct is not only liable to the false colouring of party-writers of their own times, but to that of political zealots of succeeding ages. Sylla was himself a patrician, and a most strenuous supporter of that cause; of course, detested by the adherents to, and favourers of the Marian faction; and Julius Cæsar being a distant connection of Marius, and having, as it is said, risen on the embers of his faction, all those who wished to bask in the sunshine of his favour, or that of his kinsman and successor Augustus, would lend their aid to blacken those, who had been adverse to a cause by which the reigning family was supposed to have profited. But whatever allowances may be made for Sylla on account of the supposed necessity of severity towards a brutal faction, and the provocation to avenge the atrocities inflicted on his friends, there can be little doubt, that he was a hard and cruel man; and that, in his punishments, he far exceeded the measure of retribution that humanity would dictate. Can this be doubted of one, who caused it to be inscribed upon his tomb, that "he never was outdone in good offices by his friend, nor in acts of hostility by his enemy."

There appears, however, to be one noble trait in his character, not often found among the actors of conspicuous parts on the political theatre. He seems to have been above the vulgar ambition of power, and to have disdained the petty distinction arising from mere preeminence of station.

Wholly different in this respect from Sylla, was Julius Cæsar, if we are to believe the saying ascribed to him—"that he would rather be the first man in a village than the second in Rome." If he really felt and thought this, unconnected with other objects to which it might be subservient, I cannot hesitate to say with Ferguson, that it was unworthy of him, and indicative of a pitiful mind. To be first in the estimation of the wise and good may be flattering to the greatest soul; but merely to be first in place, is the vulgar stimulus to the feminine contests for precedence in the drawing room, as well as to the furious conflicts for supremacy in the administration of the police of a petty borough or still more insignificant corporation. The mind of Cæsar must have been above such littleness. A saying, however, not very un-



like it, is attributed to him by Bacon in his *Advancement of Learning*. It is, that if ever law and justice may be violated, they may be violated for the sake of reigning,—*Si unquam jus violandum, regnandi causa violandum est*. For my own part, judging of the conduct of Cæsar from the state of the commonwealth as delineated in history, I have not been accustomed to consider it by any means so flagitious as it is usually represented by historians, and particularly by Mr. Ferguson. It has appeared to me that the substance of liberty and justice was gone, and that their shadows only remained; that every thing was carried by fraud and violence, and that the government was little more than an inefficient formality: of course, that the contests among the great men of the day were merely a scramble for power, in which, the claim of one competitor was as good as that of another. But there is one circumstance, which, it must be admitted, much lessens the weight of this opinion, so far as it respects the conduct of Cæsar. The best men of the time, were partisans of Pompey. On his side, we find Cato, and Cicero and Marcellus and Brutus; also Labienus the lieutenant of Cæsar, who left his service on the approach of the civil war. But however the account may stand in reference to good citizenship, we cannot withhold from Cæsar the praise of clemency and magnanimity; one instance of which, after his victory at Pharsalia, related in the *Spectator*, No. 374, is entitled to nothing short of the epithet of godlike.

Upon the whole, he must have been a superior man, the leading features of whose character have never been so well condensed and portrayed, as by the two following couplets of Pope:

There Cæsar, graced with both Minervas shone;  
Cæsar, the world's great master, and his own;  
Unmov'd, superior still in ev'ry state,  
And scarce detested in his country's fate.

The Commentaries of Cæsar, as coming from a man so great and conspicuous, who flourished nearly two thousand years ago, are certainly, if genuine (and they are admitted to be so) one of the most curious works extant. They furnish but a plain narrative, however, such as might be expected to proceed from an able, practical, decisive man of business, and nothing more. Indepen-

dent of the great consideration of the author, and the historical facts they detail being vouched for by his authority, they contain matter of no great interest; being made up of the incessant endeavours of the Roman general to maintain and extend the national conquests, and to suppress and retain in subjection the restless and warlike spirit of the semi-barbarous people, by whom he is surrounded. Like authors of the present day, however, the "mighty Cæsar" seems to have been aware of the importance of enlivening his monotonous narrative by an occasional sally of pleasantry; and I cannot help thinking, that if the instance I am about to adduce, had escaped the pen of a modern, it would have drawn down the lash of some Critical Reviewer, reprobating it as flat, and much too trifling for the notice of history.

To do away a panic terror that had seized his army, at the prospect of contending with the Germans under Ariovistus, who had been represented as not only brave to desperation, but gigantic also in stature, he concludes an animated exhortation to his troops, by saying, that if the rest of his men deserted him, he would march and attack the enemy with his tenth legion alone, which should thenceforth be his Pretorian cohort or life guards. This had the intended effect upon his army; and some time after, at a conference with Ariovistus, whom he had reason to suspect of a treacherous design, from his manner of regulating the meeting, he mounted some of this tenth legion to attend him as his guard, which gave occasion to one of the soldiers, *shrewdly* (as Cæsar says) to remark, that Cæsar had done more than he had promised, having merely engaged to make them his life guard, but that now he had done more, by also putting them on horseback." In the original, "*non irridicule quidam ex militibus decimæ legionis dixit; Plus, quam pollicitus esset, Cæsarem facere: pollicitum, in cohortis prætoriæ loco decimam legionem habiturum; nunc ad equum rescribere.*"\*

\* With due deference to our correspondent we would suggest, that by these words the soldier might have meant jocosely to state, that he and his companions were advanced to the honour of the *equestrian* order.

## ORATIONS OF DEMOSTHENES.

Being well aware that to arraign the justness of established *belles lettres* opinions, is a species of literary disorganization, which a good citizen of the republic of letters ought studiously to avoid, I should not venture merely to hint, what I am now going openly to avow, were it not that I find myself in some degree supported by a sentiment of Mr. Burke. My dread confession is, that I have never been able to discover in such of the orations of the Grecian orator as I have seen, that transcendent merit that is found in them by others. I have read over and over again (in English though, be it observed) the celebrated speech in answer to Eschines, which is given by Rollin in his *Belles Lettres*, and must say, that though sensible and artful enough, I do not perceive in it that impetuous, irresistible, and overbearing torrent of eloquence, which is ascribed to Demosthenes,—that refined art and vehement mind and manner, in which no other man is supposed to have been equal to him. We have not his action it is true; and are therefore without the means of trying him in the spirit of his own definition of oratory.

The sentiment of Mr. Burke, alluded to, is in a letter to sir William Jones, in these words: “I do not know how it has happened, that orators have hitherto fared worse in the hands of the translators, than even the poets; I never could bear to read a translation of Cicero. Demosthenes suffers, I think, somewhat less, but he suffers greatly; so much, that I must say, no English reader could well conceive from whence he had acquired the reputation of the first of orators.”

The idea vented in the preceding note in regard to the duty of conforming to the decisions of the republic of letters, and the consequent impropriety of impugning the orthodoxy of its established doctrines, is recognized by the author of the *Pursuits of Literature*, who expresses a wish in one of his notes, that Mr. Bryant had not called in question the existence of ancient Troy, and along with it, the reality of the famous war, which is the subject of Homer's *Iliad*.

Doctor Clark the traveller is, I find, one of the assailants of this heterodox position of Mr. Bryant, as he labours in his 2d volume to establish the site of Troy; but what the prevailing opini-

on of the European literati on the subject may be, I have not learned. For my own part, I must avow, that I find it difficult to persuade myself that Homer would have founded this poem on a mere creation of his brain, when both the nature of man and the traditions of his time, must have furnished him with matter of more interest to build upon. When was it that there were not wars, and men celebrated for a concern in them? When did heroes not exist, since man's expulsion from Paradise?

It is remarkable, though perhaps not worthy of remark, that the latin word *Populatio*, from which, no doubt, our English word *Population* is derived, signifies the very reverse of the derivative. *Populatio* means wasting or destroying, as does also *depopulation*. Can one then be justly accused of undue partiality to our mother tongue, in assuming, that, in the different senses we annex to our *Population* and *Depopulation*, we are much more clear, discriminative and precise, than these our ancestors were.

And now I am on the subject of words, I cannot but express some surprize, that so good a one as *Dehort* should have become obsolete. It was once in good repute, as is evidenced by its use in the *Tattler*. It seems now, however, to be wholly superseded by *Dissuade*; and to have been put down without any just or substantial cause, as is many a good man in the unlucky jostlings and elbowings of this fantastic world. But as good men and good words are sometimes improperly put down, so are bad ones set up; and, in the latter case, I have only to turn *set up* topsy turvy, for an example. How *upset* came to be used among us Americans, for overset or overturn, is hardly worth the trouble of a disquisition: though I shrewdly suspect it is an emigrant from the east. So long as its use was merely colloquial and confined to newspapers, it might be tolerated; but since it has crept into works, that, from their importance, may become classic,\* its pretensions should be examined. Is it then to be found in any respectable English author, or is it recognized by a single lexicographer? Is it not moreover, a disgustingly awkward word; and, if admissible at all, should it not be used in the diametrically opposite sense to the one it usurps. To upset a boat or carriage conveys, to me, the idea of righting it after it had been overturn-

\* Lewis and Clark's expedition up the Missouri.

ed. So when a countryman talks of upsetting his axe, he means refitting it for use.

The fashion of introducing a latin line or sentence into an oration, is not peculiar to the statesmen of England. Cardinal De Retz tells us in his memoirs, that aware of the good effect of a striking passage from an ancient author, and having none to his purpose on occasion of a speech he meditated to deliver, he framed one himself, which took as he expected, though all were at a loss for the writer he had quoted. This was the fabrication:—In difficilimis reipublicæ temporibus, urbem non deserui, in prosperis nihil de publico delibavi, in desperatis nihil timui; that is, In bad times I have not abandoned the city; in good ones I have had no private interest in view; and in desperate ones nothing could appal me.

We are told by a French critic, that a certain missionary, aiming to strike the minds of his hearers, set this dismal picture before them. Il y a dans l'enfer une grande pendule, dont le faite se perd dans l'immensité de l'espace, et les extremités dans un abîme sans fond; auprès de cette pendule est un démon, qui a les yeux toujours attachés sur le cadran. Les damnés se lèvent tous à la fois du milieu d'un vaste étang de flammes et ils demandent d'une voix gemissante: *quelle heure est il? quelle heure est il? L'éternité* (leur répond ce démon) *l'éternité*; et aussitôt tous ces malheureux se replongent avec des rugissements, et disparaissent dans ce lac de feu. The critic justly observes, that at the first view, this picture will appear ridiculous, but upon a second it will be sublime, and fill the soul with an imposing image—d'une image imposante.

In the Port Folio for July the 9th, 1808, there is a mistake which ought to be corrected. It consists in ascribing to Lucan the epigram De Sene Veronensi, which belongs to Claudian. No work of Lucan has reached us but his Pharsalia, and that is unfinished. The Old Man of Verona is a much admired little poem, and has been imitated by Cowley, who, in the opinion of Mr. Gibbon, is much inferior to his original, though he adds, that in the following passage he is perhaps superior.

Ingentem meminit parvo qui germine quercum,  
Æquævumque videt consensuisse nemus.

A neighbouring wood born with himself he sees,  
And loves his old contemporary trees.

Claudian flourished in the time of Theodosius, and his sons Arcadius and Honorius, and was patronized by Stilicho, to please whom says Mr. Gibbon, he wrote occasional panegyrics and invectives, the design of which slavish compositions, encouraged his propensity to exceed the limits of truth and nature. His genius and merit are accurately understood and characterized by the historian. He wrote voluminously; and were I to venture an opinion of him, I should attribute to him great facility in composition, and a fluency of versification exceeded by no poet in the same language, except Ovid.

—  
MRS. ELIZA DRAPER.

It is somewhat remarkable, that the Abbe Raynal, who, as he tells us, was on so intimate a footing with this lady, that she was about to leave her country and connections to go to France in order to reside near him and among his, should have made a mistake of five years in her age. He says, she finished her career at the age of thirty-three. But a much better authority, the inscription on her monument at Bristol, gives out, that she died under twenty-eight. This inscription is transcribed by Mrs. Grant in her *Letters from the Mountains*, and is in these words:

Sacred to the memory of Mrs. ELIZABETH DRAPER,  
Wife to General Draper,  
Who died at Bristol in the 28th year of her age.  
She was eminent for genius and benevolence.

Mrs. Grant also gives us the inscription placed by Mason on the tomb of his Maria, at the same watering-place.

Take holy earth all that my soul holds dear;  
Take that best gift which Heaven so lately gave:  
To Bristol's fount I bore with tender care  
Her faded form; she bow'd to taste the wave  
And died:

But it is unnecessary to recite more of this well known epitaph.

The perusal of these unquestionable certificates of man's mortality, the melancholy though not unusual amusement of the traveller, is agreeably adverted to by Churchill in the following lines, on the subject of his own epitaph, and desire of posthumous fame.

And when on travel bound, some rhyming guest  
 Roams through the Churchyard whilst his dinner's drest;  
 Let it hold up this comment to his eyes;  
 "Life to the last enjoy'd, here Churchill lies;"  
 Whilst (O what joy that pleasing flatt'ry gives)  
 Reading my works he cries,—here Churchill lives.

How wonderful the revolutions of fashion, or rather how alarming the inroads of luxury! Poor, despised Bohea, that degraded beverage which is now almost too mean for the tea table of a washerwoman, was once the next perhaps in rank, as a regale, to Nectar and Ambrosia. If not the liquor of the Gods, it was, by the testimony of one Alexander Pope, exclusively quaffed at courts, and by those, who are emphatically called the great world.

Happy! ah ten times happy had I been,  
 If Hampton-Court these eyes had never seen!  
 Oh had I rather unadmir'd remain'd  
 In some lone isle, or distant northern land;  
 Where the gilt chariot never marks the way,  
 Where none learn Ombre, none e'er taste Bohea!

But there is reason to suppose, that the art of tea-drinking was very imperfect in Pope's time; not merely from the circumstance of bohea being in such high estimation, and constituting the generic term for the drug, if indeed they were then possessed of its varieties, but from an indubitable fact, which, *a matre accipi*, and is established by other unquestionable tradition. It is, that on the first introduction of tea-gossiping into Philadelphia, derived, piping hot, no doubt, from London, that indispensable ingredient, the sugar, was not immersed in the liquid, unless, by a "foregone conclusion" it was ascertained, that such was the wish of the drinker. Hence, instead of the after question, it was not long since the custom to ask, "Is your tea ma'am as you like it?" the lady doing the honours of the table, would put the previous one of "*pray ma'am do you bite or sweeten?*" If it proved to be her option to bite, (strange canine image by the bye) she was forthwith furnished with a lump of *doubly-refined* which she held in her fingers, and ever and anon applied to her incisors, as often as a sip of tea required a preparatory bite of sugar. Such, be it remembered, was one feature of a tea-party in the first rude essays of that delectable entertainment. But Rome was not built in a day.

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ELEGANT AND USEFUL ARTS.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

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MR. OLDSCHOOL,

HAVING professed yourself a friend to the cultivation and improvement of the *Fine Arts* in our country, I hope you will not be less favourably inclined towards those, which may, with propriety, be denominated the *elegant and useful*. Among these the art of the dentist stands preeminent.

For the title I have bestowed on this operative profession, it would be almost superfluous to offer my reasons. It is useful, because on the sound state of the human teeth depends very essentially the health of the system; and it is elegant, because few things contribute more than a fine set of teeth, to give comeliness and beauty to the human countenance.

In the reports of certain foreigners, who have visited our country for purposes best known to themselves, the Americans are rendered famous—if the term were not offensive, I would say, *infamous*—for the badness of their teeth. The charge preferred against us on this ground has, perhaps, some foundation in truth, but has unquestionably been in a high degree exaggerated by those whose malevolent pens have placed it on record.

By the aid of the dentist, however, bad teeth are now much less common, especially in our large cities, than they were twenty years ago. The evil which was attributed originally to the fault of our climate, is found by experience to arise, in a great measure, out of the carelessness of individuals. The requisite degree of cleanliness and attention will preserve the teeth in America, as well as in Europe. This fact has been long believed, and is now, by actual experiment, proved to be true.

But I am improperly, perhaps, allowing myself to be diverted by the current of my thoughts, from the main object of this communication, which is, to do justice to a very able and meritorious dentist, who has contributed, not a little, by his industry and talents, to bring the art he professes to its present high and reputable standing in the United States. I allude to Mr. James Gardette, who is well known to the citizens of Philadelphia, having resided among them in full business about five and twenty years.

From a very celebrated and excellent treatise on the “Theory and practice of the art of the dentist,” by Laforgue, of Paris, we



extract the following passage, in which the name of Mr. Gardette is several times mentioned, with the respect due to a first-rate artist.

Speaking on the subject of artificial teeth, Mr. Laforgue says, "models are sometimes taken with modelling wax; that used at Paris is malleable, and does not hurt the gums, and it besides preserves its hardness sufficiently not to be altered in shape on its removal.

"There are dentists who take their impressions with common bees-wax, which they soften by heat; others use a kind of paste, with which I am not acquainted; and others, again, make use of softened brimstone.

"Mr. Gardette, dentist in Philadelphia, informed me by letter, in 1804, that he took the form of the gums with prepared wax, that he made his model from this impression in plaister of Paris, and then another complete model in brass from the plaister; that the models being finished, he then stamped upon them gold plates, which he found to succeed very well; and I believe it."

Mr. Laforgue again says, "In cases, where persons are desirous of frequently taking out artificial teeth in order to wash them, the ligatures should be of *teeth-twist*, or of some other vegetable thread; and those who use such ligatures, ought to be instructed in the method of fixing them.

"The practice of fixing and keeping artificial teeth in their places by ligatures, is almost wholly abandoned by Mr. Gardette. He fixes them without tying even when the pieces are small. I have seen some teeth admirably placed by Mr. Gardette: I know no dentist who equals him in that neat and precious operation."

When speaking of Mr. Fonzi, dentist, at Paris, who had announced himself as the inventor of the elastic plates of gold to secure artificial teeth in their places, Mr. Laforgue says, "The elastic plates to secure teeth in their places without tying them, were employed by several dentists of Paris, and particularly by Mr. Gardette of Philadelphia, before they were used by Mr. Fonzi."

In relation to the manner of mounting human teeth with a gold plate fixed transversely in them, Mr. Laforgue observes, "This method, the honour of which is due to Mr. Gardette, of Philadelphia, is now introduced with success. It can be best executed

when the teeth of the under-jaw do not come in contact with those of the upper, and do not occasion a shock on the inside of the artificial teeth placed in it."

The name of Mr. Edward Hudson, of Philadelphia, is so essentially connected with the high standing of the art of the dentist in the United States, that we should, on the present occasion, deem ourselves culpable were we to pass it unnoticed. We hope, therefore that his modesty will not take offence at the liberty we have used. We have no hesitation in declaring, that for liberal skill and manual dexterity in every branch of his profession, he is entitled to rank with the first artists we have ever known in any country. Whilst America, therefore, can justly boast of such talents and excellence, she need not envy to France or England the numerous dentists who are flourishing there in such distinguished reputation.

Ed.

#### VARIETY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

##### THE FATE OF GENIUS.

THOUGH the *Gil Blas* of Le Sage is more relished by mankind in general, and assuredly far excels his *Diable Boiteux*, or Devil upon two sticks, the latter is better liked in France, and had, from the first publication, more attention paid to it than the former. The first edition had amazing success, and the second sold with still greater rapidity. Two noblemen coming at the same time to the bookseller's in order to purchase the book, found that only one solitary copy remained unsold, which each resolutely insisted upon purchasing. The dispute grew at length so warm, that they both drew their swords, each being determined to assert his claim to *Le Diable* by force of arms. The bookseller, however, interposed and prevented bloodshed. All this time the illustrious author was languishing in distress, and afterwards died in poverty—but the bookseller made a large fortune by his works.

##### FOOLS EX OFFICIO.

THE custom of fools being kept in the service of great men is of extreme antiquity. It would seem as if one of those was, in

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former times, considered as necessary a household circumstance in the castles of grandees, and in the palaces of kings, as the cook that dressed their victuals, or the porter that opened their gates. In those parts of history which relate to the customs and manners of the respective countries and ages of the world, an uniform unbroken trace is perceptible of this unaccountable practice; and in that which may be called the anecdotal part of history, innumerable stories are related of those fools, which surprise us with their extravagancies or divert us with the unexpected vivacity of their wit, and the irresistible force of their satirical humour. We have often thought that a well collated history of this degraded and degrading part of our species would be a very interesting book, at least, to the bookseller, for assuredly it would be very profitable.

Shakspeare, who left nothing belonging to man or to nature unilluminated by his genius, has given us, in the tragedy of King Lear, an "abstract or brief chronicle" of this class of beings. He no doubt had his mind stored with a number of prototypes; and his fool bears so intimate a resemblance to all the characters of that kind of which we have read, that it may be said to be a tolerable transcript of the whole body.

We have undeniable evidence that this strange custom existed as early as the reign of Charlemagne. The game of chess was then very common in France; and every body knows that the two pieces which in that game are placed near the king and queen, are, by the French, called fools.

In the records of the town of Troyes, in Champagne, (that Troyes which has lately cut so conspicuous a figure, as a principal scene in the theatre of warfare between Bounaparte and the allies) a letter is preserved of Charles the fifth, signifying to the magistrates of that province, the death of his fool, and ordering them to furnish him with another, *according to ancient custom*. The custom was therefore established long before that time. A remarkable circumstance is, that this monarch, who was surnamed "the wise," and who certainly deserved that epithet, caused monuments to be erected to the memory of two of his fools. One of those tombs is eight and a half feet in length, and four and a half in breadth. In the middle lies a figure dressed in a sort of long

robe; the feet and face are of alabaster; and among other oddities in the dress, the figure has a fool's sceptre in its hand, and is surrounded with a great number of small figures in niches, delicately executed. It is accompanied by the following epitaph:

“ Cy git Thevenin de Saint Legiere, fou du Roi notre Sixe, qui trepassa le XI. Juillet Le An de Grace, MCCCLXXIV. Priez pour l'Anie de li.”

“ Here lies Thevenin de St. Legiere, fool to our sovereign lord the king, who died the eleventh of July, 1374. Pray to God for his soul.”

From the innumerable jests related to have been uttered by those fools, it appears pretty evidently that they were selected more for an unlucky malignant wit than for their folly. Some partial infirmity procured for them the name of fool, and with the name the privilege ever attached to it, of speaking truths, however severe, with impunity.—That impunity rendered them bold, and it being their business to speak incessantly, and their imaginations being entirely absolved from all restraint of fear, they gave a vent to the extravagant combinations of the distorted minds, to the great amusement of their protecting monarch, who, though himself often stung by their satire, was ashamed to punish them.

We shall conclude this paper with a jest related of *Triboulet*, a fool to Louis the twelfth, and Francis the first. A nobleman of distinction having threatened to cause Triboulet to be whipped to death for mocking him with too much freedom, the fool complained to Francis. The prince told him not to be afraid, “ for,” said he “ should any one presume to kill you, I will have the murderer hanged up in a quarter of an hour after.” “ Ah!” cried Triboulet, “ in order to secure me effectually, your majesty should have him hanged up a quarter of an hour *before*.”

The wretched expedient of seeking resources against lassitude and indolence in the strange oddities of a wretch deprived of reason, has long been laid aside by kings, but was taken up, and not half a century ago practised by men of more wealth than feeling or intellect. To the vulgar and unthinking, it will always be a source of amusement as it always has been.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.--FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

THE subjoined version of the two passages from Virgil, proposed for translation in the last number of *The Port Folio*, are offered to your inspection, merely in compliance with your challenge, not from any intrinsic merit supposed to exist in them, and are at your disposal.

VIVIAN.

July 6, 1814.

INSTANT the fame through Lybian, cities goes,  
 Fame, the worst plague that human nature knows;  
 Though small through fear at first, yet soon she spreads,  
 And reaches Heaven while still on earth she treads,  
 Grows as she flies, and strengthens as she moves,  
 With rapid pace and venom'd wing she roves.  
 Produced by parent earth in vengeful mood,  
 The last-born sister of the giant brood.  
 A monster dire and vast, with plumage deck'd  
 The plumes as many watchful eyes protect,  
 As many tongues unnumber'd voices give,  
 As many listening ears the sounds receive.  
 By night through air she flies, nor rests by day,  
 No slumbers cloud her eyes' malignant ray;  
 On turrets high or house-tops she alights,  
 And nations with her clamours loud affrights.  
 Alike to her if painful truth she tell,  
 Or envious falsehoods all her voices swell.

*Æneid. iv. 173.*

All powerful Juno, now, her anguish view'd,  
 Nor longer Pity's gentle voice withstood;  
 Iris she bade from high Olympu go  
 To end at once the wretched Dido's wo:  
 Whose soul in vain to break its fetters tried,  
 For, since undoom'd by fate's decree she died,  
 To rush on death by her own madness driven;  
 Before the fatal day ordain'd by Heaven;  
 Proserpine had not sever'd from her head  
 The sacred hair that held her from the dead.

Then Iris bright on saff'ron pinions flew,  
 And in her train a thousand colours drew,  
 Glittering through Heaven's expanse she held her way,  
 Alighting where the hapless Dido lay.  
 "Be, wretched queen! from mortal pain releas'd."  
 She spake, and now the yellow hair she seized,  
 "This to th' infernal gods I dedicate,  
 "And thus fulfil the high behest of Fate."  
 Thus said, her hand divides the fatal hair,—  
 The soul commingles with its kindred air.

*Æneid. iv. 693.*

### HORACE IN PHILADELPHIA.

#### BOOK 2. ODE 11.

Quid bellicosus Cantaber et Scythes,  
 Hirpine Quincti, cogitet, Hadria,  
 Divisus objecto, remittas  
 Quærere, &c.

To P—— D——, Esquire.

NAY, Peter, clear that brow of gloom,  
 Nor suffer Bony's hapless doom  
 In sadness to depress you,  
 Why should the fate of France or Spain,  
 Or Holland, give you joy or pain,  
 Enliven or distress you?

Let Russians smile, "*they laugh who win*;"  
 And Frenchmen force a courtly grin,  
 To welcome their new masters;  
 But let *us* still with calmness greet  
 The tidings, should the *Allies* meet  
 Successes or disasters.

Must we of *foreign* triumphs boast,  
 To them carouse, and for a toast,

A name from *Europe* borrow?  
 Have we a *country of our own*?  
 That country, then, should be, alone,  
*Our source of joy and sorrow.*

These anxious cares for Europe cease;  
 Be sad or merry as you please,  
 For both are right in season;  
 But *foreign sympathies* disclaim,  
 Though warm "Benevolents" may blame,  
 And Demo's call it *treason!*

Vex not your mind with distant strife,  
 Cares swarm in every stage of life,  
 And need not looking after;  
 Come take with me a good cigar,  
 And drown all thoughts of peace and war,  
 In claret, smoak, and laughter.

—  
 BOOK 2. ODE 16.

Otium divos rogat in patenti  
 Prensus Ægæo, simul atra nubes  
 Condedit Lunam, neque certa fulgent  
 Sidera nautis:  
 Otium bello, &c.

To T—— T——, ESQUIRE.

FOR *rest* the wearied sailor sighs,  
 In leaky ship when storms are brewing,  
 "Oh! give us *rest*" the soldier cries,  
 Fatigu'd with marching and reviewing.

Believe me, Tom, the man that knows  
 How to enjoy a happy hour,  
 Will ever give it to repose,  
 And then defy Misfortune's power.

How welcome is the hour of rest  
 To merchants by their discounts worried,—  
 To *quid-nuncs* by ill news distressed,  
 And prentice youths with errands hurried.

To lawyers whom new points perplex,  
 To judges tir'd of *nisi prius*,—  
 To housewives whom bad servants vex,  
 And e'en to sermon-writers pious.

Oh! blind to sense, to reason blind,  
 Who seek in bustling noise for pleasure!  
 A boon they ne'er must hope to find,  
 Except in bowers of ease and leisure.

But will the body's rest ensure  
 A mind at ease and conscience quiet?  
 Ah! no, they but repose *endure*  
 Whose thoughts on worldly plans run riot.

Be wisely tranquil, then, and cease  
 To look for future good or evil,  
 Resign your mind to calm and peace,  
 And kick all troubles to the devil.

—  
 TO MISS MARIA.

*In imitation of some lines by Mr. Fox.*

WHEN the finest arrangement of features is join'd  
 To the sweetest expression of genius and mind,  
 When innocent blushes unbidden by art  
 Betray the soft feelings which glow at the heart,  
 When the gestures are full of enrapturing grace,  
 And the soul too enchantingly beams in the face,  
 Sure the coldness of reason must fatally prove  
 Too feeble a shield for the arrows of love!  
 Then tell me thou lovely *Maria*, oh tell,  
 Couldst thou wish to employ thy strong magical spell  
 To delude the warm heart that delights to admire  
 The glance of thine eye with its basilisk fire;  
 Couldst thou wish it to drink, unsuspecting of wo,  
 Of the cup whence the waters of bitterness flow,  
 And when sadly o'erwhelm'd with the poisonous balm,  
 To seek an asylum in Solitude's calm?



No! by heaven the beam which illumines thine eye,  
And thy feelings oft melting in Sympathy's sigh,  
Forbid me to think that so tender a heart  
Would be happy to play so delusive a part,  
As would send me deploring to Solitude's shade  
The graces and frowns of a beautiful maid.  
But tell me what passion must govern my breast;  
Must excursive Ambition exclude all the rest,  
Must it rudely supplant every finer emotion,  
And cast me adrift on Life's perilous ocean,  
A victim and sport to the phantoms of praise,  
When illumin'd by Fancy's wild meteor blaze?  
On Uncertainty's tide must I carelessly swim  
And rely on the smiles of the popular whim?  
Oh no! for the pleasures of thralldom I feel no desire,  
For if pleasure be there 'twill but glow and expire.  
Then will *Friendship's* enrapturing name be too cold  
For a soul that is cast in a passionate mould?  
No! then blight in one kindly compassionate hour  
The rose of my passion expanding to flow'r,  
Make my hopes which were ever unbounded before  
Be bounded by *friendship*, and ask for no more,  
Then as I alone by Potowmac's broad tide  
Shall ramble with wild independence and pride,  
And the scene is congenial with Fancy's blest pow'r,  
I'll think o'er the charms of this luminous hour—  
Then oft in the twilight of evening I'll see  
A something resembling my parting with thee,  
For the moment that's mild—sweetly sad and serene,  
Is like Sensibility's tenderest scene,  
And as on the moon with mild rapture I gaze,  
To rejoice in her brightness yet feel not her blaze,  
So, though beaming with lustre thy beautiful eye,  
My mind may admire—yet breathe not a sigh!

## AN ODE TO SICKNESS.

*By a lady who for many years had languished under a confirmed  
and hopeless consumption.*

Not to the Rosy Maid whom former hours  
Beheld me covet fondly, tune I now  
The melancholy lyre. No more I seek  
Thy aid, Hygeia, sought so long in vain:  
But 'tis to thee, oh Sickness! 'tis to thee  
I wake the silent string; accept the lay.  
Thou art no tyrant waving thy fierce scourge  
O'er unresisting victims—but a nymph  
Of mild though mournful mien, upon whose brow  
Patience sits smiling, and whose heavy eye,  
Though moist with tears, is always fixed on Heaven.  
Thou wrapst the world in gloom, but thou canst tell  
Of worlds where all is sunshine, and at length,  
When through this vale of sorrow thou hast led  
Thy patient sufferers, cheering them the while  
With many a smile of promise, thy pale hand  
Unlocks the bowers of everlasting rest,  
Where Death's kind angel waits to dry their tears,  
And crown them with his amaranthine flowers.  
Yet I have known thee long, and I have felt  
All that thou hast of sorrow! Many a tear  
Has fallen on my cold cheek, and many a sigh,  
Called forth by thee, has swell'd my aching breast;  
Yet still I bless thee, oh thou chastening power!  
For *all* I bless thee—Thou hast taught my soul  
To rest upon itself—to look beyond  
The narrow bounds of Time and fix its hopes  
On the sure basis of Eternity.  
Meanwhile, even in this transitory scene,  
Of what hast thou deprived me? Has thy hand  
Closed up the book of Knowledge, drawn a veil  
O'er the fair face of Nature, or destroyed  
The tender pleasures of domestic life?  
Ah no! 'tis thine to call forth in the heart

Each better feeling: thou awakenest there  
That unconfined *Philanthropy* which feels  
For all the unhappy—that warm sympathy  
Which casting every selfish care aside  
Finds its own bliss in seeing others blest;  
That *Melancholy*, tender yet sublime,  
Which, feeling all the nothingness of earth,  
Exalts the soul to Heaven: and more than these  
That pure *Devotion* which even in an hour  
Of agonizing pain can fill the eyes with  
Tears of ecstasy—such tears perhaps  
As angels love to shed.—  
These are thy gifts, oh Sickness! these to me  
Thou hast vouchsafed, and taught me how to prize:  
Shall my soul shrink from aught thou hast ordain'd?  
Shall I e'er envy the luxurious train  
Around whose path Prosperity has strewn  
Her gilded toys? Ah let them still pursue  
The shining trifles; never shall they know  
Such pure and holy pleasures as await  
The heart refined by suffering. Not to them  
Does Fancy sing her wild romantic song.  
'Tis not for them her glowing hand undraws  
The sacred veil that hides the angelic world.  
They hear not in the music of the wind  
Celestial voices, that in whispers sweet,  
Call to the flowers, the young and bashful flowers:  
They see not at the shadowy hour of eve  
Descending spirits, who on silver wing  
Glide through the air, and to their harps divine  
Sing in soft notes the vesper hymn of praise;  
Or pausing for a moment as they turn  
Their radiant eyes on this polluted scene,  
Drop on their golden harps the pitying tear.—  
Prosperity I count thy gifts no more!  
Nor thine Hygeia! yet to thee  
I breathe one fervent prayer—attend the strain,  
If for my faded brow, thy hand prepare

Some future wreath, let me the gift resign,  
Transfer the rosy garland, bid it bloom  
Around the temples of that friend beloved,  
On whose maternal bosom even now  
I lay my aching head, and as I mark  
The smile that plays upon her speaking face,  
Forget that I have ever shed a tear.

## MILITARY AND NAVAL GALLANTRY.

ALTHOUGH bent on an undeviating adherence to a resolution which we formerly expressed, never to suffer the pages of the *Port Folio* to be in the slightest degree embroiled by political discussions, we, notwithstanding, consider ourselves at liberty to make known our sentiments and give language to our feelings in relation to events which are vitally interesting to the reputation of our country.

It is, therefore, with peculiar satisfaction that we avail ourselves of the present occasion to tender to the readers of this Journal and to the public in general, our hearty congratulations on the late occurrences on our northern frontiers. Ardently as we wish for the termination of the war, in which our country is at present engaged, we are notwithstanding delighted that that event has not taken place, till our character in arms— we mean by *land*—has been somewhat retrieved. *By sea, it is placed beyond the reach of accident and misfortune.*

The opening of the third campaign, in Upper Canada, augurs well both as to the talents and fortune of the commanding officer. General Brown appears to have concerted his measures with wisdom and secrecy, and to have executed them with promptitude, skill and vigour. The battle on Chippeway plains was fought with great cobliness and decisive effect. It was no empty parade or hollow sound of war. It was the strife of death, where valour and skill were alike conspicuous. In every particular calculated to confer reputation in arms, the superiority was signally on the American side—in bravery and discipline, firmness and skill, regularity of movement and effective dexterity in the use of the mus-

ket. The laurels won in that encounter more than supply the place of those that had been previously lost on any single occasion. Indeed, considering the case in all its circumstances, we do not hesitate to hail the victory of Chippeway as an achievement which goes far towards a complete redemption of our lost reputation. It is, therefore, with sentiments of peculiar pleasure, that we unite our voice to that of our country in bestowing on general Brown and his companions in arms the eulogy to which they are so eminently entitled. Should the war continue we shall regard their exploits on the 5th of July as only a pledge of something that is to follow, more glorious to themselves and more honourable to their country: and we have no doubt but the pledge will be faithfully redeemed. It belongs to the brave to surpass expectation, and to perform every thing short of impossibilities.

To the gallantry and good conduct of Brig. Gen. Scott, the second in command, it is evident that the splendour of our successes on the plains of Chippeway are in a great measure ascribable. To that hope of our army—that Marcellus of the day, we trust that the hearts of our countrymen will never prove ungrateful, nor their tongues be reluctant to bestow on him the merited meed of applause.

We should deem ourselves culpable were we to remain silent on the present occasion in relation to the gallant but unfortunate Porter. In speaking on this topic now, we are sensible that we precede the deliberations of a court of Inquiry. But of that we are regardless. We know what the decision of such a tribunal must be; and we feel no indelicacy in anticipating its report.

Disabled by the act of God, and greatly overpowered by the number and force of his enemy, captain Porter has indeed lost his ship and many of his brave associates in battle; but not a speck is dimmed on the escutcheon of his honour. Like pure gold from the refining crucible, that has issued from the fiery trial with renovated lustre.

Captain Porter and his gallant crew have done precisely what we expected of them—all that mortals, situated as they were, could do. It is but justice to declare our confident belief that *no people on earth, except Americans, would have done as much*. High authority for this belief is the fact, that the records of naval warfare afford no instance of such a defence of a vessel under such cir-

circumstances, as that which took place in the case of the Essex. To have sustained, for two hours and a half, within the reach of their shot but beyond that of the greater part of her own, the fire of double her number of guns worked by twice her complement of men, is a sample of resistance of which no country on earth except America can boast. In the technical language of the world the capture of the Essex will be called a defeat. But for all the purposes of renown to captain Porter and his brave associates, it was a brilliant victory. As such we trust it will be viewed and rewarded by their country.

In relation to this unparalleled scene of American gallantry, it shall be our business to be more particular hereafter.

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#### TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

WE regret that the very liberal and gentlemanly note from our worthy correspondent, Mr. Holland, of Charleston, South Carolina, was received at too late a period to be acted on in the present number of the Port Folio. In our next it shall receive the attention it merits. In the mean time it would be laying an undue restraint on our feelings not to say, that Mr. Holland's note is such as does equal credit to his head and heart. It shows him to be superior to all the littleness of envy, and to have attained an honourable mastery over himself. Praise must never be withheld from him who so magnanimously praises the performance of a competitor.

We have received our worthy correspondent R's translation of the Latin elegy on the death of Mr. William Thomson, published in The Port Folio for June last; but have to lament that it is written in a hand so unusually intricate that we are unable to read it. Were we to attempt to print from it, mistakes would inevitably ensue. We are compelled, therefore, to apply for a fairer copy.

We avail ourselves of this opportunity to intreat our correspondents in general, to write to us in a hand as fair as possible. To say nothing of our own trouble and difficulty in decyphering a careless

or intricate hand, mistakes in printing from it are frequently inevitable. It is altogether probable, that in this way the composition of our correspondents' papers is sometimes unintentionally altered and injured.

The papers relating to the Philadelphia Athenæum, obligingly placed in our hands by one of our correspondents, are unavoidably excluded from the present number of *The Port Folio*; but shall receive a place in the next. It will afford us at all times peculiar gratification to do every thing in our power to promote the objects, and make more extensively known the arrangements and merits of that excellent institution.

We have received a sensible and well written paper, entitled "Thoughts on the employment of Militia." Notwithstanding the vital importance of the subject, and the care which the author has taken to purge the article of party politics, we feel some scruples in relation to its admission into *The Port Folio*. If the author reside in Philadelphia, as we believe he does, an interview with him would be gratifying to us. By such a step our scruples may possibly be removed, and the paper admitted to the place to which its general merits intitle it.

Two additional numbers of "*Adversaria*" have been received, as also a further communication of the "*Notes of a Desultory Reader*." These valuable papers are held in reserve for the future pages of *The Port Folio*, and a continuation of the favours of their authors is solicited.

Our correspondent, who furnished us, some time since, with an excellent account of the earthquake of the year 1812, in the city of Charleston, will not consider himself neglected because his paper has not yet been laid before the public. It lies in our bureau, where it shall not repose much longer—among our most highly valued communications.

We find it oftentimes essentially necessary to make the priority of papers yield to the propriety and fitness of associating and grouping them. This is a circumstance which no one can so

well appreciate as he who has been engaged in the task of selecting materials for a periodical work. Our first object is the interest of our journal, connected with the gratification and improvement of our readers. Our second, even-handed justice and impartiality to our correspondents.

TRIBUTE TO GALLANTRY AND MERIT.

A letter we had the honour of receiving the other day from commodore Decatur respecting the biographical notice of captain Warrington, which appeared in the last number of The Port Folio, contains, among other complimentary expressions, the following sentence:

“ It affords me great pleasure to unite my voice with the public sentiment in praise of captain Warrington.”

Such a tribute from such a source, where, to unsuspected candour are added the best opportunity and the highest competency to judge—*Laudari a luadato*—amounts to the most precious and highly prized eulogy.

COMMUNICATED FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

OBITUARY.

DIED suddenly, in this city, on the 20th of May last, Mrs. MARY ANN RHEA, consort of general Jonathan Rhea, of Trenton, and daughter of the late doctor McIlvain, of Burlington, New-Jersey. The death of this interesting woman is a source of bereavement and lasting sorrow to a numerous and respectable circle of friends, to whom she was endeared, not more by kindred and connexion, than by the excellence of her intellect, and the benevolent and amiable qualities of her heart. To the quickness of apprehension characteristic of her sex, she united, in a delicate frame, the vigour and compass of a masculine mind, highly improved by careful cultivation, and constantly employed in promoting the happiness of all around her. The loss of this excellent woman has left a void, which, to many, will never be supplied, and can be alleviated only by the melancholy remembrance of her accomplishments and virtues.

Philadelphia, July 18th, 1814.









Edwin sc.

*Henry Laurens Esq*

# THE PORT FOLIO,

THIRD SERIES,

CONDUCTED BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

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Various: that the mind  
Of desultory man, studious of change,  
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.

COWPER.

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VOL. IV.

SEPTEMBER, 1814.

NO. III.

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AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LIFE OF HENRY LAURENS, ESQ.

WHEN we seriously contemplate our revolutionary struggle, and ~~its~~ issue, the emancipation of our country from the British yoke, we cannot fail to regard them as a work, though not *miraculous*, in the ordinary acceptation of the term, yet peculiarly under the direction of superior wisdom—as a series of measures and achievements in which the hand of Heaven was more signally displayed than it usually is in the concerns of mortals. The suitability of the time and the aptitude of the means harmonized and co-operated in a wonderful manner to the certain and necessary production of the great moral and political result.

The British monarch, possessed at best of but a limited capacity, was far from being either liberally experienced in state affairs, or profoundly versed in the knowledge of man. His ministry, although not unusually weak, nor yet, perhaps, pre-eminently wicked, was notwithstanding narrowed by avarice, maddened by ambition, and wantonly regardless of, if not absolutely blind in relation to, the character, the interests, and the disposition of America. Their obstinacy and self-confidence, qualities in which Pharaoh himself was scarcely their equal, led them to push

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to a ruinous extent every scheme of mal-administration in which they engaged. Mistaking entirely the spirit of freemen, and undervaluing the resources of undisciplined bravery, they attempted to coerce when they ought to have conciliated, to enforce their ends by rigour and menace, when they should have relied on kindness and an appeal to loyalty. They were, moreover, embarrassed, crippled, and sometimes defeated in their measures at home, by the most brilliant and powerful opposition that ever appeared in the British parliament. The irresistible eloquence of Chatham, Burke, and Fox in the senate and house of commons, was an auxiliary of no ordinary power to the consummate talents of Washington in the field. After the actual commencement of hostilities, the commanding officers employed in the first instance by the British cabinet to conduct the war, were deficient in capacity, energy, and enterprise. Their languid and unskillful operations were calculated to encourage rather than depress, to invigorate rather than break down the spirit of their enlightened and determined adversaries. Instead of attempting, by force of action and rapidity of movement, to overwhelm them at once while wavering and undisciplined, they allowed them time to gain what alone was requisite to render them invincible, confidence in themselves and experience in war. To this may be added, that the other states of Europe, alarmed at the ambition and jealous of the increasing power of Great Britain, were friendly to any measures that might humble her pride and circumscribe her means, and stood, therefore, prepared to aid in her dismemberment. To the combined operation of these causes may be attributed in part, under the smiles of Providence, the successful issue of the American revolution.

But the principal cause remains to be mentioned. It was the preeminent qualities of that constellation of statesmen and warriors who served America in the cabinet and the field—their wisdom in council, their firmness in suffering, their patience in adversity, their resolute determination on freedom or death, and their enterprise and irresistible energy in action. Never was any country on earth, nor any period within the scope of history, so productive of examples of virtue and greatness, as the (then) British colonies at the commencement of our revolution about the year 1774. It is

is not the extravagant partiality of an American, nor feeling usurping the prerogative of reason—it is the sober and dispassionate voice of truth which declares, that the best periods of Greece and Rome, and of all the states of modern Europe, are searched in vain for such a host of worthies—such an abundant and spontaneous growth of patriots capable of directing the destinies of a nation.

Previously to that instinctive union which was produced among them by a sense of common danger, arising out of the commencement of our revolutionary struggles, the British colonies were as little known to each other as they were to the mother country. Neither intermingling through the medium of commercial intercourse, nor connected by any political confederacy, the several provinces stood related to one another as so many independent and even remote communities. Nor did there exist of them, either individually or collectively, historical records sufficiently authentic, and in a state of circulation sufficiently extensive, to make them known among themselves or to the nations of Europe.

Accordingly, when delegates assembled at the city of Philadelphia, with a view to the formation of a general congress, they met in the character of absolute strangers. A great majority of them were unknown to each other not only personally but even by reputation. The very names of many, perhaps of most of them, had never heretofore reached the ears of those with whom they were now to co-operate in concerns involving every thing that their countrymen held dear—life and liberty, character and property, family and friends. Yet were they all alike delighted and surprised at beholding the personages with whom they were thus summoned by their fellow subjects to deliberate and act. Contrary to general expectation, the delegates from every section of the country soon discovered, to their unspeakable joy, that those from every other section were men in whose talents and integrity, firmness and knowledge, even in the most critical and perilous conjuncture of affairs, the highest trust might be securely reposed. It was soon discovered that the loftiest attributes of intellect, combined with the noblest qualities of the heart, was peculiar to no one of the British provinces, but common to them all—that in every spot of colonized America, from the north to the south,

patriots had sprung up, as if by divine ordination, peculiarly calculated to meet the pressure of the time that was approaching, and to breast the storm that was gathering around them. Hence mutual confidence became, at once, the cement and strength of the national council. That august body, perceiving the choice materials of which it was composed, had too much discernment not to be the more sensible of its own dignity and weight, and could not fail to engage in the momentous concerns to which it was called with a firmer assurance of a fortunate issue. It even regarded the sudden and unexpected assemblage of so many distinguished characters so peculiarly calculated for the impending crisis, as a strong encouragement to hope and believe, that heaven would enlighten and direct their deliberations, and prove, in the end, propitious to their labours. For, to the pious eye, such a band of patriots, assembled on an occasion so peculiarly momentous, seemed reared up and destined by a superintending Providence for the salvation of their country. Such, in substance, was the declaration, at the time, of a learned, enlightened, and pious divine.

The elevated standing of the old congress is abundantly manifest from the wisdom and dignity which mark their proceedings. But it is further attested, in the most forcible terms, by the two ablest orators and statesmen of the age. When speaking of that assemblage of patriots and sages, lord Chatham exclaims, in the house of peers, "For myself I must declare and avow, that in all my reading and observation, (and it has been my favourite study: I have read Thucydides, and have studied and admired the master states of the world:) I say, I must declare, that, for solidity of reasoning, force of sagacity, and wisdom of conclusion, under such a complication of difficult circumstances, no nation nor body of men can stand in preference to the general congress at Philadelphia."

Alluding to the same august assembly, Edmund Burke declared, that the characters who composed it were "superior to those of Greece or Rome," and that they "stood at the head of the greatest commonwealth on the face of the earth, and were in all respects worthy of their exalted station."

Of high distinction among those who, amid the shades of private life, had been reared up with an eminent capacity for public

business, connected with a frame of mind and texture of spirit peculiarly fitted, in the worst of times, to become the ornament and bulwark of their country, was Henry Laurens. If evidence in proof of this assertion were wanting, it might be derived from the fact of his having been unanimously elected the second president of the old congress. A man possessing more of the hardihood, purity, and sterling virtues of antiquity, has never appeared to add dignity and lustre to modern times. When confined, as will be hereafter more particularly stated, in the tower of London, while his fate excited the sympathy, his conduct commanded the admiration and esteem of Europe. Even his enemies and persecutors shrunk from his greatness and felt themselves humbled by the majesty of his virtues. When speaking of this illustrious prisoner and his unrelenting confinement, Mr. Burke, in the house of commons, boldly expressed himself in the following terms: "He had only declared his intention of moving for that worthy, enlightened, and respectable character to be brought to the bar by the lieutenant of the tower, in order to have the house ascertained in the circumstance, whether he had been ill treated or not. When he fell into the hands of the promising young officer who took him (captain Keppel,) he was treated with every mark of distinction which could be suggested to him, by a memory of what his prisoner had been, and what he then was; he treated him like a man who had been at the head of the greatest commonwealth on the face of the earth: he called it the greatest commonwealth on earth, upon the principle of Zanga, who speaking of Alonzo, said, 'Great let me call him, for he conquered me;' America had beaten Great Britain, according to the avowal of a right honourable member, (Mr. Rigby,) who, zealous as he had been in the American war, had confessed that we had been beaten." Alluding on another occasion to an indignity which had been offered to Mr. Laurens, that orator again exclaims, "Thus it was that this good man was able, *from his own greatness and fortitude of soul, to rise above those who only meant to teaze and insult him.*" In the course of the same able, independent, and eloquent speech, the British Cicero pronounces Mr. Laurens to be "*a man of the greatest penetration, the soundest judgment, and the most liberal mind, of any man, perhaps, upon the face of the earth.*" Mr. Burke



indignantly adds, "Such is the man whom ministers oppress. Overwhelmed with the gout, and labouring under a complication of complaints occasioned principally by the hardships of his confinement, ministers still view him only as an object of persecution; so that the Turk, the savage Arab, the cruel Tartar, or the piratical Algerine, when compared to our ministers, might be thought humane."

In the treatment of Mr. Laurens, a sudden and remarkable mitigation at length occurs. The same great orator and statesman accounts for this change in the following manner: "All that justice, all that repeated requisitions founded on principles of the clearest reason could not effect," Mr. Burke said, "had of a sudden been brought about by a star that had arisen, not in the east, indeed, but in the west, and warned ministry of the danger of their longer persevering in their unmanly, resentful, and rigid treatment of Mr. Laurens. This was no other than news arriving, that Mr. Laurens's son, a brave, a worthy, and a polished officer in the American service, had lord Cornwallis in his custody, and that his treatment of his noble prisoner was directly the reverse of the treatment experienced by his father, who was then locked up in a prison, of which lord Cornwallis was governor.\* The moment advice of this circumstance reached the ministers, they became as full of civility to Mr. Laurens as before they had been full of severity. But he was authorised to say, that Mr. Laurens would sooner starve, or undergo any distress the human frame was capable of sustaining, than be obliged to men who had treated him so extremely ill. Mr. Laurens," he said, "was naturally of a mild, meek, and humble disposition; but the injuries he had endured had roused his feelings to resist them, and he now confessed himself to be, what he never believed he could be, a proud man!"

In the course of debate, Mr. Burke acknowledged that he had corresponded with Dr. Franklin, on the subject of the exchange of general Burgoyne. In commenting on his observations, lord Newhaven, a violent ministerialist, charged him with a crime bordering on treason, and intimated, in terms neither obscure nor equivocal, the propriety of committing him to the tower, "to keep company with Mr. Laurens."

\* Lord Cornwallis was governor of the tower.

In reply to an insinuation so gross and insulting, Mr. Burke observed, that "he was not rich enough to occupy apartments in the tower; such a prison was better adapted to the rank and fortune of the noble lord; however, if in the tower he (Mr. Burke) could enjoy the company of such men as *Mr. Laurens and Dr. Franklin*, he should not at all regret being shut up from the company of the noble lord."

But we hasten to conclude these remarks, which are only introductory to the following brief but correct and well written sketch of the life of Mr. Laurens, from the pen of a scholar who was honoured by his acquaintance and distinguished by his friendship. The mental portraiture of our great revolutionary statesman and patriot which is here delineated, though, like that of his face, which has been traced for us by the artist, of miniature size, is notwithstanding strong and critically correct. ED.

HENRY LAURENS was born in Charleston in 1724. His ancestors were French protestant refugees, who had left France soon after the revocation of the edict of Nantz. They first settled in New-York, but afterwards removed to Charleston. His education was superintended at first by Mr. Howe, and afterwards by Mr. Corbett, the same who after instructing Peter Manigault, William Drayton, and some other excellent classical scholars, in Carolina, returned to England and became the bailiff of Westminster. Being destined for a merchant, Henry Laurens was early in life put under the care of Thomas Smith, merchant, Charleston, and afterwards of Mr. Crokatt of London, who had returned to Europe after having acquired a considerable estate in Charleston. Under these instructors Henry Laurens was regularly bred to merchandise, and acquired those habits of order, system, and method in business for which he was through life remarkable. On his return from London he entered into partnership with Mr. Austin, an established merchant of Charleston, and engaged in trade with spirit; but at the same time with caution and judgment. His scrupulous attention to punctuality, not only in the discharge of pecuniary engagements, but in being where and doing what he had promised, was almost romantic. He suffered nothing to interfere with his own engagements, and highly disrelished all

breaches of punctuality on the part of others. He was an excellent model for a young man to form himself upon, and was largely trusted in that way by parents who wished their sons to be brought up strictly and in habits of doing business with accuracy. To have served in his counting-house was no small recommendation. He worked hard himself, and made all around him do the same. He required less sleep than most men, and devoted a great part of the night to the ordinary mercantile pursuits of the day. For the despatch of business he was never exceeded, perhaps never equalled, in Charleston. He was a very early riser, and devoted the morning to his counting-house, and frequently had the business of the day not only arranged but done when others were beginning to deliberate on the expediency of leaving their beds. His letters were generally written in the retired hours of the night and morning. In them his ideas were always expressed in strong and precise language which forcibly conveyed his meaning without a possibility of being misunderstood. Whether friendship, business, or amusement was the subject, his epistolary style was excellent and well worthy of imitation.

He had an exact knowledge of human nature, and, in his own mercantile language, soon found out the par of exchange of every man with whom he transacted business. His eye was uncommonly penetrating, and the correct opinions he frequently formed of the real characters of men from their looks would, if known to Lavater, have confirmed that philosopher in his theory of physiognomy. Such diligence and such knowledge of men and of business could not fail of success. It is no small evidence of this, and at the same time characteristic of the period in which Mr. Laurens was engaged in trade between 1747 and 1770, that at the winding up of his partnership concerns, which had embraced transactions to the amount of many millions of pounds of the then currency, he offered to his partner to take all outstanding debts as cash at a discount of five per cent. on their gross amount.

His talents for conversation were great. He could adapt himself to the young and the old, the gay and the grave, to the man of business and the votaries of pleasure. He reproved without offending, and gave advice without appearing to dictate.

Mr. Laurens's love of justice was extreme. He would never draw a bill of exchange till he had a written acknowledgment from the person on whom he drew that he was indebted to the amount drawn for. He cheerfully partook of diversions in their proper time and place; but had at all periods of his life so deep rooted an aversion to gaming, that he never played at cards or any other game but for amusement; unless on some very rare occasions, when in company with those to whom play was without zest except something was risked, he so far conformed to their humour as to play for money on a very moderate scale, and in case of loss he promptly paid, but uniformly refused to receive what he won, esteeming it wrong to take any man's money without giving an equivalent.

In two or three instances he yielded to the fashionable folly of accepting a challenge to decide a controversy by single combat. In every such case he received the fire of his adversary but would not return it. Laurens had a suit at law with the judge of the court of vice-admiralty, in which he resisted the claims of the royal government which by some recent regulations were hostile to American rights. Mr. Laurens being cast, tendered to the judge, Sir Egerton Leigh, his legal fees to a considerable sum. The judge declined to receive them. Mr. Laurens conceiving that he had no right to retain what was legally due from him, gave the same precise amount to the South-Carolina society to be expended by them in charity. On another occasion a sum of money came into his hands in some official character which had not been claimed. Under an impression that the money thus unclaimed was not his, he transferred it to the South-Carolina society to be used by them as a fund of charity till the owner called for it. No such call was then expected or has yet been brought forward, though the deposit was made forty years ago.

Mr. Laurens once persuaded a favourite slave to give a reluctant consent to receive the small-pox by inoculation, who in consequence thereof died. To comfort the deceased for the issue of an unfortunate experiment urged upon him, assurances were given to him in his dying moments that his children should be emancipated. This was accordingly done.

In the performance of his religious duties Mr. Laurens was strict and exemplary. The emergency was great which kept him from church either forenoon or afternoon, and very great indeed which kept him from his regular monthly communion. With the bible he was intimately acquainted: Its doctrines he firmly believed, its precepts and history he admired, and was much in the habit of quoting and applying portions of it to present occurrences. He not only read the Scriptures diligently to his family, but made all his children read them also. His family bible contained in his own hand-writing several of his remarks on passing providences. He used to observe that many passages of admired authors were borrowed either in matter or manner from sacred writ, and in support of this opinion often quoted among other examples, "God tempers the wind to the back of the shorn lamb" of Sterne; as an imitation of "He stayeth his rough wind in the day of the east wind" of the prophet Isaiah; and the interesting "lovely young Lavinia" of Thomson, as a portrait of the bible ~~Ruth~~ Ruth by a modern hand, with a little alteration in the drapery. He frequently recommended the writings of Solomon as giving an excellent insight into human nature, and as aphorisms the observance of which would make men both wise and happy.

Mr. Laurens having amassed a fortune far exceeding what was then common in America; and having lately lost his wife gave up business, and in 1771 went to Europe to superintend the education of his sons. Soon after he had made arrangements for bringing them forward to the greatest advantage, the disputes began which finally severed the colonies from the parent state. He was one of the thirty-nine natives of America who in 1774 petitioned the British parliament not to pass the Boston port-bill. His utmost exertions were made to prevent the war; but finding that nothing short of the most degrading submission on the part of the colonies would prevent it, he determined to return to Carolina and take part with his countrymen. Great interest was used to dissuade him from executing this resolution, and ample offers were made to indemnify him for all losses that might result from his remaining in England. To his mercantile friend, Mr. Oswald, one of the subsequent negociators of peace, urging his stay, he replied from Falmouth when on the point of embarking for

Charleston, as follows: "I shall never forget your friendly attention to my interest; but I dare not return. Your ministers are deaf to information, and seem bent on provoking unnecessary contest. I think I have acted the part of a faithful subject. I now go resolved still to labour for peace; at the same time determined in the last event to stand or fall with my country." On his leaving England he assured the numerous friends he left behind, that America would not submit to the claims of the British parliament: on his landing in Charleston in December, 1774, he assured his American friends that Britain would not yield to their demands, and that war was inevitable. His information was much relied on, and vigorous preparations for defence were made very early in 1775 by the Carolinians. The circumstance of his leaving England at this crisis to take part with his countrymen in their approaching arduous conflict, rivetted him in their esteem. They conferred many offices upon him. In the interval between the suspension of royal and the establishment of representative government, the executive department of the latter system, while in embryo, was administered by him as president of the council of safety; with a full impression that both his fortune and life were staked on the result. His countrymen soon found that the well known activity of the merchant was transferred to the statesman, and that the public business was promptly and accurately despatched. Soon after the establishment of a regular constitution in South-Carolina in 1776, he was elected a member of congress, and shortly after he had taken his seat, was appointed president of that body. Two volumes of his official public letters as president remain in the archives of the old congress. These are monuments of his talent for writing letters—of his industry and attention to the duties of his station. In that period the British commissioners arrived with the vain hope of inducing the Americans to rescind their alliance with France, and to resume the character of free British subjects. One of them, governor Johnson, had private letters of introduction to Mt. Laurens. These were forwarded and brought on a correspondence long since made public, which was honourable to the American character. In December, 1778, Mr. Laurens resigned the chair of congress, and thereupon received their thanks "for his conduct in the chair and in the exe-

cution of public business.' He returned his grateful acknowledgments for the honour done him, which he observed "would be of service to his children." In the year following he was appointed minister plenipotentiary from the United States to Holland. In his way thither he was captured and carried to England, and there committed a prisoner to the tower of London on suspicion of treason; and was officially mentioned by Sir Joseph Yorke as "styling himself president of the pretended congress." The commitment was accompanied with orders "to confine him a close prisoner—to be locked up every night—to be in the custody of two warders—not to suffer him to be out of their sight one moment, day or night—to allow him no liberty of speaking to any person, nor to permit any person to speak to him—to deprive him of the use of pen and ink—to suffer no letter to be brought to him, nor any to go from him." Mr. Laurens was then fifty-six years old, and severely afflicted with the gout and other infirmities. In this situation he was conducted to apartments in the tower, and was shut up in two small rooms which together made about twenty feet square, with a warder for his constant companion, and a fixed bayonet under his window; without any friend to converse with, and without any prospect or even the means of correspondence. Being debarred the use of pen and ink, he procured pencils, which proved an useful substitute. After a month's confinement he was permitted to walk out on limited ground, but a warder with a sword in his hand followed close behind. This indulgence was occasionally taken for about three weeks, when lord George Gordon, who was also a prisoner in the tower, unluckily met and asked Mr. Laurens to walk with him. Mr. Laurens declined the offer, and instantly returned to his apartment. Governor Gore caught at this transgression of orders, and locked him up for thirty-seven days, though the attending warder exculpated him from all blame.

About this time an old friend and mereantile correspondent having solicited the secretaries of state for Mr. Laurens's enlargement on parole, and having offered his whole fortune as security for his good conduct, sent him the following message: "Their lordships say if you will point out any thing for the benefit of Great-Britain in the present dispute with the colonies, you will be enlarged." This proposition filled him with indignation, and provoked a sharp reply.

The same friend soon after visited Mr. Laurens, and being left alone with him addressed him as follows: "I converse with you this morning, not particularly as your friend but as the friend of Great-Britain. I have certain propositions to make for obtaining your liberty, which I advise you should take time to consider." Mr. Laurens desired to know what they were, and added, "that an honest man required no time to give an answer in a case where his honour was concerned." "If," said he, "the secretaries of state will enlarge me upon parole, I will strictly conform to my engagement to do nothing directly or indirectly to the hurt of this kingdom. I will return to America, or remain in any part of England which may be assigned, and surrender myself when demanded." It was answered, "no sir, you must stay in London among your friends. The ministers will often have occasion to send for and consult you: you can write two or three lines to the ministers and barely say you are sorry for what is past. A pardon will be granted. Every man has been wrong at some time or other of his life, and should not be ashamed to acknowledge it." Mr. Laurens replied, "I will never subscribe to my own infamy and to the dishonour of my children."

Though Mr. Laurens was not allowed to see his own friends, pains were taken to furnish him with such newspapers from America as announced the successes of the British in South-Carolina after the surrender of its capital in 1780—that the inhabitants had given up the contest, and generally taken British protection; and that the estates of Henry Laurens, and of the other obstinate rebels who still adhered to the ruined cause of independence, were under sequestration by the British conquerors. To such communications Mr. Laurens steadily replied, "none of these things move me."

In the year 1781 lieutenant colonel John Laurens, the eldest son of Henry Laurens, arrived in France as the special minister of congress. The father was requested to write to the son to withdraw himself from the court of France, and assurances were given that it would operate in his favour. To these requests he replied, "my son is of age, and has a will of his own, if I should write to him in the terms you request it would have no effect; he would only conclude that confinement and persuasion had softened



me. I know him to be a man of honour. He loves me dearly, and would lay down his life to save mine, but I am sure he would not sacrifice his honour to save my life: and I applaud him."

Mr. Laurens pencilled an address to the secretaries of state for the use of pen and ink to draw a bill of exchange on a merchant in London who was in his debt, for money, to answer his immediate exigencies. This was delivered to their lordships, but they returned no answer though no provision was made for the support of their prisoner. Mr. Laurens was thus left to languish in confinement under many infirmities and without the means of applying his own resources on the spot for his immediate support.

As soon as Mr. Laurens had completed a year in the tower, he was called upon to pay £97 10s. sterling to two warders for attending on him. To which he replied, "I will not pay the warders whom I never employed, and whose attendance I shall be glad to dispense with."

Three weeks after, the secretaries of state consented that Mr. Laurens should have the use of pen and ink for the purpose of drawing a bill of exchange; but they were taken away the moment that business was done.

As the year 1781 drew near a close, Mr. Laurens's sufferings in the tower became generally known, and excited compassion in his favour and odium against the authors of his confinement. It had been also found by the inefficacy of many attempts that no concessions could be obtained from him. It was therefore resolved to release him, but difficulties arose about the mode. Mr. Laurens would not consent to any act which implied that he was a British subject; and he had been committed as such on charge of high treason. Ministers to extricate themselves from this difficulty, at length proposed to take bail for his appearance at the court of king's bench. When the words of the recognizance "Our sovereign lord the king" were read to Mr. Laurens, he replied in open court, "not my sovereign;" and with this declaration he, with Mr. Oswald and Mr. Anderson as his securities, entered into an obligation for his appearance at the courts of king's bench the next Easter term, and for not departing thence without leave of the court. Mr. Laurens was immediately released. When the

time of his appearance at court drew near he was not only discharged from all obligations to attend, but was requested by lord Shelburne to go to the continent in subserviency to a scheme for making peace with America. Mr. Laurens was startled at the idea of being released without any equivalent, as he had uniformly held himself to be a prisoner of war. From a high sense of personal independence, and unwillingness to be brought under an apparent obligation, he replied, "That he durst not accept himself as a gift; and that as congress had once offered lieutenant-general Burgoyne for him, he had no doubt of their now giving lieutenant-general earl Cornwallis for the same purpose."

The contrast between this close confinement in the tower for more than fourteen months, and the active life to which Mr. Laurens had been accustomed, so far undermined his constitution that he never afterwards enjoyed good health. Soon after his release he received a commission from congress to be one of their ministers for negotiating a peace with Great-Britain. He repaired to Paris; and there, in conjunction with Dr. Franklin, John Adams, and John Jay, signed the preliminaries of peace on the 30th of November, 1782; by which the independence of the United States was acknowledged. Mr. Laurens soon after returned to Carolina. His countrymen, well pleased with his conduct, stood ready to honour him with every mark of distinction in their power to confer; but he declined all solicitations to suffer himself to be elected either governor, member of congress, or of the state legislature. When the project of a general convention was under consideration for revising the federal bond of union, he was without his permission elected one of its members; but declined serving. He retired from all public business, and amused himself with agricultural experiments, and promoting the happiness of his children, domestics,\* friends, and neighbours. His health, which had

\* Mr. Laurens's treatment of his domestics was highly commendable. He was strict in making them do their proper business, and enforced among them the observance of decency, order, and morality; but amply supplied their wants, and freely contributed to their comforts. Few labourers in any country had more of the enjoyments of life than the cultivators of his grounds. They accordingly lived long, and their natural increase was great. To their religious instructions he was also attentive.

long been delicate, gradually declined; and on the 8th of December, 1792, near the close of his sixty-ninth year, he expired. His will concluded with these words:—"I solemnly enjoin it on my son as an indispensable duty, that as soon as he conveniently can after my decease he cause my body to be wrapped in twelve yards of tow cloth, and burnt until it be entirely consumed, and then collecting my bones, deposit them wherever he may think proper." This request was fulfilled.

#### CRITICISM.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

An essay on the causes of the Variety of Complexion and figure in the human species, &c. &c. By Samuel Stanhope Smith, D. D. L. L. D. &c. &c.

(Continued from p. 163.)

ANOTHER subject which calls for a few preliminary remarks, is the very extraordinary and, as we conceive, incorrect representation, given by Dr. Smith, of the native population of our own country. That the reader may possess a perfect knowledge of our author's sentiments on this point, instead of laying before him a mere abstract of them, by which they might possibly be mutilated or misrepresented, we shall communicate them to him in his own words.

"Another example, says he, of the power of climate to change the complexion, and even to introduce great alterations into the whole constitution, is presented to the view of the philosophic observer, in the native population of the United States. Sprung, not long since, from the British, the Irish, and the German nations, who are the fairest people in Europe, they have extended themselves over the American continent from the thirty-first to the forty-fifth degree of northern latitude. And, notwithstanding the recent period at which the first European establishments were made in America; and the continual influx of emigrants from the old continent, and their frequent intermarriages with the native Anglo-Americans; and what is of not less consequence in this question, notwithstanding ideas of personal beauty derived from

their ancestors which they sedulously cherish, and which the arts of civilized life have enabled them to preserve, as far as possible, against the influence of climate; yet have they undergone a visible and important change. *A certain paleness of countenance and softness of feature in the native American strikes a British traveller as soon as he arrives upon our shores.* Many exceptions there are; but in general the American complexion does not exhibit so clear a red and white as the British or the German. And there is a tinge of sallowness spread over it, which indicates the tendency of the climate to generate bile. These effects are more obvious in the southern than in the northern states. They appear more strongly marked in the low lands near the ocean, than as you approach the mountainous regions to the north and west. And they are much more deeply impressed in the poorer classes of the people, than in families of easy fortune who enjoy a more various and nutritious diet, and possess the means at once of improving their appearance and guarding against the unfavourable influences of the climate. The people of New-Jersey, in the low and level country between the sea and the extensive bay of the river Delaware, are generally darker in their complexion, than in those counties where the country rises into hills; and considerably darker than the inhabitants of Pennsylvania, which is every where diversified with hills, and frequently rises into lofty mountains. The depression of the land exposes it to greater heat; and the level surface of the country, not yet subjected to a high degree of culture, leaves it, in many places, covered with stagnant waters that impregnate the atmosphere with unwholesome exhalations, which greatly augment the secretion of bile. The increased heat of the sun in the lowlands of Maryland and Virginia, near the coasts of the ocean, and of the wide bays which every where indent them, gives a visible heightening to the darkness of the complexion, especially in the poorest class of the people who are most exposed to the force of the climate. Descending still farther to the south, along the sea-coast of the Carolinas and Georgia, we often meet among the overseers of their slaves, and the laborious poor, with persons *whose complexion is but a few shades lighter than that of the original Iroquois or Cherokees.* Compare these men with their British ancestors, and the change which has

already passed upon them, will afford the strongest ground to conclude, that, if they were thrown, like our native Indians, into a state of absolute savagism, *they would, in no great length of time, be perfectly marked with the same complexion.* Not only is their complexion thus changed, but a visible and striking alteration seems to have been produced on their whole constitution. *So thin and meagre frequently are they in their persons that their limbs seem to have a disproportioned length to the body; and the figure of the skeleton appears often, very distinctly through the skin.* If these men, unmixed with others whose state in society enables them to enjoy in greater abundance the conveniences and comforts of living, and consequently the means of preserving themselves from the deteriorating impressions of climate, had been found in a distant region where no memory of their origin remained, they would have furnished to the advocates of different species belonging to the human kind, *an example as strong, and as much to the purpose of their argument, as most of those on which they now rely with the greatest confidence.*"

On the subject of this extract the observing and intelligent American reader, particularly if he has ever resided or travelled in the southern states, must be perfectly competent to make for himself the proper comment. He will perceive in it a picture of his fellow citizens equally new, extraordinary, and unexpected—erroneous in its whole outline, hideous in some of its features, and most extravagant in its colouring. To speak plainly respecting it, we can neither recognize in it the accuracy of the philosophical observer, nor reconcile it in any shape to the feelings of an American. It represents the natives of the United States as having sustained a degree of degeneracy beyond what they are charged with even by the most prejudiced of European travellers. Were our author's delineation of them a faithful transcript of nature, they would not only have degenerated from the standard of their ancestry, but be degraded below the level of human nature. Who can be surprised at the offensive and humiliating pictures of our countrymen which may hereafter be drawn by illiberal foreigners when the writings of one of our ablest divines, and most accomplished scholars, may be quoted by them as authority?

That the natives of America, descended from the English and the Germans, have lost somewhat of the fairness and brilliancy of their ancestral complexion, will not be denied. The deterioration, however, in this respect, particularly among the inhabitants of the middle and eastern states, as well as among those of the western section of the southern states, is by no means considerable. We acknowledge it to be perceptible, though not very striking. But after the most attentive observation, conducted with a particular view to the point in question, we are utterly incapable of discovering that "softness of feature" in the American countenance, which, in the language of our author, "strikes the British traveller as soon as he arrives upon our shores." We are even at a loss as to the precise meaning which is to be affixed to the expression. Does the reverend essayist intend to convey the idea, that the countenance of the native American is marked by a diminutive and feeble set of features?—that it is unusually effeminate—dull—languid—or inexpressive?—that it is wanting in all or any of those attributes which betoken manliness of spirit, firmness of purpose, or vigour of intellect?—Is he inclined to represent it as a countenance bearing marks of a degeneracy of any kind from the countenance of Europe?—If such be his meaning—and we know of no other that else it can be—we pronounce him to be mistaken, and for the correctness of our decision, fearlessly appeal to the judgment of the public. We are, even, persuaded, that the paleness and slight swartriness of complexion, by which our author asserts the Americans to be characterized, is incompatible with that "softness of feature" for which he contends. With such a state of countenance *fairness* of complexion is certainly most congenial. Hence, to increase the manliness and terror of their look by darkening their countenance, characters in military life shave their beards and whiskers to remain unshorn: and hence savage warriors, when they wish to render their aspect fierce and terrible to their enemies, uniformly deepen the colour of their skin. Although we are sensible that an accurate observer can distinguish the American countenance from the English or the German, it is neither the effeminacy, languor, nor dulness of the former that constitutes the discriminating mark. It is a peculiar compound of feature and expression, which the pencil alone is



calculated to portray, but which habitual observation enables us to recognize. Could we believe Dr. Smith susceptible of impressions from such a source, we would be inclined to suspect that, to borrow an expression from a well known author, *he has "kept too much company with the duke of Granby,"*—that he has derived his notion of the "softness of feature" in the native countenance of our country, not from his own observation, *but from the writings or conversation of some prejudiced foreigner.* Confident we are that did such "softness" exist, it would soon become palpable to every observer, who might institute a comparison between native Americans and the numerous foreigners resident in our country.

"Descending, says our author, still further to the south, along the sea coast of the Carolinas and Georgia, we often meet among the overseers of their slaves, and the laborious poor, with persons whose *complexion is but a few shades lighter than that of the original Iroquois or Cherokees.*"

This statement, as far as it extends, we acknowledge to be true. Its deficiency, however, as to the whole truth, gives it, in reality, a deceptive operation. The swarthy individuals to whom our author here alludes, must be such as do not contain in their veins the unadulterated blood of European ancestors. Africa has a claim on them as well as Europe. They are the offspring of that licentious intercourse of sexes and colours, which so disgracefully prevails in every country where slavery is tolerated. We venture to assert that no instance can be adduced in the United States, where, independently of the effect of actual disease, a genuine descendant of European ancestors approaches in complexion near to the swarthy red of the "Iroquois or Cherokees." Nor would it be possible to produce that state of complexion in him by any exposure that human nature is able to sustain. It requires but slight observation and a very moderate share of discernment to perceive, that although a continued exposure to the fervours of a Carolina or Georgia sun embrowns, to a considerable degree, the European complexion, yet it never assimilates it to the complexion of the Indian. On a moment's reflection the reason of this must be obvious to every one. The peculiar shades of the two colours are essentially different, and cannot, therefore, by mere

increase or diminution, strengthening or diluting, be rendered the same—cannot be converted the one into the other. As well, by a similar process, might we speak of converting red into green, or orange into purple. The fact, then, of a swarthy or even tawny complexion being discoverable in certain natives of the southern section of our country, cannot avail Dr. Smith in the establishment of his hypothesis.

We proceed to the analysis of another feature in this high-wrought picture, which, in our opinion, is more strikingly exceptionable than either of the foregoing. “So thin and meagre, continues our author, frequently are they (*the swarthy individuals of whom we have been considering*) in their persons, that their limbs seem to have a disproportioned length to their whole body; and the figure of the skeleton appears often very distinctly through the skin.”

Such emaciated, miserable, and unsightly beings we have frequently beheld in the southern states. Unfortunately, however, they are not peculiar to that intemperate section of our country. There is not in the union a single state or even country entirely exempt from such objects of wretchedness. They are, indeed, to be found in every section of the globe, where accident and disease are incidental to man. But it is disease or bodily injury alone which produces them among our southern neighbours; and they are more frequent in that quarter than in the middle or eastern states, only because the latter are more favourable to human health. Had Dr. Smith inquired minutely into the history of the wasted forms of man which he so forcibly describes—those “skeleton figures” whose “limbs seemed to have a disproportioned length to the body,” and the shape of whose bones were visible through the skin, he would have become sensible of the truth of the remarks which are offered. He would have learnt, that each individual who thus attracted his notice, and excited his wonder, had either recently recovered from an acute, or was then a victim to some chronic disease—to diarrhoea—an induration of the liver—an enlargement of the spleen—a scirrhus condition of the mesenteric glands—or some other of the various visceral complaints, by which the inhabitants of the low-lands to the southward are so frequently assailed.



Our statement on this subject does not rest on the basis of either conjecture or popular report. We profess a considerable knowledge of the southern states, derived from the most authentic of sources, a residence of many years in that section of our country—such a knowledge as Dr. Smith's limited opportunities have never, we are persuaded, allowed him to acquire. The sentiments which we have expressed, therefore, we deliver as the result of our own observation. We further assert, that although the natives of the low and sickly lands in the south, are neither so muscular nor powerful as those of more elevated and salubrious regions, yet, when free from the sufferings and consequences of disease, their figures are far from being defective in point of symmetry.—Under these circumstances neither have their limbs a disproportioned length to the body, nor does "the figure of the skeleton appear through their skins." The whole frame, though neither so athletic nor vigorous, is nearly, perhaps quite as well proportioned as in higher latitudes and healthier situations. When we find a character like Dr. Smith, distinguished for his intellect, and accomplished in every thing appertaining to the philosopher and the scholar, liable to mistakes so flagrant and unaccountable, we are compelled to exercise a spirit of indulgence towards common observers, for having encountered giants in Patagonia, cannibals in our own country, and a nation of dwarfs in the interior of Madagascar.

But the climax of error is not yet complete. The last and most extraordinary clause of the preceding quotation remains to be considered. "Had a community of the sickly and emaciated individuals whose case we have been considering, been found," says our author, "in a distant region, where no memory of their origin remained, they would have furnished to the advocates of different species belonging to the human kind, an example as strong, and as much to the purpose of their argument, as most of those on which they now rely with the greatest confidence."

Although it is far from our disposition to be harsh or disrespectful in our remarks, yet we cannot, on the present occasion, forbear an expression of extreme surprize, that a sentiment so unguarded should ever have escaped from a source so enlightened. Did we not know Dr. Smith to be sincere in his efforts to esta-

blish his hypothesis, we should be strongly inclined to consider a declaration so extravagant as intended for no other purpose than to throw it into disrepute. When fairly analysed, what is the amount of the assertion which the reverend author has so inconsiderately hazarded? We answer this—That a native of the lowlands of South-Carolina or Georgia, when tinged, perhaps, with bile, and emaciated by disease, differs as radically from his healthy neighbour, or from the healthy inhabitants of the upland districts, in point of complexion and feature, as well as in the general contexture and proportions of his body—the bony equally with the fleshy parts—as a negro does from an Englishman, a Laplander from a German, an Abyssinian from a Swede, or a native of New-Holland from a Circassian beauty!—A position which we pronounce to be not only unfounded but utterly absurd. If we state the case too strongly or in any way pervert our author's real meaning as conveyed in his own language, the error on our part is unintentional, and will be frankly acknowledged as soon as perceived. But if, on the other hand, our representation be correct, the reader will judge for himself, how far a retraction of sentiment is encumbent on Dr. Smith. As to ourselves, we possess, at present, too high an opinion of that gentleman's candour, magnanimity, and attachment to whatever is correct, to believe that he will persevere in an attempt to maintain a proposition so incontestably unfounded.

With a view to the confirmation of his hypothesis, our author very ingeniously (not to say artfully) interweaves with the general thread of his essay a brief account of Henry Moss, a man whose residence among us in the year 1795, attracted for a time the attention of the public, and afforded to the philosopher a subject of curious and interesting speculation. This individual, being of unsuspected African descent, was marked originally by a deep shade of his ancestral complexion. In consequence, however, of the occurrence of an extraordinary departure from their natural action by the vessels of his skin, for which no satisfactory cause could be assigned, he had become, with the exception of a few remaining spots, entirely white. No change had obtained either in the form and composition of his features, the figure of his head, or the defective symmetry of his lower extremities. These parts still exhibited, in their primitive strength, distinct indications of his real ancestry.

In relation to the history of Henry Moss, and the interesting phenomena which his case presented, we claim a right to speak with some degree of confidence, inasmuch as we held him many weeks under our immediate and daily inspection, and subjected him, during the time, to a course of experiments and a process of research, which we believe to have been much more extensive and varied, than he ever sustained from any other individual. In Dr. Smith's narrative of this singular character, taken conjointly with the inferences which he draws from it, we perceive much truth, blended, however, with no inconsiderable portion of error. It shall be our business to notice such points of error only as are related either immediately or remotely to the principles and issue of our present inquiry.

In the following paragraph our author positively states, that the change in the complexion of the individual we are considering was neither a symptom nor a consequence of disease. He regards it, therefore, as the result of a natural and healthy process.

"Henry Moss," says he, "a negro in the state of Maryland, began, upwards of twenty years ago, to undergo a change in the colour of his skin, from a deep black, to a *clear and healthy white*. It (the complexion) had nothing of the appearance of the sickly or albino hue, *as if it had been the effect of disease*. He (Moss) was a vigorous and active man; and had never suffered any disease, either at the commencement, or during the progress of the change."

That the complexion of Henry Moss, in those parts of his body, where the change had completely obtained, was white, is true; but that it was of "*a clear and healthy white*," according to the usual acceptation of these terms, is an assertion which by no means accords with the result of our observation. We do not, indeed, contend that it was *precisely* of that dead chalky appearance, which marks the skin of *Albinos*, particularly those of African descent: but we do assert that it was of a cast no less remote from the lively rubicund fairness, which is the standard of health in the European complexion. It exhibited an intermediate shade between the whiteness of chalk and the colour of pearl—more lively we think than the former, but possessing a less degree of glossiness than the latter. A certain milkiess, and not the genu-

ine carnation, was its predominant hue. In the healthy European complexion, the whiteness of the true skin is always tinged with a suffusion of red, which communicates to it a lively and vigorous appearance. But in the colour of Henry Moss, this suffusion was entirely wanting. His complexion, therefore, although we do not definitively pronounce it of a "*sickly hue*," was certainly unnatural. It was a complexion *sui generis*, produced, as we shall endeavour presently to demonstrate, by a diseased process, and not such as does or ever did distinguish any nation or community of people. We venture to assert, that the fairest female complexion in the United States, or in the British empire, provided the individual possessing it bear no marks of disease, is not equal in *real whiteness* to that of the negro whose case we are considering.

Dr. Smith, we have observed, has intimated his belief—and attempted to render that belief subsidiary to the establishment of his general hypothesis—that the change of complexion in Henry Moss from black to white, was neither a symptom nor a consequence of disease. Our statement to this effect is justified by the language of the preceding quotation. We, on the other hand, do not hesitate to contend, that, without the existence and agency of disease, such a change could never have taken place. Nor do we anticipate the slightest difficulty in establishing our position, to the entire satisfaction of every one versed in the knowledge of the human system. The error into which our author has fallen, in the present instance, ought not to be regarded as a matter of surprise. It is the natural consequence of his being unread in the sciences of physiology and pathology—of his want of just and definite ideas, in relation to the subject of *health and disease*. We are persuaded that by a due attention to a correct definition of these two terms, he will be himself convinced, that his views, as to the present topic, are utterly unfounded.

Health consists in an unobstructed, pleasant and *natural performance of all the functions* appertaining to the body. Hence a failure or perversion of one or more of these functions, general or local, constitutes disease. These definitions will, we believe, be received as unexceptionable, by the most enlightened physiologists and pathologists of the time.

A very striking and characteristic function in the system of Henry Moss, as well as in that of every other negro, was the secretion of a black pigment to be deposited in the *rete mucosum*, for the purpose of forming his native complexion. This function, too, was as natural to him as the secretion of bile, the digestion of food, or any other power or property belonging to his body, in as much as he was born in the full possession of it, and had received it by physical inheritance from his ancestors. But the loss of his original and native complexion arose, of necessity, from a failure or perversion of this function, an event which, from its very nature, amounted to disease.

For the better illustration of our subject, suppose the failure or perversion in question to have taken place, not in the secretion of the black pigment of the skin, but in the function or office of some other organ or part of the body. For the sake of argument, the eye or the ear may be selected as an example. Had Henry Moss been deprived, suddenly or gradually, but without mechanical violence, of the functions of either of these two organs—had he lost, without any knowledge of the immediate cause, his vision or his faculty of hearing, the misfortune would have been universally attributed to disease. Not would the soundness of his health, in all other respects, have been urged as an argument subversive of the belief. The eye or the ear would have been regarded by every one as in a morbid condition. To a similar source, then, must we attribute his loss of the power of secreting that pigment necessary to the formation of his natural complexion. The reason of this is obvious. In either case a part of the system is alike disqualified for the due performance of a natural function—the very condition of things in which disease is known to consist. We do not, indeed, contend that the loss which Henry Moss sustained from a mere change in the colour of his skin was equal in magnitude to a loss of vision or of the sense of hearing. It was not, however, on that account, the less certainly a consequence of disease.

We have no doubt that another source of Dr. Smith's error in the present instance is, his neither discriminating between general and local disease, nor between maladies accompanied by pain and uneasiness, and those in which no such affections are experi-

enced. From his own language, indeed, we feel authorized to infer that this is the case. Henry Moss, says he, "was a vigorous and active man; and had never suffered any *disease* either at the commencement, or during the progress, of the change," in his complexion. It is, we conceive, sufficiently obvious, that the Doctor here alludes to *general and sensitive disease* alone, without, perhaps, even recollecting the existence of any other kind. The following bears, probably, some resemblance to the chain of reasoning which he pursued on the occasion, and which could not fail to lead him into error.

The change in the colour of the skin under consideration was neither preceded, accompanied, nor followed by fever, pain, or any sort of uneasiness. The subject of it experienced no unusual weakness, retained his appetite, digested his food, performed his customary secretions and excretions, lost none of his mental faculties, was active during the day, and enjoyed at night his usual repose. The loss of his native complexion had no perceptible connexion with small pox or measles, scarlet fever or scrophula, nor with any injury produced by mechanical violence. It must, then, have been the result of a natural and healthy process, and could not be regarded as either a symptom or a consequence of disease—such, we say, was probably the general tenor of reflection, which conducted our author to the opinion he adopted.

To those, however, who are familiar with the phenomena, and but moderately versed in the science of disease, it is unnecessary to state, that reasoning like this is replete with fallacy. All diseases must be, in their origin, *local*; and there are various morbid changes of the skin which produce neither pain, uneasiness nor fever. The very existence of these affections is discovered only by their visible effects on the surface of the body.

Had Dr. Smith examined the skin of Henry Moss with the eye of an anatomist, he would have discovered another circumstance sufficient to convince him, that the change in his complexion was unequivocally the effect of diseased action. We allude to the removal of the *rete mucosum*, by which this change was every where accompanied, and to which it was to be attributed as its proximate cause. To readers skilled in anatomy we need not observe, that the *rete mucosum* is the actual seat of the human

complexion—in the negro it is that division or lamella of the skin, in which is deposited the black pigment, which constitutes by its presence his native colour. In Henry Moss, wherever this colour had disappeared, the membrane in which it had been situated was nearly wanting. The remaining portion of it could with difficulty be discovered. But this membrane being as much a natural part of the body as a bone, a muscle, or a blood vessel, could no more be removed than one of these, otherwise than as the result of diseased action. It was carried off, most probably, by an excess of action in the cutaneous absorbents, while a paralysis or other diseased condition of the secretory vessels prevented them from regenerating the colouring pigment. The destruction of the *rete mucosum* bringing the true skin, which is known to be white, into actual contact with the transparent cuticle, produced that milky or pearl-like appearance, which has been already said to have marked the complexion of the individual whose case we are considering. To the same source must we attribute the inability of this individual to bear high degrees of either heat or cold, subsequently to the time of the change in his complexion. The pulpy reticular membrane which constitutes, in man, the seat of colour, serves also to protect the nerves of the true skin from the painful impressions they would otherwise experience from great and sudden vicissitudes in the temperature of the weather.

We are acquainted with a very respectable mechanic of this city, descended from European ancestors, whose skin is now sustaining a diseased process precisely similar to that which obtained in the person of Henry Moss. In consequence of a preternatural and morbid state of action, by some means excited in the cutaneous absorbents, those vessels are carrying off the *rete mucosum*, leaving behind them spots of a pearly or rather milky whiteness. In this case, as in that related by Dr. Smith, neither debility, fever, nor painful sensations accompany the change. Without any known cause, the individual is becoming very gradually an accidental albino. The state of his skin alone excepted, the gentleman who is the subject of it is in perfect health. Notwithstanding this, the process to which the change is to be attributed is preternatural and morbid.

Alluding to certain spots on the person of Henry Moss, which still retained their native blackness, our author observes, that "these spots were largest and most frequent, where the body, from the nakedness of the parts, or *the raggedness of his clothing*, was most exposed to the rays of the sun—and, that the back of his hands and his face, retained a larger proportion of the black, than other parts of his body."—By way of inference from certain premises laid down, he again remarks, that "although there was evidently a strong and general tendency in the constitution of this negro to a change of colour, yet this tendency was much longer resisted in those parts of the body which were most exposed to the immediate action of the sun's rays than in others."

It is our wish to treat even the errors of our author with delicacy and respect. There is, however, a clause in the preceding extracts which nothing but our veneration for the age and vocation of the writer could ever have induced us to consider with gravity. It is that in which the condition of the clothing of Henry Moss is so confidently represented. To say nothing of the covering which this man certainly wore during the winter, in what particular part of his body were his clothes *so uniformly* ragged in summer, as constantly, or even for a great proportion of the season, to expose his skin to the action of the solar rays? Or is it true that such uniformity in their raggedness did actually exist? We are persuaded that the establishment of the fact is more than Dr. Smith would be able to accomplish. The assertion has been hastily made and is without foundation. Were it not for the importance of the subject with which it is connected, we could scarcely condescend to dwell seriously on a point which is in itself so trivial and uninteresting. We shall only observe, in relation to it, that the tatteredness in the clothing of slaves, and other labouring men, being, for the most part, the result of accident, must necessarily be marked with great irregularity, both as to the dimensions and figures of the rents, and the places where they appear. The spots exposed to-day will be covered to-morrow, and the reverse. It is in vain, therefore, to look to this as the source of any uniformity of effect as to the colour of the skin.—To terminate at once all controversy on this point, we are reluctantly compelled to expose the incorrectness of our author's assertion. Our own observation authorizes us to deny, that, in the case of Henry Moss,



the "backs of his hands, his face" and other parts habitually or accidentally exposed to the rays of the sun, did retain their primitive colour either most permanently or to the greatest extent. Certain parts of his system, which delicacy forbids us to name, but which it was the duty of the philosophical inquirer to examine, retained their original blackness almost entire; on these parts the rays of the sun were but seldom permitted to act, in as much as they derived from custom and modesty a constant covering. Had Dr. Smith's inspection of the person of Henry Moss been sufficiently minute, this is a fact which could not, we are persuaded, have escaped his notice. Nor would it, we think, on being discovered, have failed to convince him, that the mere circumstance of exposure to the solar rays had no influence in promoting the retention of the black colour.

In his zeal to prove that the change which took place in the negro under consideration, amounted to an actual return to the race of the whites, from which his forefathers had originally degenerated, through the instrumentality of certain specified causes, our author observes, that "the white colour had extended itself to a considerable distance under the hair of the head." Wherever this took place, says he, the woolly substance entirely disappeared, and a fine strait hair of a silky softness succeeded in its room."

That the change of colour which occurred in the skin of the head was accompanied by a corresponding change in the qualities of the hair, is true; but it is equally true, and no less important, that this change was still very far from assimilating it either to the European hair, or to that of the aborigines of our own country.

That excrescence continued as truly a substance *sui generis*, as it is on the blackest of the African race. It afforded, therefore, in the instance under consideration, no argument in favour of a genuine return to the race of the whites. It was as dissimilar to any other human hair we ever examined, as the individual who wore it was in his appearance to the generality of men.

Perhaps the most singular of Dr. Smith's representations with regard to Henry Moss, and certainly that which is most strongly marked by a spirit of credulity unbecoming the philosopher, remains to be mentioned. "Shortly after this period," says the Doctor, "Henry Moss removed into the state of Virginia, since which

time I have not had an opportunity of seeing him; but I have often been informed by respectable authority, that the whitening process was soon afterwards completed, and that; *in his appearance, he could not be distinguished from a native Anglo-American.*"

We have no disposition to question either the respectability or general veracity of our author's informants as to the facts which he has herein stated. That he himself reposes unlimited confidence in the representation received, must not be doubted. We positively assure him, however, on the ground of testimony derived from our own observation, that the information communicated to him is totally unfounded. In the person of Henry Moss "the whitening process" *was never completed.* On the other hand, *it was definitively checked,* not long after the subject of it was under the inspection of Dr. Smith. Nor did the matter terminate here. Another change soon afterwards occurred, directly the reverse of that which had been heretofore going forward. The disease of the skin, on which the whitening process depended, having terminated by a spontaneous cure, and the secretory vessels having resumed their functions, the primitive colour of the negro under consideration began to return in the same gradual manner, in which it had originally disappeared. *Nor did the blackness reappear first in those parts of the body which were most exposed to the rays of the sun.* It began to show itself about the same time in various places, some of them covered and others exposed. We ourselves saw Henry Moss and examined his skin, when this retrograde change was in actual progression, and was even already considerably advanced. In relation to the issue of it we pretend not to speak with absolute certainty, in as much as our knowledge on that point is not derived from our own observation. We have been informed, however, and believe our information to be perfectly correct, that the blackening process continued to advance, till the whole skin resumed, in the end, its original hue. Hence, we have no doubt, that Henry Moss, if now living, has long since returned to what he originally was, a negro in complexion, as well as in feature.\*

\* We are the more inclined to the adoption of this belief in consideration of a case precisely analogous having occurred in the person of a negro who is now living in Staunton, in the State of Virginia. This man, by a process

It is worthy of remark, that both at the commencement, and during the progress of the return of this man's complexion from *white to black*, he was clad in sound and decent apparel. His hands and face alone excepted, which did not blacken more rapidly than other parts of him, there was not now a spot on his body bare to the action of the solar fires. To that source, then, it would be unreasonable to ascribe the reproduction of his original colour. This fact, as far as it goes, may be regarded as a host in itself against the hypothesis under consideration. Dr. Smith contends that the rays of the sun, acting through the tattered cloathing of Henry Moss, offered a powerful resistance to the advancement of the whitening process, by contributing to the corroboration and retention of his primitive colour. We find, however, that when these rags had been exchanged for unbroken apparel, and the body was sufficiently protected from the inclemency of the skies, this whitening process ceased entirely, and the skin became overspread again by its original blackness. Our author, then, as it appears to us, must either relinquish entirely the 'principles of his hypothesis, or admit the contradiction, that, in the present case, an exclusion from the solar rays contributed both to whiten and blacken the complexion.

Could we suppose Dr. Smith capable of jesting on a subject in which he appears to take so deep and lively an interest, we could scarcely think him serious in expressing his belief, that, after the whitening process had been completed, Henry Moss, to use his own words, "*could not, in appearance, be distinguished from a native Anglo-American.*"

This persuasion could have arisen in the mind only in consequence of a degree of inattention and credulity, which, as applied to Dr. Smith, we hold inexcusable. Had it been practicable for Henry Moss, by mingling the roses and lilies in his complexion,

similar to that which took place in the system of Henry Moss, became partially white. After exhibiting for several years, this singular appearance, the disease of his skin underwent a spontaneous cure, the secretion of the black pigment was renewed, and he gradually regained and now we believe retains the full depth of his original complexion. During the whiteness of his skin, this man like Henry Moss, was unable to sustain, without inconvenience, high degrees of either heat or cold.

to have clothed himself in the bloom of a Circassian beauty, so strongly were his countenance and person marked by the characteristic features and form of the negro, that he would still have been easily distinguishable from the race of the whites.

We have dwelt the longer and more minutely on this case, in consideration of the conclusive argument, which Dr. Smith affects to derive from it in support of his hypothesis. As already stated, the object of the Doctor evidently is, to represent it as an example of a positive return of the complexion of an individual, *by means of a healthy and natural process*, to that which his remote forefathers had lost by the influence of climate—he records it as an authentic instance of the actual conversion of a negro into a white man by the operation of *natural* causes. From the preceding analysis, however, we hope it will appear, that the arguments employed by our author, are altogether inadequate to the establishment of his position.\*

\* Since the writing of this paper was finished, we have been fortunate enough to meet with another *morbid albino* case, the circumstances of which corroborate very amply all our observations in relation to Henry Moss. It exists in the case of Hester Butler, who has resided many years in the city of Philadelphia, but, from motives of delicacy which some may deem fastidious, retires as much as possible from the gaze of the public.

This woman, being about thirty-five years of age, is descended of parents whose complexions were dissimilar. Her mother, who is still living, being of the unadulterated African race, is black; but her father, who is dead, was a *Métis* or light coloured mulatto. She is, of course, herself a Samboe or very dark mulatto. She now exhibits the *chalky albino whiteness* over her whole system, except a part of her face, a few spots on her neck, her hands and wrists, and feet and ankles, which still retain their original colour.

The change in the complexion of this woman commenced when she was about eight or nine years old, and made its first appearance in the skin of her head, which had become entirely white before the least alteration was perceptible in any other part of her body. It is worthy of remark, that at this time she resided in the country, and, like other negro children, exposed her head without a covering to the action of the atmosphere and the solar rays, during the most intemperate season of the year. It cannot, therefore, be said that in her case the whitening process commenced in those parts of the system which were most inaccessible to the influence of the weather. Next to her face, hands, and feet, the skin of her head occupied, perhaps, the most exposed situation. It is further worthy of notice, that

the hair of her head sustained no change whatever in its appearance or qualities, in consequence of the alteration in the colour of the skin from which it derived its nutriment, except that various tufts of it became, at first, white, but afterwards returned to their primitive darkness. It retains, at present, the close African nap, notwithstanding the perfect whiteness of the scalp from which it springs. This fact is different from what occurred in the case of Henry Moss, and is fatal to the hypothesis, that the frizzled form of the negro's hair is necessarily connected with the blackness of his skin. It furnishes unequivocal testimony that a mere change of complexion does not convert an African into a European. Hence the difference between these two races of men must not be regarded as confined exclusively to the surface of the body.

We have said that the skin of the female, whose case is under our consideration, instead of exhibiting the rubicund tinge of the healthy European complexion, is marked by the chalky whiteness of the Albino. Such is the evidence of our vision on the subject. The fact, however, does not rest on this basis alone. It is supported by two other considerations, which place it, we think, beyond controversy or doubt. Wherever the whiteness has completely obtained, the skin is incapable of being tanned by the rays of the sun, analogous to what occurs in the case of Albinos. The reason of this is sufficiently obvious. The *rete mucosum* which, being the seat of the human complexion, is alone susceptible of the operation of tanning, is entirely removed by the action of the absorbents. In consequence of this, the *cutis vera*, which is known to be white, and cannot be materially altered in its colour by the solar rays, comes into contact with, and shines through, the transparent cuticle. But, perhaps the most conclusive argument in favour of our assertion remains to be mentioned. In every part, except the head, where the change in the complexion of the woman under consideration, is complete, the hair, once black, has become of a flaxen fairness. We need not add, that hair of this description is one of the most constant characteristics of the Albino. Its occurrence, therefore, in the present case, marks, unequivocally the nature of the change. It shows that the *rete mucosum*, the real source of colour to the hair, being removed, that excrescence assumes, as is usual in such cases, the whiteness of the *cutis vera* from which it springs.

We have already remarked, that on a part of her face, her hands and wrists, and feet and ankles, Mester Butler still retains her original colour. This circumstance shows, that, in *morbid albino cases* like the present, the whitening process has no necessary dependence on the protection of the skin from the influence of the weather. In the woman under consideration, whose situation in life compels her to procure a subsistence by her industry, the hands and face must be frequently exposed; but, having constantly worn shoes and stockings for the last fifteen or sixteen years, her feet and ankles

are perfectly protected. Notwithstanding this, the latter parts remain equally as dark as the former. From the case of Hester Butler, as well as from that of Henry Moss, it would appear, that the less fleshy the parts, the less liable they are to that peculiar disease of the skin which deprives the individual of his native complexion.

By way of recapitulation we will briefly observe, that in three very material points, the preceding narrative exposes the errors into which Dr. Smith has fallen, in the detail of his opinions in relation to Henry Moss. It shows, 1st. That the frizzled state of the hair of the African has no necessary connection with the darkness of his skin, and therefore does not arise from any peculiar secretion with which that darkness is physically and essentially associated. 2. That the change in the skin of the negro, which we are now considering, is produced by means of a morbid process, and the complexion which he thus acquires is the chalky whiteness of the Albino, not the carnation of the healthy European. 3. That the progress of this change appears to be neither prevented nor retarded by the influence of the sun, but, other circumstances being alike, occurs as readily in parts that are exposed as in those that are covered. To this we might add, that the change of complexion now in question consists in the removal, if not of the whole, at least of a large proportion of the rete mucosum.

(To be continued.)

#### THE CORSAIR—A TALE, BY LORD BYRON.

ALTHOUGH a short critique on Lord Byron's *Corsair* was published in the July number of the *Port Folio*, we do not consider ourselves precluded thereby from treating our readers with another, particularly when marked by sound judgment, correct taste, and elegant scholarship. Such, in many points of view, is the character of the following article. Although, therefore, we feel persuaded that our excellent correspondent overrates not a little the talents, but more especially the productions of the noble poet, we notwithstanding very cordially welcome his observations to the pages of our journal, and shall be pleased, at all times, to receive communications from so able a pen. We deem it, moreover, but justice to Lord Byron to admit his advocates to a public hearing. Having been instrumental in exposing some of his lordship's poetical faults, *audi alteram partem* conveys to us a precept which we cannot resist. Ed.

AMONG many able rivals, Scott and Byron, of all the British poets, appear to be the favourites of the day on this side of the Atlantic. A powerful party in England has endeavoured to ele-

vate Southey to an equal rank. In America, however, whether it arise from a diversity of taste, or that our judgments are uninfluenced by those extraneous circumstances which may possibly have contributed to Mr. Southey's reputation at home, we shall not hazard an opinion; but it is an unquestionable fact that the number of his readers is far inferior, and that of his admirers decidedly so to that of either of the great names with whom he has been associated.

It is not our intention, nor would our limits allow us to enter into an elaborate discussion of the respective pretensions of Scott and Byron, in order to award to either the palm of superiority.—Every question of this kind will receive different decisions from different individuals;—and he must entertain opinions very unlike those which we have formed who can expect the merits of a poet to be adjusted by a regular admeasurement, or the amount of his beauties and defects ascertained with the certainty and precision of a mathematical problem.

The characteristic peculiarities of these two writers are unlike, with some shades of resemblance.—They each possess an ample share of genius;—they are both original, though perhaps in this latter quality Byron's superiority must be acknowledged. They both succeed in rousing the enthusiasm, and carrying with them the feelings of their readers;—in seizing upon the most striking traits in the scenery or passions which they delineate, and leaving to the reader the agreeable task of filling up and shading the pictures at his pleasure;—in developing the peculiarity of character by one striking incident, and in their uncommon earnestness and vehemence of manner. Scott sometimes descends into tedious and unnecessary details, mingling with the finest specimens of his genius passages the most offensive to a pure and refined taste. We are sometimes compelled to remember "the inspiration" under which he writes; and cannot always forget that his enterprising booksellers have paid him "just half a crown per line." The occasional uncouthness of his style, and the harshness of his manner, seem the result of carelessness, or an eager desire to get through his contract; with Byron they appear to be produced by the complete absorption of his mind in objects of higher impor-



tance.—Scott appears to put upon paper indiscriminately every idea that crowds upon his mind. Byron displays more judgment in his selection, and rarely shocks our feelings by too rapid a transition from the sublime to the low.

There is one distinction between them of a more striking character than any we have yet mentioned. Almost every page of Scott affords a subject for the pencil, while the painter would rarely find it within the compass of his powers to embody upon canvass the no less vigorous and intelligible conceptions of lord Byron's genius.—Scott draws his embellishments and imagery principally from the visible world,—from those feelings, feelings which are common and familiar to the whole family of the human kind;—or are naturally excited by the view or description of the scenes which he depicts. Every individual can readily and without an effort sympathize with his obvious reflections and emotions;—or should they occasionally possess less of this universality of interest, they are sufficiently general to embrace every inhabitant of the country in which he lays his scene. Scott may be in some degree entitled to the appellation of a national poet, but in his national feelings all can sympathize: and it rarely happens that a superior writer of this description has his reputation or his popularity bounded by the geographical limits of his own country. Byron possesses, if we may be allowed the expression, more individuality of application. He dwells upon scenes and describes incidents which are calculated to excite feelings of another kind.—We must make our minds harmonize with his before we can be moved. We must assume for a time the character, the disposition, the frame of mind in which the poet wrote, or the beauty of almost any passage will elude our observation.

There are some obvious advantages as well as inconveniences necessarily attendant upon both. With Scott we think the sources of this artificial embellishment can neither be so fruitful, nor the pleasures they yield so glowing;—but the passions which he rouses are universal, the language he speaks finds its way to almost every heart.—Byron can be relished only by a smaller number,—~~by those who can feel as he feels, and tune their hearts to the~~ most perfect concord with his. It is an individual, and the impres-



sions produced upon that individual, that we are presented with in his poems. As the feelings in the indulgence of which he appears particularly to delight, are such as flow from a tender sensibility, a refined delicacy, a warmth of passion that almost borders upon madness, a mind brooding over "severest woes," and entertaining not unfrequently a profound contempt for all the pleasures of life, it must necessarily happen that the number of his admirers must be limited. To all those who do not by nature partake of emotions drawn from such sources, or who have not by education acquired a power of sympathizing with them, he must remain in a degree a stranger.—But in proportion as his votaries are contracted in number, will their feelings of admiration be more intense. From the very character of the passions and of the minds which those who derive enjoyment from the perusal of lord Byron's poems must possess, it is obvious that they cannot rest satisfied with a slight excitement;—they must be transported with all the enthusiasm with which he appears to be gifted.—He who can "writhe in transports of delicious pain,"—who can enter into a full participation of that luxury of wo—that exquisite enjoyment of wretchedness in which this poet seems fond of indulging, cannot readily divest himself of such feelings, or become satiated with them;—he yields readily to the impressions produced, riots in melancholy, and returns with repugnance and not without exertion to the cold reality and calmer pleasures of life.

If this view of lord Byron's writings be correct, we are at once presented with an easy explanation of the almost universal disposition we have observed manifested to consider him as having been the painter of his own character.—We cannot believe that *Childe Harold* is a faithful representation of its author; we feel that the imputation would be equally ungenerous and unjust;—but it would be more difficult not to believe that many of the features of that singular compound are "warm from life."—It is the remark of an eminently beautiful and judicious writer, that "it is scarcely possible for any man to read the works of a poet, without forming some judgment of his character and affections as a man, or without concluding, that the magnanimity, the tenderness, the gayety, or the melancholy, distinguished him in private life which

characterise the scenes or descriptions of his works."\* If this remark be just with regard to writers in general, how much more plausible will it appear when applied to the one under consideration. Lord Byron appears to embody himself in the person of his hero, and if an erroneous idea of his character be created in the public mind, as he seems to believe, he should not find fault with a mistake in which he has himself entangled his readers.

We must apologise to those who have honoured us by accompanying us thus far in our observations, for having so long neglected the immediate subject for which we took up our pen, which was to give some account of a new production of this beautiful and favourite writer. The "Corsair" bears a strong resemblance to the later poems of Lord Byron, possesses the same beauties and the same imperfections with the general character of which our readers are already sufficiently acquainted:—the same vivid delineation of bold and vehement feeling, the same energy of language, the same incoherency and incredibility in the story, and the same want of what in painting is termed the shadowing, to relieve the occasional abrupt transitions in the narrative;—the same evidences of haste, we may say hurry in the conception and delineation of the plan. Our minds are absorbed by a variety of incidents and feelings, succeeding each other with the greatest rapidity, and after the immediate glow arising from the perusal of the story has in a degree subsided, we are astonished that so much interest could be awakened for persons who merit our abhorrence, and are lost in wonder that we could have been led away by a tale so marvellously improbable.

The poem before us opens with a description of the state and feelings of a band of corsairs in one of the Grecian islands, and the language that is put into the mouths of the pirates seems to give a tolerably faithful though a flattering representation of such a confederacy of marauders.—One of the vessels in their service arrives, bearing despatches from a trusty Greek in their employ, warning them of an expedition that has been prepared for their destruction and is nearly ready to commence its operations.—Conrad "the Corsair" the hero of the piece, is now introduced to us and surely

\* Alison on the nature and principles of taste. p. 69.

a fitter head could not readily be imagined for a community of freebooters.

That man of loneliness and mystery,  
 Scarcely seen to smile, and seldom heard to sigh—  
 Whose name appals the fiercest of his crew,  
 And tints each swarthy cheek with sallow of hue;  
 Still sways their souls with that commanding art  
 That dazzles—leads—yet chills the vulgar heart.

Unlike the heroes of each ancient race,  
 Demons in act, but Gods at least in face,  
 In Conrad's form seems little to admire,  
 Though his dark eye-brow shades a glance of fire:  
 Robust but not Herculean—to the sight  
 No giant frame sets forth his common height;  
 Yet in the whole—who paused to look again,  
 Saw more than marks the crowd of vulgar men—  
 They gaze and marvel how—and still confess  
 That thus it is, but why they cannot guess.  
 Sun-burnt his cheek—his forehead high and pale,—  
 The sable-curls in wild profusion veil,  
 And oft perforce his rising lip reveals  
 The haughtier thoughts he curbs, but scarce conceals.  
 Though smooth his voice, and calm his general air,  
 Still seems there something he would not have seen:  
 His features' deepening lines and varying hue,  
 At times attracted, yet perplex'd the view,  
 As if within that murkiness of mind  
 Work'd feelings fearful, and yet undefined.

“There breathe but few whose aspect could defy  
 The full encounter of his searching eye;—  
 He had the skill, when Cupping's gaze would seek  
 To probe his heart and watch his changing cheek,  
 At once the observer's purpose to espy,  
 And on himself roll back his scrutiny,  
 Lest he to Conrad rather should betray  
 Some secret thought—than drag that chief's to day.  
 There was a laughing devil in his sneer,  
 That raised emotions both of rage and fear;  
 And where his frown of huffed darkly fell,  
 Hope withering fled—and Mervay sighed farewell.”

Amid all this darkness of colouring, our interest cannot fail to be awakened in behalf of this repulsive personage when we learn that he was not

"————— thus by Nature sent  
To lead the guilty—guilt's worst instrument—  
His soul was changed—before his deeds had driven  
Him forth to war with man and forfeit heaven.  
Warp'd by the world in Disappointment's school,  
In words too wise—in conduct *there* a fool—  
Too firm to yield—and far too proud to stoop—  
Doom'd by his very virtues for a dupe,  
He curs'd those virtues as the cause of ill,  
And not the traitors who betrayed him still;"

"————— ere youth had lost her force,  
He hated man too much to feel remorse—  
And thought the voice of wrath a sacred call,  
To pay the injuries of some on all.  
He knew himself a villain—but he deem'd  
The rest no better than the thing he seem'd."

A character with these features is naturally represented as undaunted and resolute in fight;—sagacious in his plans;—quick in their formation, and rapid in their development. Exercising an absolute sway over the minds of his companions, he revolves his schemes within the profound recesses of his own soul, and disdains the counsel or advice of others in maturing them. Forewarned of the impending danger, he instantaneously perceives its extent;—he sees the inadequacy of his own strength, to contend with so overwhelming a force, and conceives—digests and perfects a bold and hazardous stratagem.—He resolves upon anticipating the attack—upon meeting his adversaries while they are unprepared, and destroying their armament, or perishing in the attempt.

He has however one severe trial to undergo before he sails.—Conrad with all his vices—with his rooted aversion to man, is still the victim of an ardent affection; and this passion in him partakes of all that loftiness and vehemence which mingle so largely in his character.—He is now about to leave his retreat and his Medora, once again to encounter almost certain destruction. A melancholy foreboding that this will prove his last adventure weighs upon his

mind—and though insufficient to depress his dauntless courage, gives him a cast of more than ordinary interest.

As he approaches the retreat of his bride, he catches the sound of her voice, and finds her breathing out her sorrows and her love in a beautiful and tender song. The interview between the lovers is described with that felicity of manner and impassioned language which are contained in some of the finest effusions of Lord Byron's genius.—She begins by describing her sufferings and her anguish of mind during the occasional periods of absence which his course of life calls for, the anxiety with which she watches every sail that approaches the shore—her bitterness of heart when her hopes are frustrated and it proves to be a stranger vessel, and her felicity when her fears are at length tranquillized by his arrival. She earnestly beseeches him to abandon a mode of life so replete with danger and distress, and to retire to some peaceful retreat where they may live secure from those never ending apprehensions by which their present happiness is marred. He combats her arguments, endeavours to dispel her fears, and at length informs her that at the expiration of an hour he is again to leave her. Overwhelmed at this intelligence she sinks into his arms, and Conrad is compelled at the sound of the signal gun, to tear himself from her embrace, and he embarks in the vessel which had only awaited his arrival. The first canto concludes with a description of the arrival of the pirates at a place of concealment in the vicinity of the hostile fleet.

The second canto opens with a vivid description of the Turks, —confident of approaching victory,—and surrendering themselves, in anticipation; to the happiness of witnessing a successful issue to their expedition.—The chiefs are assembled, and indulging themselves in mirth and luxury, when “a captive dervise from the pirate's nest” is introduced to the pacha.

“His arms were folded on his dark-green vest,  
His step was feeble, and his look deprest;  
Yet worn he seem'd of hardship more than years,  
And pale his cheek with penance, not from fears.

Around his form his loose long robe was thrown,  
And wrapt a breast bestow'd on heaven alone;”

In answer to the interrogatories of Seyd, he recounts the circumstances of his capture and escape from the bands of Conrad, and begs to be dismissed to a place of security and rest. The pacha desirous of obtaining further information with regard to the strength and preparations of the pirates, invites the dervise to partake of their repast and to acquaint him with the result of his observation.—The old man declines participating in their delicacies, as contrary to the habits and discipline of his order.

“Well—as thou wilt—ascetic as thou art—  
One question answer; then in peace depart.  
How many?—Ha! it cannot sure be day?  
What star—what sun is bursting on the bay?  
It shines a lake of fire!—away—away!  
Ho! treachery! my guards! my scimitar!  
The galleys feed the flames—and I afar!  
Accursed Dervise!—these thy tidings—thou  
Some villain spy—seize—cleave him—slay him now!”

Up rose the Dervise with that burst of light,  
Nor less his change of form appall'd the sight:  
Up rose that Dervise—not in saintly garb,  
But like a warrior bounding from his barb,  
Dash'd his high cap, and tore his robe away—  
Shone his mail'd breast, and flash'd his sabre's ray!

It is Conrad, who had assumed the disguise of a Dervise, in order to obtain admission into the palace of the Pacha. His followers had fired the fleet before the concerted signal had been displayed, and Conrad found himself alone—unsupported—enveloped by foes—in the heart of the palace.—The sudden confusion afforded him leisure to recover himself.

“He saw their terror—check'd the first despair  
That urged him but to stand and perish there,  
Since far too early and too well obey'd,  
The flame was kindled ere the signal made;  
He saw their terror—from his baldric drew  
His bugle—brief the blast—but shrilly blew,  
'Tis answer'd—“Well ye speed, my gallant crew!  
Why did I doubt their quickness of career?  
And deem design had left me single here?”  
Sweeps his long arm—that sabre's whirling away,  
Sheds fast atonement for its first delay;

Completes his fury, what their fear begun,  
And makes the many basely quail to one.  
The cloven turbans o'er the chamber spread,  
And scarce an arm dare rise to guard its head:

For now the pirates pass'd the Haram gate,  
And burst within—and it were death to wait,  
Where wild Amazement shrieking—kneeling—throws  
The sword aside—in vain—the blood o'erflows!  
The Corsairs pouring, haste to where within,  
Invited Conrad's bugle, and the din  
Of groaning victims, and wild cries for life,  
Proclaim'd how well he did the work of strife.  
They shout to find him grim and lonely there,  
A glutt'd tyger mangling in his hair!"

At his command the palace and the city are enveloped in flames. But suddenly their ears are assailed by the cries of females in distress, and they perceive that the women of the Haram are in danger of perishing.—The recollection of Medora bursts upon the mind of the bloody Conrad, he reminds his companions of their wives—leads them fresh from carnage, and furious from the fight, through the rapidly spreading flames to preserve those whom they had inadvertently exposed to destruction. They succeed in the attempt—the females are borne to a place of safety, but the pirates are to pay dearly for this display of their humane feelings. The Turks recovering from their first consternation are surprised at the small number of their assailants, reassume their courage, and cut off the retreat of Conrad and his followers. The desperate band contend with the overwhelming power of their antagonists—endeavour in vain to cut a passage through the opposing ranks, and after a sanguinary fight—exhausted with toil, they “sink outwearied rather than overcome.”—Conrad in vain exposes himself with the hope of being slain. His followers have all fallen, and he faint with wounds, is taken prisoner.—The furious pacha determines to preserve his life for new and exquisite torture. The “Leech” visits the wretched victim to ascertain how much his strength will allow him to endure, and loaded with chains he is cast into a dungeon to meditate upon the horrors that await him.

In this state of isolated affliction in which we have left Conrad he is *not* altogether unbefriended. Gulnare, the queen of the Haram, the favourite of Seyd had been borne by his arm through the flames. Grateful for the preservation of her life,—surprised at the sensibility and courageous gallantry of the Corsair, she contrasted his demeanour at that perilous moment with the manners of the Pacha and thought

“ ’Twas strange—that robber thus with gore bedew’d,  
Seem’d gentler than than Seyd in fondest mood.”

She had been a spectator of the sanguinary and desperate fight in which he had been overcome, and the mingling sentiments of gratitude and admiration had kindled the flames of an ardent passion in her glowing bosom. She visited the prisoner in his dungeon, she sympathised in his corporeal and mental anguish, and though he had informed her of his affection for another, such is the romantic character of her love that she resolves at every hazard and through every difficulty to attempt his liberation.

She visits the Pacha, she presses her suit for the release of his prisoner with such importunity and zeal, that she betrays to her watchful lord the secret of her heart;—his suspicions are aroused, and he lets drop expressions of anger and of menace.—Disappointed but not disheartened at the refusal, she resolves to effect her purpose by stratagem.

During this interesting period Conrad, full of anxiety as to his fate, languished in solitude and in chains. That haughty and lofty spirit which, amid the fury of the battle, despised the fear of death, which had braved the terrors of the storm, was now

“ — bound and fix’d in fettered solitude,  
To pine, the prey of every changing mood;”

his mind borne away by every frightful image of despair, tortured by every “phantom of distress,” brooding over his present woes and former crimes,—swayed by alternate reflections and anticipations—absorbed by the ideas of his absent love and approaching fate, sinks under the trial into a gloomy despondency.

He is at length aroused by the long expected visit of Gulnare. She informs him that but one course presents itself, by which he can hope to avoid the death that awaits him on the morrow. She



places a dagger in his hand, offers to conduct him to the couch of the slumbering Seyd, that by one blow he may avenge their mutual wrongs and preserve his life. She recites the insults she has received at his hand, and informs him of the necessity for immediate action.

"Gulnare—Gulnare—I never felt till now  
My abject fortune—withered fame so low:  
Seyd is mine enemy: had swept my band  
From earth with ruthless but with open hand,  
And therefore came I, in my bark of war,  
To smite the smiter with the scimeter;  
Such is my weapon—not the secret knife—  
Who spares a woman's seeks not slumber's life—  
Thine saved I gladly, lady, not for this—  
Let me not deem that mercy shown amiss.  
Now fare thee well—more peace be with thy breast!  
Night wears apace—my last of earthly rest!"

Gulnare finding Conrad resolute in his determination, and seeing the danger of detection, summons up all her own courage—

"But since the dagger suits thee less than brand,  
I'll try the firmness of a female hand—  
The guards are giv'd—one moment all were o'er—  
Corsair! we meet in safety or no more;  
If errs my feeble hand, the morning cloud  
Will hover o'er thy scaffold, and my shroud."

The ensuing passage presents so favourable a specimen of Lord Byron's talents for painting the stronger emotions of horror, and for enchainning all our feelings, that we must be pardoned for quoting it at length. Every line omitted would prove a beauty lost.

"She turn'd, and vanish'd ere he could reply,  
But his glance followed far with eager eye;  
And gathering, as he could, the links that bound  
His form, to curl their length, and curb their sound,  
Since bar and bolt no more his steps prelude,  
He, fast as fetter'd limbs allow, pursued.  
'Twas dark and winding, and he knew not where  
That passage led—nor lamp nor guard were there:  
He sees a dusky glimmering—shall he seek  
Or shun that ray so indistinct and weak!

Chance guides his steps—a freshness seems to bear  
 Full on his brow, as if from morning air—  
 He reached an open gallery—on his eye  
 Gleam'd the last star of night—the clearing sky—  
 Yet scarcely heeded these—another light  
 From a lone chamber struck upon his sight.  
 Towards it he moved, a scarcely closing door  
 Reveal'd the ray within, but nothing more.  
 With hasty step a figure outward past,  
 Then paused—and turn'd—and paused—'tis she at last!  
 No poniard in that hand—nor sign of ill—  
 “Thanks to that softening heart—she could not kill!”  
 Again he looked, the wildness of her eye  
 Starts from the day abrupt and fearfully.  
 She stopp'd—threw back her dark far-flinging hair,  
 That nearly veil'd her face and bosom fair:  
 As if she late had bent her leaning head  
 Above some object of her doubt or dread.  
 They meet—upon her brow—unknown—forgot—  
 Her hurrying hand had left—'twas but a spot—  
 Its hue was all he saw—and scarce withstood—  
 Oh! slight but certain pledge of crime—'tis blood!  
 He had seen battle—he had brooded lone  
 O'er promised pangs to sentenced guilt forsworn—  
 He had been tempted—chastened—and the chain  
 Yet on his arms might ever there remain—  
 But ne'er from strife—captivity—remorse—  
 From all his feelings in their inmost force—  
 So thrill'd—so shuddered every creeping vein  
 As now they froze before that purple stain.  
 That spot of blood, that light but guilty streak,  
 Had banish'd all the beauty from her cheek!  
 Blood he had viewed—could view unmoved—but then  
 It flow'd in combat, or was shed by men!”

Conrad and Gulnare now take to flight;—a vessel lay expect-  
 ing their arrival and immediately put to sea. As he passed the  
 cape behind which he had shortly before moored his vessel—eve-  
 ry intervening circumstance crowded upon his mind;—he retraced  
 the numerous and momentous occurrences which had been com-  
 pressed within a few hours, and turning from these subjects

“He thought on her afar, his lonely bride—  
 He turned and saw—Gulnare, the homicide!”

He views her with speechless horror. She shrinks from his dreadful glance and implores his forgiveness for an act, which, however criminal in the eyes of God and man, however deserving of punishment, had been prompted by the hopes of preserving his life, and ought not to subject her to his anger.—His thoughts were those of self condemnation;—he was upbraiding himself for making her the wretch she seemed.

They fall in with one of the vessels of the pirates, the crew of which are transported with joy at the reappearance of their chief whom all believed dead. They approach the isle. But here a new and overwhelming affliction awaits the wretched Conrad. Impatient of the slow progress of the boat in which he was to be carried ashore, he plunges into the waves, reaches the land, and rapidly “ascends the path familiar to his eye.” No sounds of Medora are heard—no sign of an inhabitant—no light appeared in her dwelling. His trembling hand with difficulty opens the door—

“ ’Tis a well known face—

But not the form he panted to embrace.

Its lips are silent—twice his own essay’d,

And fail’d to frame the question they delay’d;

He snatch’d the lamp—its light will answer all—

It quits his grasp—expiring in the fall.

“ His eyes behold

All that his Heart believed not—yet foretold!

He turned not—spoke not—sunk not—fix’d his look,

And set the anxious frame that lately shook:

He gazed—how long we gaze despite of pain,

And know—but dare not own we gaze in vain!

In life itself she was so still and fair,

That death with gentler aspect wither’d there;

And the cold flowers her colder hand contain’d,

In that last grasp as tenderly were strain’d

As if she scarcely felt, but feigned a sleep,

And made it almost mockery yet to weep:

The long dark lashes fringed her lids of snow—

And veiled—thought shrinks from all that lurk below—

Oh! o’er the eye Death most exerts his might,

And huris the spirit from her throne of light!

Sinks those blue orbs in that long last eclipse,

But spares, as yet, the charm around her lips—

Yet—yet they seem as they forbore to smile,  
 And wish'd repose—but only for awhile;  
 But the white shroud, and each extended tress,  
 Long—fair—but spread in utter lifelessness,  
 Which, late the sport of every summer wind,  
 Escaped the baffled wreath that strove to bind;  
 These—and the pale pure cheek, became the bier—  
 But she is nothing—wherefore is he here?

Medora had watched Conrad's departure upon his fearful expedition. He had promised to return on the third day; but he was then immured in the dungeon of his deadly foe. Her delicate frame was unfit to contend with the horrors that preyed upon her imagination. All day she lingered near the shore watching every sail that appeared in the horizon. At length the long expected vessel arrived; the feeble remnant of the crew recounted their expedition, described the terrible conflict with the guards of *Soyd*—its issue—and their own almost miraculous escape. Conrad had fallen in the fight, or had only survived to undergo a more terrible and frightful death. Medora's fearful anticipations were realised. The catastrophe was such as the poet has described in the preceding extract.

Conrad had now no stay on earth;—the cup of his afflictions was full even to overflowing;—the only object of his kinder affections had expired in despair at his imagined loss. In the morning his companions ventured to approach the habitation of Medora; but Conrad was no longer there. Appearances induced the suspicion that he had put to sea alone and in a small boat;—they renewed their search but he was never more discovered.

He left a Corsair's name to other times,  
 Linked with one virtue, and a thousand crimes.

Such is the Corsair, a poem which reflects additional lustre upon the poetical character of Great Britain, and raises above every living bard that of its noble author,—The passages which we have presented for the perusal of our readers, are rather illustrative of the story and of the characters contained in it, than such as we should have selected to display in their perfection the highest beauties of the poem. The view we have taken—great as is the length to which we have inadvertently extended it—presents

but a very inadequate representation of the work; nor do we conceive that it is any more within our power than we feel it to be within our desires to give such a picture as would render the perusal of the original useless or unnecessary. In remarking upon such productions of contemporary genius criticism is disarmed; and critics are deprived of—what if we consider the general opinion of mankind as affording a fair test of truth—is the most agreeable part of their business—finding fault. Not that we would be understood to imply that the *Corsair* is perfectly free from blemishes. There are numerous grammatical errors, and verbal faults; there are inconsistencies and obscurities in the story, but the lofty genius of the author has amply redeemed them all.

Before we take leave of this delightful writer, for he informs us that it is not his intention to appear again before the public for some years, we may be permitted to say that in this retirement the public will lose much; we trust his lordship will remember that the world has claims upon him from which he cannot absolve himself: that his temporary seclusion can alone be atoned for or justified by a determination to keep in mind and to realize the expectations that have been created; and a resolution to fulfil the high duties which such a genius and such powers of mind necessarily impose. He has built for himself a lofty reputation. But young in years, removed by the circumstances of his fortune from any apprehension of pecuniary difficulties,—released from professional pursuits, ample leisure is allowed him to cultivate the rich field into which his genius has led him. With such opportunities, such an inspiration as ambition of fame—such a character at stake—we scarcely know how to confine our expectations within the limits of reasonable moderation; because we see grounds to justify the belief that he can fill up a more sublime and splendid picture than our humble imaginations could readily frame.

E. D.

## LETTER FROM ENGLAND.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Visit to the city of York; description of it, and its celebrated Gothic Cathedral.

I AM justified in recommending to the American merchant, the manufacturing house of Messrs. Wormald, Gott and Wormald, which, from the magnitude of its works, its capital, and credit, is able to execute all orders with promptitude; and, from the high character of the firm, is entitled to unlimited confidence.

In a country abounding with so many of the works of art, and especially where there are such numerous remains of ancient grandeur, taste, bigotry, and folly; that man must possess a more than luke-warm curiosity, who cannot each day discover something to excite it, something to arrest his attention.

The ancient city of York is worthy of the traveller's notice, from its celebrity in history, its remains of former magnificence, and especially from having within its limits a massive building which has withstood the wreck of ages;—whose gigantic walls will bid defiance to the cankering tooth of centuries to come; and will remain as it now is, a subject for contemplation.

I took a seat in the mail coach, and passing through Tadcaster, I arrived at ten o'clock P. M. the distance being twenty-four miles.

My approach to this celebrated place was through a spacious gateway, under an immense arch. A considerable part of the former is demolished, and time is committing daily ravages on the latter.

After being hurried through several narrow and crooked streets, the coach set me down at the "York tavern and inn."

The principal object of my visit to this venerable place, was to see the yet more venerable church called the Minster, York Cathedral, or the Metropolitan church of St. Peter.

My anxiety to see it was so urgent, that I hastened to take a view of it by glimmering star-light; and even thus I was highly gratified. Such a massive pile, with numerous painted windows of immense height, the lofty walls crowned with turrets; with here and there an immense tower shooting far above all surrounding objects, were sufficient to impress my mind with strange and aw-

ful sensations.—The effect by moonlight would be singularly grand.

So faint and imperfect a view only heightened my desire to make a more satisfactory examination by day-light; and I longed for the approach of morning.—At an early hour I hurried to gratify my anxiety.—A hundred beauties which had escaped my notice in the dark, now forced themselves upon my observation.—Whether I gazed at this superb edifice on the one side or the other; whether I viewed it on the south or the north, at the west or the east ends, it was alike impressive, bold and majestic.—I returned again and again, and always with renewed pleasure, to look at this magnificent monument of former ages;—an object of praise to the founders, of admiration as long as time shall spare it; and deservedly the boast, the pride, the wonder of York.

As yet my view was only of the exterior, and it being Sunday I waited with impatience for the doors to be opened. The archbishop in his pontifical robes, and his attendants in their clerical costume, had entered the south door, in stately pomp, when I followed; but instead of proceeding forward to that part of the church where service was to be performed, I advanced only a few steps, when as if it had been by some secret power, I became fixed to the spot in mute astonishment at the magnificence around me. For a while I was bewildered, but as soon as my mind had regained its usual state, I passed on to the chapel, and took my seat near enough to see the service performed, but not to hear it.

The solemn sounds of an organ, with the chanting of the singing boys, would have elevated my soul to heaven to reverence that Being for whose worship the people had assembled; but it was abstracted from the solemnity of the time and place, and my eyes were continually wandering to gaze at things rare, curious, and strange, which every where surrounded me.

Service being over, I proceeded to the north transept of the church, and thence down the north aisle to the western front of the building. Here I could have feasted my eyes for hours with the numerous beauties which fill the immense windows at this end, but I was almost irresistibly compelled to turn and extend my view up the inconceivably magnificent vista to the east.—Here the language of description must cease: indeed the sight defies all

description either of the pen or the pencil, nor can the imagination itself figure any thing corresponding in grandeur and sublimity to that which here presents itself to the beholder.

Let any one who has never seen such a building imagine a hall of more than five hundred feet in length, more than a hundred in breadth; the vaulting of the nave ninety-nine feet, and the height of the roof of the towers from one hundred and ninety-six to two hundred and thirty-five feet; let him also figure to his mind yet more grandeur in the immense columns of small pillars springing from a common base, to a height which is almost painful to the eyes to reach; and which there unite their flowing capitals: let him, in addition, fancy an infinite variety of sculptured beauties in the roof and sides of the building, and he will then have something imperfectly painted on his mind like the Cathedral church of York — All who have eyes to discern and hearts to feel must experience emotions on beholding such a sublimely grand exhibition of taste and skill, which it were vain for the tongue or pen to attempt to express. To be fully comprehended they must be seen.

While I was admiring these wonderful efforts of art, I was told the doors were about to be closed, and that it was necessary to go out. Still unsatiated, I was determined to remain another day in York, that I might take a more minute view of the interior and of some of the private apartments.

I strolled around the walls of York, which are tumbling to ruins, but which once entirely encompassed this famous place. — The city has in many places extended beyond them, and what once formed a barrier for the inhabitants, are now, in many places enclosures to gardens and grass-plats.

Such is the important change from the mutability of times! Such the consequence of a progression from a demi-barbarous state, to a cultivation of the arts and habits of civilized life! These and many other reflections rushed on my mind, while I was slowly traversing the tops of what once opposed the inroads of hostile neighbours.

York was then in that district of Northumbria called Deira, and which now includes Lancashire, Westmoreland, Cumberland, and Yorkshire; and at that period the whole of what is now called



Great Britain was divided into a number of small and petty states;—having opposite interests, possessing different habits and manners, and, as the invariable attendant of such a state of political association, almost incessantly at variance.—The Britons were at this melancholy era constantly embroiled in intestine quarrels.

York was the capital of Deira, which extended from the Tyne to the Humber. Such was the state of war in which the people were incessantly engaged, that a late writer has said, “this kingdom of Northumberland exhibited a constant scene of political confusion, civil wars, and usurpations; and its kings were set up or deposed, expelled or assassinated, according as opposite factions alternately prevailed, until at last it shared the common fate of the other kingdoms of the Héptarchy, and was annexed by Egbert to that of the west Saxons.” In these truly calamitous periods war was the occupation of the people, and desolating transactions were widely extended. The historical pages of those times are stained and obscured by the crimes and the miseries of the inhabitants. The view which the man of contemplation is compelled to take of the state of a part of Great Britain, during the establishment of the Saxon Héptarchy, is equally gloomy as respects the human mind, and the condition of human circumstances; more especially if we extend it to the rest of Europe, for a frightful chasm appears which is neither illuminated by the rays of science nor the scintillations of genius. Arts, to ameliorate the state of the people, had made but little progress; nor had literature aided in the advancement of civilization. This great and beneficial work was not begun until the introduction of Christianity. From this time we may date the dawning of science and literature. But ere the joint influence of these powerful agents had civilized the people, softened their manners, or removed the savage traits of their character, York was often the scene of intestine commotions, and to prevent encroachments from neighbouring enemies, a wall was erected around the town. From the accumulation of matter for ages at its base, it is now only of moderate elevation.

The principal entrance, at the period to which I have alluded, (as it is at this time) was at Mickle-Gate Bar; which, with the multangular tower and wall at this spot, are particularly worthy of notice.—On the top of the gate in front, is the statue of a man

much effaced. As I walked on the wall to the eastern part of it, I was led to a beautiful mount, adjacent to the New City Jail, which it overlooks, and from which there is a good view of the surrounding country. From thence I descended to the base of the hill, where the wall is lost, and which brought me to the banks of the Ouse. Here I was ferried over for a half-penny, and on a fine gravel walk, shaded by majestic oaks, I walked on the bank of this beautiful stream, until the sound of the Cathedral clock announced the hour of dinner.

Few places present more interesting subjects for observation and reflection than the city of York, whether we consider it in its present state, as the metropolis of an extensive, populous, manufacturing, and commercial province, and the residence in winter of rank and wealth; or, in retrospect, as being highly distinguished in history.—During the Danish invasions, it suffered many and great calamities. Historians inform as it was honoured with the presence of several Roman emperors.—While Adrian remained in Great Britain, he resided at York. Severus lived here for some time; and here he ended his days; it was for several years the imperial residence of Constantius Chlorus. The emperor Constantius closed his life here; and here his son, the great Constantine, was clothed with the purple.

York was the focus of the Roman power, the central point of their military stations; and it was then the emporium of the northern parts of England.

In all the histories of England we find the name of this city particularly distinguished, and it is mentioned as the scene of important events: but if history were totally silent respecting it, still it is worthy of attention, from the number of ancient and modern public buildings which it contains—connecting with the foundation and preservation of some, and the destruction of others, transactions equally interesting to the moralist and historian.

Less than half a century ago, it had within its walls forty churches; and even now it has twenty, besides several in the suburbs.—It was impracticable during my short stay to visit even the half of them.—Most of them are in the Gothic style of architecture. The magnificent steeple of Allhallows or Allsaints church, in the Pavement, the pyramidal one of St. Mary's in Castlegate,

(although it became necessary that it should be taken down in part, from having been struck by lightning, a few years since) and the Porch in the Saxon style, of St. Margaret's church, in Wilmsgate, ought not to be overlooked. In addition to these, there is the Castle—a monument of centuries—now converted into a jail, a theatre, Mansion-house, hospital, lunatic asylum, assembly rooms, and a number of charitable institutions, which do honour to the founders: Not far from the Castle is Clifford's Tower, which was much injured by an explosion in 1634. This ancient city had also two good and spacious market-places. Near to it is a place called Knavesmire, celebrated for its races. It is on the road to Tadcaster, on a fine level ground; and for the comfortable accommodation of large parties, a grand stand of two stories has been built. A very spacious building for horse barracks stands just without the city.

York now contains about twenty-seven thousand inhabitants. As before remarked, it is not a place of commercial importance; but possessing considerable rank, having a good society, and the expenses of living being moderate, it is in winter a very considerable resort for fashionable society. It is under the government of a Lord Mayor, whose powers are extensive, and it sends two members to parliament.

The river Ouse which falls into the Humber, divides the city, and is navigable to it for vessels of considerable burden. The bridge over this stream being composed of stone, is a handsome structure of five arches, the centre of which is eighty-one feet from one abutment to the other, and fifty-one feet high.

This venerable place is less interesting from its general aspect, than from the number of distinct objects which merit notice. Pre-eminent among these, towering amidst a cluster of old and low buildings, rise the walls of the Minster, and once more I must request my readers to accompany me while I take a more minute view of the interior. I now had a guide to conduct me through the different parts.

His aid was not wanting to point out the immense windows of curious glazing, divided into small compartments, and covered with paintings of kings, saints, and prelates; escutcheons and representations from holy writ, through which, when the sun shed

his rays on them, a richly varied light is effused: nor was it necessary to show me the inimitable florid style of the screen, which is of stone, and has a resemblance to filigree work; the endless variety of carving in wood within the choir, and which is as fine a specimen in it, as the screen is of stone, nor was it requisite to show me the statues of fifteen English kings, placed in the screen, and arranged in the following order:

On the north side of the door.

William 1st.

William 2d.

Henry 1st.

Stephen

Henry 2d.

Richard 1st.

John.

On the south side of the door.

Henry 3d.

Edward 1st.

Edward 2d.

Edward 3d.

Richard 2d.

Henry 4th.

Henry, 5th.

James 1st. of England.

These perishable monuments of royalty—these frail memorials of departed splendour, will, for a while arrest the attention of the visitor, after he has recovered from the admiration which is excited from a general inspection of the whole building. The sublime vaulting of the roof, the tall and slender pillars, the variety of beautiful figure work in the roof and windows, will almost compel the beholder to fall on his knees and worship that great Being to whom this wonderful fabric is dedicated. While, I say, I did not want a guide to direct my eyes to these and a thousand other beauties which fill the roof, sides, and windows of the church, one was requisite to conduct me behind the altar, where there are many things commemorative of human greatness and human vanity, but not much to gratify the refinement of modern taste. Here are seen effigies in a kneeling attitude, in the dress of queen Elizabeth's reign; death's heads and other emblems of mortality—not perfectly suited to the magnificence of the building to whose walls they are affixed. The visitor, however, will observe much variety in sepulchral architecture; and, while pausing to read the many tablets to departed merit and literature, he will be obliged to notice the tombs of the early founders of the church, and of those

whose benefactions have honoured their remains with a resting-place within the walls. Some others ought not to be overlooked, and the statue of sir George Saville commands particular admiration, as well from the delicacy of the sculpture, as the exalted esteem entertained for the worth of him to whose honour it is erected. He represented the city of York for twenty-seven years; and for his benevolence, patriotism, and private virtues, commanded the love and admiration of his fellow-citizens, the grateful veneration of posterity.\*

Amidst the scattered subjects which command attention, the monument of Scroop will be noticed, not for the skill of the statuary, but because he is mentioned by the immortal dramatist, whose name is less perishable than the marble which is designed to perpetuate the fame of Scroop: him, of whom he says,

"A lord of York, with whom it better showed,  
When that his flock assembled by the bell,  
Encircled him, to hear with reverence,  
His exposition on the holy text;  
Than, on the field of war, an iron man,  
Charging a rout of rebels, with his drum,  
Turning the word to sword, and life to death."

*Shakespeare, Henry 4th. Act 4. Scene. 2.*

Two or three effaced statues of marble are to be seen recumbent in this part of the church; one of which is in the armour of the ancient Knights, and another is supposed to be a Saxon layman: and near this spot is a fine sepulchral monument of archbishop Bowet, who died in 1423. It is in the architecture of the Anglo-Normans, and perhaps a richer or more elegant specimen is not to be met with.

This primate was the second son of Henry 6th.

\* This monument to a man of "unmixed purity" and, "unostentatious benevolence," I find was particularly noticed by my countryman Mr. Gillman of New-haven, who says, it is "uncommonly beautiful." He is in the attitude of presenting a petition to parliament praying for a peace with America. How honourable were such efforts, and what feelings ought they not to excite in every American who beholds this lifeless emblem of his country's friend! Such is the masterly execution of the artist, that the statue wants seemingly, only a spark of Promethean fire, to start it into life.

Passing through the north aisle of the choir, a small marble image, in a recumbent position, is observed, which my guide informed me was that of William de Hatfield, second son of Edward the third. It is placed under a very rich tabernacle work, and merits close inspection; but amidst the variety which is here offered, and which I cannot attempt to name, it will be difficult for the mind to rest on a single object.

Leaving the choir, the visitor is brought immediately under the great lantern tower, the loftiest part of the edifice: and upon which the eyes will feast with peculiar delight.

This part of the building is thus described.

"The clustered columns that support the arches, massy as the weight of the incumbent building requires them to be, appear light and elegant. The four arches that spring from them, and from which the four sides of the tower rise, are, we believe, not exceeded, if indeed they are equalled by any, for the greatness of the span, or the comparative airiness of their appearance. A rich cloister work above the arches is succeeded by an embattled gallery. Eight well proportioned and highly finished windows admit the light, and the roof springs from an equal number of elegant columns placed in the corners of the tower, and between the windows.

Among the armorial bearings that adorn the walls of this tower, appear those of Walter Skinlaw, the great benefactor to this part of the building; and the arms of England emblazoned in such a manner as to prove that this tower was not completed till the reign of Henry the fifth or sixth."

My visit to this noble pile by star-light conveyed to my mind something like an impression which the lucid rays of the moon would have produced, had I been standing under this part of the high-vaulted roof.

Such is the description by Scott.

The moon on the east oriel shone,  
Through slender shafts of shapely stone;  
By foliage tracery combined,  
'Thou wouldst have thought some fairy's hand,  
'Twixt poplars straight, the osier wand,  
In many a freakish knot, had twin'd,

Then formed a spell when the work was done,  
 And changed the willow wreaths to stone.  
 The silver light so pale and faint,  
 Showed many a prophet and many a saint,  
 Whose image on the glass was dyed,  
 . . . . .  
 The moon-beam kissed the holy pane;  
 And threw on the pavement a bloody stain!

The grandeur, majesty, and sublimity of the interior of the lantern tower, is indeed, altogether of a character which I cannot describe.

To return to my guide whom I have left behind.

We passed on to the outer and inner vestries, in the former of which there is not much that is worth seeing. Two old chests which were wont to be used as treasury boxes, some large presses which once contained clothing and canopies, and a pump said to be nearly six hundred years old, with a stone fount near it, in which kings were baptised, are all that were shown to me.

In the inner vestry a number of reliques are carefully preserved. Among them are several rings of Bowet, Nevill, and others, many centuries old. There was also a wooden head, found in the grave of archbishop Rotherham, and three silver chalices found in the graves of as many archbishops. There was also shown to me a superb pastoral staff of silver, which Catharine II of Portugal presented to Smith, her confessor in 1687, when he was nominated to the archbishopric of York. But that which is most admired, as well for its size and the elegance of its workmanship, as for its important connection with the revenues of the church, is an ivory horn (so called) about two feet long, on which is the following inscription.

Cornu hoc Vlphus, in occidentali parte  
 Deirae principis, una cum omnibus terris  
 et redditibus suis olim donavit  
 amissum vel abreptum  
 Henricus Dpm. Fairfax demum restituit  
 Dec.—et capit de novo ornavit.  
 A. D. MDCLXXV.

It is thus translated:

This horn, Ulphus, prince of the western parts of Deira,\* originally gave to the church of St. Peter, together with all his lands and revenues. Henry lord Fairfax at last restored it when it had been lost or conveyed away. The dean and chapter decorated it anew A. D. 1675.†

By virtue of this horn the church holds some lands of great value, contiguous to the eastern part of York; and which are, to this day called Terra Ulphus. It was once decorated with gold, which was probably the cause of its being stolen. This was taken off, and the father of Henry lord Fairfax having found it during the civil wars which ravaged England, it was returned by his son, as already mentioned.

A very massive and antique chair, said to be nearly as old as the cathedral itself, was shown to me. I had the honour of sitting in it, where kings had sat before. Several British kings have been crowned in it.

It would require, however, a better knowledge of architecture than I possess, with a more intimate acquaintance with all the beauties of this wonderful fabric, to take more than a very cursory and imperfect notice of them.

Besides those I have mentioned, there are some statues in marble of fine and delicate workmanship.

\* The Saxons in their geographical division of Britain, called that portion Northumbria which extended from the Humber, to the Frith of Forth, and this was divided into Deira and Bernicia. I have already said what countries the former includes in the present division of the kingdom. Ulphus was prince of the western parts of Deira, about the close of the eighth century.

† The learned Camden mentions this horn in his Britannica, as an instance of the manner of ancient endowments, and the following passage is quoted by him as relating to this not inelegant Saxon curiosity.

"Ulphus, the son of Thoraldu, governed the west part of Deira, and by reason of a difference likely to happen betwixt his eldest and his youngest sons, about his lordship and estates, when he was dead, he presently took this course to make them equal: He went without delay to York, and taking the horn with him, wherein he was wont to drink, he filled it with wine, and kneeling before the altar, bestowed upon God and the blessed St. Peter, all his lands, tenements, &c.



The windows at this end of the church are of unrivalled beauty and magnitude, being seventy-five feet high, and divided into two hundred compartments, which are filled with various representations of the Supreme Being, of monarchs, mitred priests, and various events recorded in Jewish and Christian theology.

The small value placed on labour about the era of its establishment may enable us in some measure to account for the erection of such a stupendous and highly finished structure as that which I have been describing.—When the magnificent and gigantic windows at the east end of the church were begun about the commencement of the fifteenth century, four shillings a week was paid to the glazier for his work; and he contracted to finish it in three years.

The other windows of the choir, and especially those of the small transepts, furnish beautiful and interesting objects of art and curiosity:—but all these made a less permanent impression on my mind, than the lofty and acutely pointed arches,—supported by tall and slender pillars,—producing altogether such grandeur of appearance as it is impossible to describe, and affecting the mind with peculiarly reverential feelings.

Immediately adjacent to the north transept is the chapter-house,—an octagon building sixty-three feet in diameter, and in height to the centre of the roof, sixty-seven feet ten inches. With-out a single pillar to support the superincumbent weight, it altogether depends upon the ingenious workmanship above.

Before I leave this part of my narrative, it may not be uninteresting to say a few words on the antiquity of this building.

At different periods, between the year 1069 (when the Northumbrians aided by the Danes who revolted from the Norman conqueror) and 1227, the cathedral was successively rebuilt and destroyed. About the latter period, Walter Grey, (whose tomb will interest the visitor for its design and workmanship) erected the south end of the cross aisle, or south transept. The north transept was completed in the forty-fifth year of the reign of Henry III. Thus, at different periods, through a succession of nearly three centuries, aided by the powerful zeal of several eminent prelates, was this magnificent structure begun and finished.

To the antiquarian it will afford an interesting specimen of the state and progress of Norman architecture; and from all who have a fondness for sublimity, beauty, and grandeur, it will continue to elicit praise and admiration, while a taste for these qualities are inherent in the mind.

By the devotee it will be regarded as a most splendid monument of the piety of former ages; and while I cannot refrain from blending with the religious zeal of those times, a considerable portion of bigotry and superstition, still, the building, dedicated as it is, to holy purposes, must, abstracted from this consideration, command a reverence for its vast size, style, antiquity, magnificence, and from its being the sacred depository of the remains of distinguished men.

At each visit to this holy temple, I felt renewed pleasure, and upon entering within the threshold, my soul was elevated to the adoration of that Being to whose service it is consecrated.

The following are its principal dimensions.

Length from east to west	524 feet
the west door to the choir	264
of the cross aisles from north to south	222
Height of the lantern tower or steeple.	235

*Savannah, May 1814.*

## ON EARTHQUAKES—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

*Philadelphia, June 1812.*

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

THE two elegant and interesting essays "upon the influence of comets" and "upon earthquakes" published in your miscellany in March and May last, display so much historical research and philosophic acquirement, as to entitle them with justice to be ranked in the first class of scientific productions. The former, if it does not entirely establish the fact that earthquakes are frequently produced by the approximation of comets to the terrestrial orb which we inhabit, at least renders the supposition in the highest degree probable; for if it be proved by a re-

currence to history, that the appearance of almost every comet, recorded within *nineteen hundred and fifty years*, has been accompanied by earthquakes, it will scarcely be asserted that the hypothesis is founded upon an irrational philosophy.

The frequency of earthquakes in America within the last six months, during and immediately after the visit of a brilliant comet, will doubtless at a future day be adduced by philosophers, as additional testimony in support of the theory here alluded to. The late very disastrous occurrence too at Carraccas and Laguira, where thousands of people have been buried in the ruins of their houses, will render the subject interesting; and it is doing but an act of justice to those who will succeed us, to communicate to them, as far as we have means in our power, all the information relative to these extraordinary convulsions of nature, of which we are possessed. The small portion towards the general stock of intelligence upon the effects of earthquakes, which the writer of this article can offer, was derived during a visit in the course of the past winter, at Charleston, where the shocks were more violent and frequent than at any other place in the Atlantic States. The accounts published at various times in the gazettes, were most of them irregular sketches, and as the public had in several instances been grossly deceived by false and exaggerated statements, no correct opinion was to be formed. I have endeavoured in the following pages to collect together circumstantial accounts of the several shocks which I experienced, founded upon my own observations and those of persons whose testimony was entitled to credit.

On my arrival at Charleston in the latter end of December last, the earthquake which had taken place at 3 o'clock on the morning of the 16th of that month, was still the general subject of conversation. It was stated to have been so severe as to awaken most of the inhabitants, by the motion of their beds, and as it was the first which had been sensibly felt, having been preceded by a very slight shock, scarcely one person in a family knew what occasioned their disturbance. Some of those who described to me their first impressions when aroused from their slumbers, stated that they imagined some person to be under their bed raising it up. Others supposed a man at the bed side pulling it to and

fro, and it was not until after getting out of bed, that many of them discovered the error of their conjectures.—On the same day two or three other slight shocks were perceived.

The terror and dismay excited by this novel visitation had entirely subsided, when at 9 o'clock on the morning of the 23d of January, a shock, generally admitted to be of equal or greater violence than the one above noticed, renewed the alarm. I was in a chamber on the second floor of a three story brick house, and at the time was in the act of brushing my coat, which had been placed for the purpose on the back of a chair. For about half a minute I felt a motion like that of a ship when she receives a sudden jar from the attack of a furious wave, and found it somewhat difficult to keep my feet. As I had not the most distant idea of this sensation being produced by an earthquake, I attributed it to a giddiness in my head, which I supposed had been occasioned by stooping. At the same time, the handle of the chamber door, which was one of the common brass rings, rattled as though some child on the outside was endeavouring to open the door, and to that cause I ascribed the noise it made. I advanced hastily to the door to see what it was, and upon opening it met the lady of the house, who, with a countenance expressive of extreme alarm, asked me if I did not feel the house shake? The vibration had not yet ceased; and I then first perceived the awful truth, and hastened down stairs where I found some of the ladies of the family in tears. They informed me that they first discovered the motion of the house, by the uneasiness of some beads which one of them had in a small drawer upon her lap, and which rolled backwards and forwards several times, before they ascertained the cause. They also perceived it by the jingling of glasses upon the sideboard, and the motion of the chairs on which they sat. One person in the house was affected with a nausea, and another as well as myself, with a slight pain in the head resembling that which accompanies sea-sickness. A servant in the third story of the house was so terrified at the rattling of a screen, for which she could assign no visible cause, as to run down stairs with great precipitation.

The direction of the shock I could not discover, but it was generally supposed to have been from east to west. Its duration

must have been near if not quite a minute, and it was not accompanied with any noise. The morning was cold and damp, the wind having previously blown from a north-easterly direction. It was cloudy but not so much so, as to prevent the sun from making an occasional appearance, and at the time of the shock, it was perfectly calm. This earthquake was not felt, at least not generally, by those who were walking in the streets, but by almost all persons who were in houses, and even by negroes in the country who were sitting on the ground. It was perceived on board of ships at the wharves, as if they were jarring against the logs, but I did not hear of its being discovered on board of ships at anchor. The lofty steeple of St. Michael's church was plainly seen to vibrate. The clock of St. Philip's church was stopped, as were most of the common house clocks, the pendulums of which beat with violence against their cases. The fences and pumps in the streets were seen to move—trees to shake—pidgeon boxes erected upon high posts to rock, whilst their tenants being tossed about in their habitations, flew about the town in affrighted flocks, with the most evident symptoms of alarm. Wooden houses, of which a considerable portion of the best buildings in Charleston consist, cracked at almost every joint, producing a noise very similar to the creaking made by a cargo on board of a ship at sea when vehemently rolled. The joists and beams of some brick buildings also made considerable noise; and appeared to be violently strained: no visible damage however was done. A report was, for a short time circulated, that the walls of two or three houses had been cracked, and that the pavements in some places had been broken; but we believe that neither of these assertions were true. All bodies suspended from the ceilings of houses and stores, were in a state of rapid oscillation, as were also pictures and looking-glasses upon the walls. Water in basins and buckets was made to wash over their sides, and an uneasiness of the stomach was a sensation pretty extensively experienced.

But the effects of this appalling and terrifying visitation, were visible in the countenances and manners of the inhabitants. A general impression of gloom pervaded the city. Many ladies were so alarmed as to be thrown into hysterics—some went to bed indisposed—most of them shed tears—and all felt the influence of

the most distressing dismay. All disposition for gayety and dissipation was suspended, while dances and theatrical amusements, (upon which latter the unhappy conflagration at Richmond had already considerable influence) were almost entirely abandoned. The subjects of discourse in company, were almost exclusively confined to the appearances of surrounding objects, which were presented to individuals at the time of the shock, and every repetition of a tale, seemed to render the gloom more perceptible.

But this solemn sadness began gradually to wear off, and the people were in hopes that their fears would not again be excited by the terrific apprehension of being swallowed up in the earth, or crushed beneath the weight of their massy edifices. They were however disappointed. At about five o'clock in the afternoon of the fifth of February, a slight shock was partially perceived. In the course of the sixth, it was stated that a tremulous motion of the earth, had been experienced several times on that day, by a clerk in one of the banks whilst writing, and by a watchmaker who was obliged at the time to desist from some nice work at which he was employed.

On the morning of the seventh, at about seven minutes before four o'clock, I was awakened from sleep by a violent agitation of my bed, which appeared to be as severe as if two men one on each side were jerking the bedstead with rapid motion. I instantly knew it to be an earthquake, as I could feel the house rock very perceptibly. I was in the same chamber wherein I experienced the shock of twenty-third January. The handles of a bureau in the room, rattled as loud and forcibly as if a number of persons were trying how much noise they could make with them. The door of the chamber creaked on its hinges, and the handle of the lock shook with quick motion. The curtains of the bed shivered, whilst the cornices of the bedstead rattled backwards and forwards. This shock continued *two or three minutes*, and the vibration in all about *seven*. By the noise of the handles of the bureau, I could perceive that the motion was not equable but extremely irregular. At one moment it was rapid and violent; it would then gradually subside into a gentle vibration, then increase with additional force, as if operating by sudden jerks, but throughout, the sensation which I experienced, was similar to that of swinging. During its con-

tinuance I heard no noise, except from the objects in the room, although it was said by some, to have been accompanied by a sound like distant thunder. The weather was very similar to that of twenty-third of January, cold, damp, cloudy and calm.

This earthquake was considered by far the most violent of any that had yet taken place, and its direction was thought to have been, like that which I first experienced, from east to west. From the motion of my bed, my impression was, that it was from north to south, and this supposition was strengthened by the circumstance of the bureau, the handles of which so violently rattled up and down, being on the south side of the room. Perhaps the direction was in a medium between both. The effects produced by it were similar, though more forcible in degree, to those described as attending that of twenty-third of January, with this addition, that house bells were caused to ring. The watchman stationed in the steeple of St. Michael's church, to ascertain the direction of fires when they occur, was so terrified at the powerful vibration which he experienced, that after calling to the soldiers at the guard-house below, that the steeple was falling, he rushed down the stairs with the greatest precipitation. In this instance, however, he knew that an earthquake was the cause of his alarm, which was not the case on the sixteenth of December, when a similar occurrence took place. The motion, in all the instances which I heard related, was greater in the upper than in the lower stories of houses, insomuch that many individuals removed their beds into their parlours, whilst others who had wooden buildings adjacent to their brick dwellings, transferred their lodgings to the former, to avoid being buried under a mass of bricks, in case their houses should be overturned.

On the evening of the seventh of February, at about twenty minutes before nine o'clock, I was seated at a supper table, when a slight though distinct shock took place. Its duration was supposed to have been near half a minute, and was perceived by the motion of the liquor in the glasses, and by a singular sensation which I discovered in almost every instance to be attendant upon an earthquake. At about eleven o'clock of the same night, another shock occurred little inferior, in my opinion, to that of twenty-third of January. I was in bed and sensibly perceived its motion, and also



heard some of the furniture in the room rattle. Its duration was probably near a minute, and it was accompanied by several sharp flashes of lightning, which I distinctly saw. A noise like the rushing of wind was said to have attended it, but this I do not recollect to have heard. The sky had been during the evening obscured by heavy clouds, but stars were occasionally visible. The weather was calm, and the breaking of the sea upon the bar, was heard unusually loud.

In the course of the eighth, one or two tremulous motions, not forcible enough to entitle them to the appellation of shocks, were said to have been perceived. This continued repetition of the most terrific sensation, which the powers of nature are capable of exciting, produced a general consternation. Strangers made arrangements for immediate departure, and vessels were hastily despatched. So deep an impression was made upon the minds of the people, most of whom apprehended very serious results, that many of the clergy took advantage of the moment, as highly favourable for the inculcation of religious duties, and accordingly adopted the warning menaces of earthquakes as the subject of their discourses delivered on Sunday the 9th. I attended on that day at St. Michael's church, where a very interesting sermon was pronounced by the rev. Mr. Dehon. His text was from Isaiah (xxix chap. 6 verse.) in these words. "Thou shalt be visited of the Lord of Hosts with *thunder*, and with *earthquake*, and great noise, with storm and *tempest*, and the *flame of devouring fire*!" To those who are acquainted with the several disastrous calamities which have befallen the city of Charleston, this expressive passage will be acknowledged as remarkably appropriate. A very violent *thunder storm*, preceded only two or three nights by one of the deepest falls of snow known for years in that climate, occurred in the latter end of January. *Earthquakes* as we have shown, were frequent. A *tempest* or tornado in September preceding, had destroyed, with several lives, a great part of the city, and a *fire* in October 1810, had reduced to ashes three hundred houses. During the service I perceived one of the tassels of the pulpit, and the door of the pew, gently vibrate. Supposing this to be the effect of an earthquake, which was but partially noticed, I ascertained the hour, which corresponded with the time at which two ladies of the family at another church distinctly felt a shock.



In the afternoon of the same day I visited the bridge which is situated on Ashley river about a mile from the city: It was reported to have been injured by the earthquakes; but this account was ascertained to be unfounded, although during the severe shocks, it made considerable creaking as if vehemently strained. The toll collector, informed me, that he had that day distinctly felt two or three shocks.

On the afternoon of the 10th, and at twenty-four minutes after six in the morning of the 11th, two slight shocks were said to have taken place, but I discovered neither of them. On the latter day I left Charleston, strongly impressed with the belief, that during the preceding six days, the earth had been almost continually agitated with a slight tremulous motion. Some individuals had the curiosity to suspend small bodies by strings in situations not exposed to the influence of the air, and they were said to have been almost continually in motion. After my departure from Charleston, several other slight shocks occurred. The dismay produced by these repeated threatenings, was of so serious a character, that a meeting of clergy and laity was in a few days after convened, which resulted in recommending a day to be set apart for fasting, humiliation and prayer to God, that he would avert the calamity which seemed to be impending over their city. The day was accordingly appointed and devoted to religious exercises.

When it is recollected that these earthquakes overturned no houses by their motion, it is readily concluded, that however alarming may have been their effects, their violence was trivial, otherwise they would have prostrated steeples, and other elevated edifices. To this it may be replied that a motion though considerable, if regular and systematic may be harmless in its consequences. The truth of this may be thus exemplified: A man can take in his hand a bucket of water which he may move like a pendulum even to a horizontal position, without displacing a drop of the water. A balance-master can prevent from falling and preserve in an upright position, objects which he may suffer to lean many degrees from a perpendicular.

R.

## FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—THE ADVERSARIA NO. XIII.

**MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.**—Most of my readers are familiar with the mournful story of the misfortunes of this lovely queen. She was released\* from her confinement on an island in Loch Leven, whose waters are immortalized in the song of Michael Bruce—by George Douglass—a youth of eighteen. In the Scotch tour of Mr. Gilpin, the intrepidity and the success of this gallant lover are represented in a beautiful allegory.

But neither the walls of Loch Leven castle, says the traveller, nor the lake which surrounded it, were barriers against love. Mary had those bewitching charms, which always raised her friends. She wore a cestus; and might be said to number among her constant attendants the god of Love himself. His ready wit restored her liberty. Time and place were obedient to his will. His contrivance laid the plan. His address secured the keys; and his activity provided the bark, to which he led her; with his own hand carrying the torch, to guide her footsteps through the darkness of the night.—Confusion ran through the castle. Hasty lights were seen passing and repassing at every window; and traversing the island in all directions. The laughing god, the meanwhile, riding at the poop, with one hand held the helm, and with the other waved his torch in triumph round his head. The boat soon made the shore, and landed the lovely queen in a port of security; where loyalty and friendship waited to receive her.

**DR. JOHNSON.**—The student of belles lettres derives a peculiar pleasure from considering the great variations that our style has undergone, which is effected by a comparison between those authors who have been most celebrated in the different æras of English literature. Among these Johnson stands preeminent. No man has contributed so much to the improvement of our style. He is a great master of a new school, who has had many imitators, but few scholars. Hawkesworth's manner approaches nearer to his than that of any other author.

\* On the night of the 2nd May, 1568.

Johnson's style varied the style of English prose in the form of its phrases, in the construction of sentences, and in the diction. Of the changes of phraseology, the principal is the substitution of the substantive expressing the quality in the abstract, for the adjective expressing it in the concrete, or the verbal substitute for the verb itself: by placing the oblique case at the beginning, and introducing between it and the verb by which it is governed some qualifying circumstances, and by crowding together at the end of his sentences, a number of phrases, similarly constructed. It is by this nice selection and correct use of words, that he is eminently distinguished, and the English language principally benefited. His introduction of exotic words has long been a theme of criticism for "unfrothed grammarians," and sometimes by scholars whose learning should have prevented them from joining in such objections. Among others, Mr. Kett, in "Elements of General Science," has described the peculiar abilities of some of our principal authors with much taste, and, in general, has assigned to each his proper grade in the ranks of literature with considerable accuracy. But he has made a remark upon Johnson, which shall not pass unnoticed, since it is either made with great boldness, or great carelessness.

"Our literature indeed boasts a new æra from the publication of Johnson's works: many of his words are rarely to be met with in former writers, and some of them are purely of his own fabrication."

Upon this remark he makes the following note in the margin of the page.

"Resuscitation, orbity, volant, fatuity, divaricate, asinine, vulnerary, empyreumatical, papilionaceous, obtund, disruption, sensory, cremation, horticulture, germination, decussation, eximious, &c. If these words be not peculiarly Johnson's, I know not where they are to be found."

Now if Mr. Kett had been as cautious as he should have been, not to censure where it was not strictly merited, he might have learnt by consulting JOHNSON'S DICTIONARY, that all these words are justified by the authorities of Pope, Bacon, Quincey, Wilkins, Milton, &c. except *horticulture*, which may be found in Tusser's Husbandry—*eximious* in Lodge's Letters, and *cremation*, which I

must honestly confess I know not where to find at this moment—though I have no doubt that its existence can be proved, without calling upon Johnson, to enter into recognizance before the guardians of language for its support. This much may be affirmed for the present, that it may boast of Pliny in the line of its ancestry. We all know that Johnson said he never made but one word. Let us hear no more, then, of his pedantry and affectation. It is a remark which no scholar should make.

LADY JANE GRAY.—The following anecdote of lady Jane Gray is related by Roger Ascham, the learned preceptor of Queen Elizabeth. It furnishes a curious picture of the discipline of that period, when all power that was lawful was obeyed. Whether the love of literature or the dread of severity had most influence on the mind of the fair scholar, I leave to others to determine.

Before I went into Germany, I came to Broxgate in Leicestershire, to take my leave of that noble lady *Jane Gray*; to whom I was exceeding much beholding. Her parents, the duke and dutchess, with all the household, gentlemen and gentlewomen, were hunting in the park. I found her in her chamber, reading *Phædo Platonis* in Greek, and that with as much delight as some gentlemen would read a merry tale in *Boccace*. After salutation and duty done, with some other talk, I asked her, why she should lose such pastime in the park? Smiling she answered me;

“I wist, all their sport in the park is but a shadow to that pleasure that I find in *Plato*. Alas! good folk, they never felt what true pleasure meant.” And how came you, Madam, quoth I, to this deep knowledge of pleasure? and what did chiefly allure you into it, seeing not many women, but very few men have attained thereunto?

“I will tell you, quoth she, and tell you a truth which perchance you may marvel at. One of the greatest benefits that ever God gave me, is, that he sent me so sharp and severe parents, and so gentle a school-master. For when I am in presence of either father or mother; whether I speak, keep silence, sit, stand, or go, eat, drink, be merry, or sad, be sewing, playing, dancing, or doing any thing else; I must do it as it were, in such weight, measure, and number, even so perfectly, as God made the world; or else I

am so sharply taunted, so cruelly threatened, yea presently sometimes with pinches, nips, bobs, and other ways (which I will not name for the honour I bear them) so without measure misordered, that I think myself in Hell, till time come that I must to *Mr. Elmer*; who teacheth me so gently, so pleasantly, with such fair allurements to learning, that I think all the time nothing, while I am with him. And when I am called from him, I fall on weeping, because whatsoever I do else, but learning, is full of grief, trouble, fear, and whole misliking unto me. And thus my book hath been so much my pleasure, and more, that in respect of it, all other pleasure in very deed, be but trifles and troubles unto me."

I remember this talk gladly, continues master Ascham, both because it is so worthy of memory, and because also it was the last talk that ever I had, and the last time that ever I saw that noble and worthy lady.

In a letter to his friend *Sturmius*, he thus speaks of this interview:—*Statim admissus sum in cubiculum: inveni nobilem puellam, Dii boni! legentem Græcè Phædonem Platonis; quem sic intelligit, ut mihi ipsi summam admirationem injiceret. Sic loquitur, et scribit Græcè, ut vera referenti vix fides adhiberi possit. Nacta est præceptorem Joannem Elmarum, utriusq; linguæ valdè peritum; propter humanitatem, prudentiam, usum, rectam religionem, et alia multa rectissimæ amicitiae vincula, mihi conjunctissimum.*

**WINE.**—Bacchylides has sung the praises of the grape in a manner not unworthy the lyre of Anacreon or the muse of Moore. The following is a translation of one of his fragments.

When the rosy bowl we drain,  
Gentle love begins to reign:  
Hope, to human hearts benign,  
Mingles in the friendly wine,  
And with pleasing visions fair  
Sweetly dissipates our care.  
Warm with wine we win renown,  
Conquer hosts, or storm a town,  
Reign the mighty lords of all,  
And in fancy rule the ball.

Then our villas charm the sight,  
 All with gold and ivory bright;  
 Ships with corn from Egypt come,  
 Bearing foreign treasures home:  
 Thus each bliss that fills the soul,  
 Flows luxuriant from the bowl.

OLD ENGLISH POETRY.—In the year 1600, a collection was published, in London, under the title “English Parnassus: or the choyssest flowers of our modern poets, with their poetically comparisons. Descriptions of Bewties, Personages, Castles, Palaces, Mountaines, Groves, Seas, Springs, Rivers, &c. Whereunto are annexed other various discoursēs, both pleasant and profitable.”

It has of late years been the business of some men in England to collect all the old poetry which has been stranded in the stream of time: and the bibliomania has been carried so far, that they actually reprint some of these works, in imitation of the paper and typography of the original edition. This is absurd, though the preservation of old books is not to be condemned. Some traits of manners, some memorials of temporary sentiment, some forms of expression, some records of departed merit, which should not entirely perish, are sure to be preserved in them. It is highly instructive to observe in such collections as this, those who have for ages been left behind on shoals, silent and forgotten, by the side of others who are still borne forward by the increasing impulse of the gale of Fame! by comparing them, we are enabled to appreciate the qualities by which a lasting reputation is secured. In the *Dedication* the editor thus predicts the immortality of the flowers of this Parnassus.

*To the Right Worshipful Sir Thomas Mounson, Kt.*

ENGLISH MÆCENAS, Bounty's elder brother,  
 The spreading wing whereby my fortune flies;  
 Unto thy wit, and virtues, and none other,  
 I consecrate these sacred poesies;  
 Which, whilst they live, as they must live forever,  
 Shall give thy honour life, and let men know,  
 That those, to succour virtue who persevere,  
 Shall conquer Time and Lethe's overflow.

I pick'd these flowers of Learning from their stem,  
 Whose heavenly wits and golden pens have chac'd  
 Dull ignorance that long affronted them:  
 In view of whose great bodies thou art plac'd,  
 That whilst their wisdoms in these writings flourish  
 Thy fame may live, whose wealth doth wisdom nourish.\*  
 Your worship's humbly

at command,

R. A.

As the fraternity of Reviewers was unknown in those days, the boldness of the tone in which he addresses himself, need not surprise us.

*To the Reader.*

I hang no ivy out to sell my wine;  
 The nectar of good wits will sell itself;  
 I fear not, what detraction can define;  
 I sail secure from Envy's scorn or shelf.  
 I set my picture out to each man's view,  
 Lim'd with those colours, and so cunning arts;  
 That like the Phoenix will their age renew,  
 And conquer Envy by their good deserts.  
 If any cobbler carp above his shoe,  
 I rather pity than repine his action,  
 For ignorance still maketh much ado,  
 And wisdom loves that, which offends detraction.  
 Go fearless forth my book; Hate cannot harm thee,  
 Apollo bred thee, and the Muses arm thee.

Thomas Watson, p. 393, thus describes a beauty.

Her yellow locks exceed the beaten gold,  
 Her sparkling eyes in heaven a place deserve;  
 Her forehead high and fair, of comely mould;  
 Her words are musical, of silver sound;  
 Her wit so sharp, as like can scarce be found.  
 Each eyebrow hangs like Iris in the skies;  
 Her eagle's nose is straight, of stately frame;  
 On either cheek a rose and lily lies;  
 Her breath is sweet perfume, or holy flame:  
 Her lips more red than any coral stone;  
 Her neck more white than aged swans that moan;

\* The Spelling Modernized.

Her breast transparent is, like chrystal rock;  
 Her fingers long, fit for Apollo's lute;  
 Her slippers such as Momus dare not mock;  
 Her virtues are so great as make me mute.

The following is a specimen of the strange attempt at English hexameters, extracted from Abraham Fraunce.

*Of Trees and Herbs.*

Myrtles due to Venus, green laurel due to Apollo,  
 Corn to the lady Ceres, ripe grapes to the young merry Bacchus,  
 Poplar unto Alcides, and olives unto Minerva.  
 Gentle Amaranthus, thou fairest flower of a thousand  
 Shalt be Love's flower henceforth, though thou cam'st from a bleeding,  
 Yet blood shalt thou stanch, this gift will I give thee forever.

*Silence.*

Dumb Silence, sworn attendant on black night,  
 Thou that hast power to close up Murmur's jaw;  
 To stop the barking of the watchful hound,  
 And charm the gagging of those waking fowl,  
 That sav'd Jove's capitol, mild Queen of rest!

*Thomas Dekker.*

**WAR.**—The following animated passage is a translation from the treatise of St. Chrysostom on the Priesthood.

Imagine that you behold before you a stupendous host of infantry, and cavalry, and naval warriors: the sea is obscured by the number of the vessels; the multitude of the plains, and the summit of the mountains, is covered with the phalanxes of horse and foot. The brazen arms glitter in the sun, and to his refulgent blaze the helmets and the shields oppose their lustre. The clashing of the spears, and the neighing of the horses, is raised to the canopy of heaven; the bosom of the sea is darkened, no earth appears, but wherever the eye is turned, there is one wide world of brass and iron. An adverse host, fierce in demeanour and terrible in strength, is drawn up in array against them: every thing is prepared: the battle is on the eve of its commencement. Bend your footsteps to the adjoining hamlet, and singling out a peasant boy, one reared in the bosom of the mountains, and ignorant of every



thing, save only his rural flageolet and shepherd's crook, invest him with burnished arms, conduct him through the camp and initiate him in the horrors of the scene. Let him gaze on the cohorts and their leaders; on the bowmen, the slingers, the prefects, the generals, the infantry, the cavalry, the darters of the javelin, the galleys and their commanders, the close-wedged troops, and the engines of destruction deposited in the ships. Point out to him the marshalled hosts of the opposing enemy, their grim and frowning visages, the tremendous nature of their warfare, and their countless numbers; the declivities, and the precipices, and the inequalities of the mountains. Point out to him horses flying, as it were by magic, and warriors carried through the air, and explain the nature and effect of the enchantment. Next recount the calamities of war. Let him figure to himself the clouds of darts, the showers of arrows, the obscurity in the air, the increasing gloom, the terrific night, which is caused by the missile weapons, whose density intercepts the sun-beam; the dust in concert with the darkness rendering the eye-sight ineffectual, inundations of blood, the cries of the fallen, the shouts of the triumphant, the mountains of the dead, chariots bathed in blood, horses and their riders overthrown by the multitude of obstructing corpses; the earth teeming with indiscriminate desolation; clotted gore, shattered armour, splintered javelins, the hoofs of horses and the heads of men together prostrate: here are seen an arm, and a chariot-wheel; there the greaves of a warrior, and a breast transfixed; brains sticking to a sword, the fragment of a spear with an eye upon its point. Fail not to describe the naval conflict; some of the ships blazing in the midst of the waters, while others are swallowed by the deep; the roaring of the waves, the clamour of the mariners, the tumult of the soldiery, a deluge of blood confederated with ocean's foam, and in one mingled torrent desolating the vessels: of the dead bodies, some are strewn upon the beaches, some buried in the main, some floating on the surface, some dashed with violence on the shore, and others are whirled around by the billowy surge, impeding the progress of the ships.

*Baltimore.*

I. E. H.

## FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## A CURIOUS CRITICISM ON GOLDSMITH'S DESERTED VILLAGE.

We concur most fully with our learned correspondent in the justness and excellence of his rural criticism. It is a composition marked by a clear and strong manifestation of taste and judgment, correct observation and sound reasoning. However much the broad admirers of *Dr. Goldsmith* may be inclined to censure it for daring to arraign the perfection of their idol, and that in relation to his most popular production, the critical judges of truth, and the lovers of nature, *as she is, not as poets may choose to represent her*, will receive it as an article of sterling merit. It is by such efforts of mind alone that a just standard of literary excellence can be ultimately erected. Notwithstanding the witchery of its sentiments and the unparalleled sweetness and harmony of its versification, the *Deserted Village* is among the most visionary poems in the English language. E.D.

## MR. OLDSCHOOL,

AMUSING myself, a few days ago, with looking over some tattered fragments of books which lay, with other lumber, in an old box in my garret, I by the merest accident encountered a piece of composition which struck me, and I dare say it will you, too, and the readers of the *Port Folio*, as one of the most extraordinary anomalies in literature that can be imagined. What think you, Mr. Editor, of a critique upon poetry, and an excellent one too, in a *Treatise on Agriculture*?—The singularity of the thing induced me to examine it, and the value of the criticism upon examination, secured my attention to the end of it.—Having carefully read it a second time, I thought that such a morsel of sensible, elegant and original composition, ought not to be carried down by its surrounding clay into oblivion; and imagining that I could in no way better secure its preservation than by obtaining it a place in the *Port Folio*, I resolved to put the parts together in the best manner I could, and transcribe the whole for that purpose.

You will perceive that it is not as a literary criticism alone the piece is valuable: it contains some excellent moral, political, and economical observations, with some sarcastic wit. The piece criticised is Doctor Goldsmith's "*DESERTED VILLAGE*," many of the principles of which the author censures, though he concurs in the praise which all people who have read it bestow upon it as a poem. He joins with the Doctor in his declamation against Luxury, and particularly that species that exists in cities; and is

in concert with him against all such monopolizers of enormous farms as desolate a country, or even a village.—Nevertheless he totally differs from the poet in the supposition that the desertion of villages is a proof of depopulation, but on the contrary maintains, from general principles without regard to a few particular instances, that the desertion or destruction of villages, is so far from being a proof of the ruin of the country, or depopulation, that it is a certain proof of its improvement and increasing population.

This seems a paradox.—To prove his assertion he first resorts to *facts*, which he says proves the general case a million of times better than the desolation of *Auburn* in the language of Goldsmith, put into the toothless mouth of

“The sad historian, of the pensive plain,”

can prove the contrary proposition.

The author then points to a place called Kirkleatham, the seat of a Mr. Turner. “*Héro*,” says he, “was a village such as many are, yet to be seen in England and in Ireland, *the seat of ignorance, idleness and dirt.*”

“This village” says our rural critic “consisted of chiefly two classes of inhabitants, viz. the higher who honoured themselves with the names of *farmers*, and the lower who called themselves *labourers*. The former, besides the other disadvantages under which they laboured felt several from their being crowded together in a village. Their farms lay *dispersed* and *entangled*, and in general, *distant* from their habitations, so that they had the greatest trouble and inconvenience in conveying the fruits of their lands home, and conveying their manure back to the lands, and moving their cattle from one place to the other.

“But the present proprietor has, by composing farms of contiguous lands, *given*—I may say *created*, great advantages to every farmer. In the center of each farm he built convenient farm-houses, out-houses, &c. so that the men and cattle go no idle steps, and are no longer tempted to suffer the manure to rot on the soil of the village rather than be at the expense and labour of removing it to a proper, but distant place.

“Labour will always be in demand in proportion to the excellence of the culture given to the land. Therefore the present la-

bourers have more constant employment and better wages than they had before—and of course there will be more people provided for; not to herd together in a dirty village, but to live separately and more comfortably, in cottages placed on wastes near the farmers, from whom they receive employment and support, where their children and themselves being out of the way of bad example, grow up good members of society, and in their turn, masters and fathers of families.

“From this just view of matters we may safely conclude that wherever we see one of the dirty, miserable old villages raise its loathsome head, there is no real improvement, no population going forward—but that on the contrary the *desertion of a village is the strongest presumption of improvement and population.*

“I cannot (continues our critic) finish my survey of a DESERTED VILLAGE, without mentioning *one or two striking objects* in it which Doctor Goldsmith, to answer the purpose of his painting at all, should instead of bringing them full to the eye, have hid under a group of trees—they are indeed very different, nay opposite objects, viz. the ALEHOUSE and the PARSONAGE HOUSE.

“On the description of the former the Doctor has bestowed no less than two paragraphs and thirty-nine verses. He has indeed, with the pencil of true poetry, brushed it up so elegantly that we justly saw with Virgil—

“*Miratur novas fondes, et non sua Roma.*”

Such pictures ill suit the alehouses of villages in Old England; but be they as elegant as the Doctor pleases, alehouses in villages are the seats, the seminaries of every vice which can corrupt and ruin the people and render useless the church. There idleness, drunkenness, gaming, lewdness, cursing and profanation are professed and practised—insomuch that one of the most desirable circumstances in a rural neighbourhood is to have no alehouse in its contiguity. Nothing renders so ineffectual as do those nuisances the labours of the master of the parsonage house, whose picture Goldsmith has delineated with much felicity, though he has added some features, the omission of which would have improved the portrait. The encouraging of strolling beggars, is the encouraging of vice and idleness, and it is no wonder if such ministers

of vice preach it up in the alehouse, if they are permitted to preach it over the parson's fire.

"As I do not know of the desertion of a village that has not been the consequence of systematic improvement, I wonder Doctor Goldsmith did not depict the effects of such improvement on the clergyman's mansion and lands.

"Why the schoolmaster's *noisy mansion* too should fall in the general ruin of a DESERTED VILLAGE I cannot see; for since such villages are deserted only that the country may be better inhabited in separate houses, the farmers, with their other improvements, will always carry on those of their children's education; and as sister arts thrive best together, agriculture will require and pay well for skill in the practical mathematics and mechanics, and be reciprocally advanced by their advance.

"When I read Dr. Goldsmith's exclamation,

"———The man of wealth and pride

Takes up a space that many poor supplied;

Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,

Space for his horses, equipage and hounds,"

I cannot sufficiently express my wonder, that so good a descriptive poet should have forgot what Mr. Pope long ago so happily and justly expressed, viz.

"Yet hence the poor are clothed, the poor are fed;

Health for himself, and for his children bread

The labourer bears.———"

"Evidently nothing can contribute so much to the convenience and comfort of the countryman, both farmer and labourer, as the great man's choice to make his environs smile, and to promote a spirit of improvement throughout, which will reach to the boundary of his estate.

"I must not conclude without observing that it is really astonishing a man of Doctor Goldsmith's genius and profound acquirements should be such a dupe to vulgar prejudice on the subject of inclosing commons under proper regulations, as he evidently shows himself to be in the following lines:

"Where then, ah! where shall poverty reside

To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride?"

If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd  
 He drives his flock to *pick the scanty blade*,  
 Those fenceless fields the *sons of wealth* divide;  
 And even the bare-worn common is denied."

"I have not quoted these lines only to show that Dr. Goldsmith has been duped by vulgar prejudices, but for a much better purpose, viz. to take occasion *in humble prose* to give an antidote against the alluring *poison* conveyed in this, *his captivating poetry*.

"He asks, in a complaining strain, where *Poverty* with his *flock* shall reside?—I will tell him. He may reside at the self-same spot, as he has hitherto, with only this difference, that he will become *Plenty*.

"While he drives his flock to a *fenceless common*, they must *pick* such a *scanty blade* as will scarce allow them or their master to live. He ought not to wonder that the sons of wealth deny him leave to *starve* on a *bare-worn common*, which is none of his, and can do him no good. If he will but be patient, he may soon see that these sons of wealth will, for their own sake, soon fence and *divide* this common, and allow him such terms that his flock and he may both thrive, and he find his particular good in that of the public.

"I cannot forbear smiling at the picture Dr. Goldsmith draws of England—

" ————— E'er her griefs began  
 When every rood of ground maintain'd its man."

All the calculations which are made of the number of men that England can maintain, we have nothing like this—four men to the acre. In what archives does he find this fact? In what happy æra was England thus *populous*, and thus *cultivated*? It must surely have been in the heroic times of Arthur. It could not be from the happier climate of Ireland the Doctor took his ideas and applied them to her less-fertile sister England. Doctor Parnell, whose life he has written, gives no such favourable account of the culture of Ireland, as to corn, when he assures us that

"Half an acre's crop was half a sheaf."

It is indeed no wonder that Doctor Goldsmith should talk of *desertion*, *destruction* and *depopulation* when he judges of plenty

by a standard to which our highest improvements in agriculture are by no means equal.

"His description of an Englishman, however, in that happy, (I had almost said fabulous) situation, is, however, rather curious:

"For him *light labour* spread her wholesome store,  
*Just gave what life-requir'd*, but gave no more.  
 His best companions, *innocence and health*,  
 And his best riches, *ignorance of wealth*."

That labour which was necessary to cultivate a rood of ground, must have been *light indeed*, as he must have been *idle* almost all the time the crop was growing. And I am inclined to think that a theory which promises

"Just what life requires, but no more,"

that is, barely enough to retain body and soul in union, would, in practice, be found very liable, from a variety of causes and accidents, frequently not to give so much.

In short, I cannot become so serious a convert to Doctor Goldsmith's theory, as not to think that in our present state of improvement, we may be much happier *in general*, if our people's labour will produce them, *in all human probability*, considerably more than what will just sustain life, though their labour be not *so very light*; unless we can suppose that in cases of disappointment by the ordinary means, men are to be supported by an extraordinary providence, by manna, &c. sent from heaven.

"Doctor Goldsmith's declaration of his *long nurs'd hopes to die at home*, (at Auburn) *at last*, is very natural and very tender. But, surely if Auburn is become a *deserted village* in consequence of the general improvement of the country (and I can conceive no other reason to exist) the Doctor will find it a more agreeable retreat on that very account; and, when he comes

"Amidst the swains to show his book-learned skill,"

If he has acquired a few *more rational notions* of just policy, he will not be the less agreeable, or less instructive companion."

Such, Mr. Editor, are the remarks of this agricultural critic, which will naturally remind those of your readers who have perused Dr. Goldsmith's poem, of what that ingenious bard has himself observed in his dedication to it, that he had been assured by several of his *best and wisest* friends, and expected to be assured

so by his patrons too, that the depopulation he deplored was nowhere to be seen, and that the disorders he lamented were only to be found in his own imagination.

C. R.

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—NOTES OF A DESULTORY READER.

"An honest man's the noblest work of God," says Pope: a line which Goldsmith somewhere condemns as unworthy of the poet. But why it is so considered, I am at a loss to conceive. Does Goldsmith mean, that an honest man is a less noble work, for instance, than a world or a sun with a system of worlds revolving round him, and enlightened by him? Or, would he give to talents the superiority over virtue, which latter quality in its utmost extent, must be intended by Pope in his epithet, honest? Or does he disapprove of the sentiment, as seeming to assign limits to Omnipotence?

I cannot presume, that the critic would put a mere physical existence, however stupendous it might be, above the intellectual, moral entity, man—man at least of the best mould. And admitting, that there are higher orders of being than the human, yet as that is the highest we are acquainted with or have any satisfactory knowledge of, the poet, speaking as a man, and addressing himself to men, with a view of animating them to the attainment of the perfection of their nature, seems to me, to be quite correct in the sentiment he has uttered. It is, moreover, in consonance with the grand idea of Lucan, which makes virtue the highest sphere, and indeed essence of the Deity.

Est que dei sedes nisi terra, et pontus, et aer,  
Et cælum, et virtus?

Thus rendered by Rowe:

Is there a place that God would choose to love,  
Beyond this earth, the seas, yon heaven above,  
And virtuous minds the noblest throne for Jove?

Doctor Franklin too, in the account he has given us of his life, finds fault with this couplet of the same poet:



Immodest words admit of no defence,  
For want of decency is want of sense.

The Doctor would rather have it,

Immodest words admit of this defence,  
That want of decency is want of sense.

I am not struck with the propriety of the alteration. Pope would seem to say, that however ingenious might be the apology offered for the use of immodest words, and whatever wit might be connected with them, neither the apology nor the wit would be of any avail; since indecency is so intrinsically disgusting as to be atoned for by no set-off or counterpoise, and that the very resort to it, is evidence of a want of sense and genius. The emendation proposed, appears to say no more; but it has an epigrammatic point in it, which Pope's couplet wants.

There is a mode of expression involving, when considered, an obvious grammatical error, which yet is to be met with in writers of the best reputation for correctness. Among others, it is to be found in Blackstone. The inaccuracy I allude to, consists in saying, these kind of things, for this kind of things. The pronoun agrees with *kind* and not *things*. Possibly, it might be urged, that *kind* is a noun of multitude, and therefore plural as well as singular. But the plurality of such nouns, is never, I presume, marked by the demonstrative or adjective pronoun. It is only shown in the verb to which they are the nominative case, as in the common example of, *turba ruunt*. And sometimes also, as I find, on looking into Murray's Grammar, by the relatives, *they, them, their*.

Rowe the poet, seems to have justly appreciated the eloquence of the book of Job, having, in his *Fair Penitent*, closely imitated the following passage which is found in the 7th and 8th verses of the third chapter.

"Lo, let that night be solitary, let no joyful voice come therein. Let the stars of the twilight thereof be dark; let it look for light, but have none; neither let it see the dawning of the day."

Calista says,

Let that night,  
That guilty night, be blotted from the year;  
Let not the voice of mirth or music know it;  
Let it be dark and desolate, no stars  
To glitter o'er it; let it wish for light,  
Yet want it still, and vainly wait the dawn;—

I never remember in my readings to have received a stronger impression of the sublime, than from Voltaire's representation, in his essay on epic poetry, of that enormous fantom or apparition which the bold imagination of Camoens has conjured up from the deep, and depicted as standing sentinel in a mantle of clouds, before the Promontary of Tempests; now called, the Cape of Good Hope. With the superaddition of immense magnitude, it has those properties of terrific obscurity, which Burke ascribes to Milton's death,

That other shape,  
If shape it might be called, that shape had none.—

Best any of its force might be evaporated by translation, I give the passage in that language, through whose medium the effect I speak of, was conveyed. "Lorsque la flotte est prête à doubler le Cap de Bonne Espérance, appelé alors le Promontoire des tempêtes, on aperçoit tout à coup un formidable objet. C'est un fantôme qui s'élève du fond de la mer, sa tête touche aux nues, les tempêtes, les vents, les tonnerres sont autour de lui; ses bras s'étendent au loin sur la surface des eaux: Ce monstre, ou ce Dieu, est le gardien de cet océan dont aucun vaisseau n'avait encore fendu les flots; il menace la flotte, il se plaint de l'audace des Portugais qui viennent lui disputer l'empire de ces mers, et il leur annonce toutes les calamités qu'ils doivent essuyer dans leur entreprise.

How Mr. Mickle has handled this description in his version of the *Lusiad*, I do not know, having never seen the work.

The *Pygmalion* of J. J. Rousseau, which he entitles a Lyrick scene, may be considered as a no less bold than successful effort

of genius. Who but one conscious of the magic power of eloquence, could flatter himself with being able to impart the smallest degree of interest, at the present day, to so antique a tale; so wild and extravagant a fiction, as that of a man falling in love with an image of his own creation! Yet, this has been undertaken, and to my conception; performed by Rousseau: and that with no other means than those of an impassioned, enthusiastic soliloquy, with judicious scenic accompaniments. Though it would neither comport with the limits of these notes, nor the plan, probably of the magazine, which indulges them with its pages, to give the piece entire, perhaps a few of the introductory passages, may be deemed admissible, at a time, when the cultivation of the fine arts, which are the soul of this singular drama, is so much an object of attention.

“(The theatre represents a sculptor’s shop. On the sides, are blocks of marble, and groups of unfinished statues. At the bottom of the scene, is a statue concealed under a pavilion of light, brilliant stuff, ornamented with fringe and garlands. Pygmalion sitting, and leaning on his elbow is musing in the attitude of a man disturbed and melancholy: suddenly rising, he takes up the instruments of his art, and being about to apply his chisel to a piece, already begun, he draws back, and looks around with a discouraged and dissatisfied air.”)

#### PYGMALION.

“There is neither soul nor life in it. ’Tis a mere stone. I shall never make any thing of it. O my genius! where art thou? what has become of my talents? All my fire is extinct, my imagination is frozen, the marble is cold in my hands. Pygmalion makes no more Gods. Thou art but a vulgar artist. Vile instruments! which are no longer those of my glory, away! No more dissonant my hands!

(He throws away his tools with disdain, and walks about with folded arms.)

What am I become? what a strange revolution is made in me! Tyre, superb and opulent city! the monuments of art with which you glitter, no longer affect me. I have lost the taste which led me to admire thee. The commerce of the artists and philosophers

has become insipid to me; the conversation of the painters and poets has lost its attractions; praise and glory no longer elevate my soul, the eulogies of those who will receive them from posterity, affect me no more; and friendship itself, to me, has lost its charms. And you young objects! master pieces of nature! whom my art had the presumption to imitate, and to whose steps the pleasures incessantly attracted me; you my charming models! who at once inflamed me with the fires of love and of genius, since I have at length surpassed you, are all become indifferent to me.

(He sits down, and looks around him.)

Chained to this shop by an inconceivable charm, I am incapable of doing any thing; nor can I go away. I wander from group to group, from figure to figure, my chisel, feeble and uncertain, no longer acknowledges its guide. These clumsy works, arrested in their timid commencement, no longer feel the hand, which formerly had animated them.

(He rises impetuously.)

'Tis done, 'tis done. I have lost my genius. Young as I am, I have outlived my talents. But what is this interior ardour which devours me? What have I within, which seems to consume me? How! in the languor of extinguished genius, do we experience these emotions? Do we feel these transports of impetuous passion, this insurmountable inquietude, this secret agitation, which torments me, and of which, I cannot discover the cause?

I was apprehensive that the admiration of my own work, might have caused the distraction, which attended me at my labours, and I have therefore concealed it under this veil. My profane hands have dared to cover this monument of their glory. Since I can no longer see it, I am become bad, and am not the more attentive. How dear, how precious to me, is this immortal work about to become! Though my extinguished genius, should no more produce any thing great, any thing beautiful, any thing worthy of me, I will show my Galatea, and will say, "behold what Pygmalion formerly has done." O my Galatea! though every thing else should be lost to me, you remain and I shall be comforted.

(He approaches the pavalion, and then retires—goes on, comes back again, and, sighing, stops some time to look at it.)

But why conceal her? What do I gain by it? Condemned as I am to idleness, why deprive myself of the pleasure of contemplating the most beautiful of my productions? Perhaps, there remains some defect which I have not observed. Perhaps, I may still add some ornament to her attire. No imaginable grace should be wanting to so charming an object. Perhaps too, her figure may reanimate my languishing imagination.

I must see her again, examine her anew.—What do I say? Ah! I have not yet examined her: hitherto I have done nothing but admire her.

These extracts will be sufficient to give some idea of a production, not familiar, I presume, to the English reader. From the disconsolate state of languor and distraction they exhibit, the speaker rises into raptures and sinks again into despondency, preferring at length a prayer to Venus, that his senseless, yet adorable Galatea, may be animated. The scene concludes with his delirious transports at the consummation of his ardent wish, the statue being gradually endowed with life, and the faculties of speech and motion.

It is to be hoped, that our young painters, so emulous to excel in the delineation of a Danæ, an Io, or a Venus, will take warning by the fate of the infatuated Pygmalion, and apply a curb, before it be too late, to their rapturous enthusiasms. For should it be sublimed to the unhappy temperature of this Tyrian artist's, "I know not where is that promethean heat," that can be brought to produce the same miracle in their favour, that Venus wrought in his—Thus much by way of moral to my fable.

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#### FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—AMERICAN HEROISM.

THE unparalleled defence of the Essex, considered as the combined achievement of her officers and crew, is already known to our country and the world. But of the details of that wonderful example of American heroism and gallantry, none except

those who witnessed them can have any conception. The following narrative is derived from a source which precludes all doubt as to its critical verity. On the instances of romantic firmness and chivalric devotion to duty which it contains, it were vain to offer any remarks with a view either to illustration, or to render them more affecting and impressive. If we mistake not they will find their best and only suitable comment in every American heart that can feel. As to ourselves, we consider them a national treasure, more precious and valuable than the mines of the country on whose shores they occurred. They are, indeed, above all price—beyond all praise. They have added what was previously wanting (if in reality *any thing were wanting*) to raise the American character, for invincible fortitude and noble daring, far above rivalry. If in all her naval combats Britain can adduce nothing to be compared to them (and we fearlessly set her at defiance on the subject) then is the brightest gem of her naval crown—the gem of gallantry—transferred from her forehead, to decorate the brow of the American tar. Candour and magnanimity must compel even herself to acknowledge, that she is indebted for the sceptre of the ocean to numerical strength, not to the higher qualities of heroism or skill. But we detain our readers too long from the affecting story of their country's renown. *Ed.*

Daniel Glasgow Farragut—a midshipman on board the Essex, thirteen years of age, was knocked down by a splinter which struck him on the thigh, and disabled him during the remainder of the action. While supporting himself by the railing which was placed around the hatchway, on the quarter deck, an eighteen pound ball carried away the tail of his coat. Several men were killed very near him, yet not the slightest change was perceived either in his countenance or manners. But no sooner were the colours struck, than he burst into tears.

Thomas Terry, a seaman, had his leg and part of his thigh carried away by a cannon ball. His shipmates, at the gun where he was stationed, picked him up to remove him to the cock-pit:—but refusing to go, he insisted that his companions should remain firm at their gun, observing that he was now only an incumbrance to them. The doctor, too, he said, had more business alrea-

dy than he could attend to, and it would therefore be only a loss of time to carry him below. He now exhorted his associates to fight the ship to the last moment—while there was a plank of her afloat, or a gun that would fire,—and after shaking hands and bidding them an affectionate adieu, he crawled to the bow of the vessel, threw himself overboard, and was drowned.

When lieutenant John Cowel had his leg shot off, he was taken up to be carried below. But peremptorily refusing to go, he gave direction that he should be placed on the coamings of the hatch-way, where he continued to give his orders, with his usual composure, until he had lost so much blood, as to be almost insensible. When prevailed on at length to be removed to the cock-pit, he insisted on waiting for his turn before he would suffer his wound to be dressed. This extraordinary heroism and generosity were the cause of so great a loss of blood, as proved fatal to that distinguished officer.

John Francis, the captain's coxswain, commanded a gun a-mid-ships, very properly denominated the *slaughter-house*. Three times, covered with the blood and brains of his slaughtered companions, did he come to his commander to request that more men might be ordered to his gun, as the whole crew had been killed or wounded. On coming a fourth time with a similar request, Francis was observed to be himself wounded. All hopes of saving the ship were now abandoned. It was even expected she would immediately blow up. The captain, therefore, told Francis that he had done his duty manfully, and his wish now was that he should endeavour to make his escape. This brave seaman succeeded in reaching the shore, and repaired immediately to the *Essex Junior*, to assist in defending her.

George Wim, a native of Philadelphia, observed to lieutenant Cowel (when he saw the enemy determined on attacking the *Essex*) that to defend the ship with an expectation of saving her, would be folly; but that he would willingly sacrifice his life to convince the world that an American sailor would fight for his country and rights, to the last drop of his blood, under whatever circumstances he might be attacked.—George was found mortally wounded at his gun at the close of the action, and in two days afterwards died.

William Smith and Peter Ripple were the only survivors of the crew of the gun at which they were stationed. These two brave fellows were found working it at the close of the action, Smith perfectly blind from an explosion of powder, and otherwise dismally wounded—and Ripple also wounded severely. Smith died two days after the action, and it was with great difficulty that the life of Ripple was saved.

Many of the crew of the Essex, after having their first wounds dressed, returned on deck to their guns, where they were, in several instances, killed by second injuries. John Russel, Peter Allan, and Peter Vale, seamen, were of this number. Many of the crew after being mortally wounded, sternly refused to leave their guns. This was the reason why the number of killed was so nearly equal to that of the wounded.

Benjamin Hazen, a native of Groton in Massachusetts, being wounded in the action, remained on deck until the colours were struck. He joined others in the request that the flag might be haled down, to save the lives of his companions in the cock-pit. But as soon as the ship was given up, he bade an affectionate adieu to his shipmates, said he had determined never to survive the surrender of the Essex, jumped overboard, and was drowned.

When the wounded seamen below found that the ship was no longer defensible, they requested that she might be blown up, to prevent her from falling into the hands of the enemy. Orders to this effect were given by captain Porter, but countermanded again on finding the wounded in the cockpit to be so numerous that they could not be removed in time to prevent their falling a sacrifice to the flames.

The great distance at which the enemy kept, and the utter impossibility of closing with him, did not enable one man more than another to distinguish himself by personal courage. All showed themselves, however, cool, determined, and persevering. None left their quarters until they were completely disabled. They saw their mangled shipmates fall around them, and stepped in themselves with the greatest alacrity to fill their places.

All the officers, as the men they commanded fell at their guns, immediately gave assistance themselves in working them, until their places could be filled by fresh hands.



Lieutenants Wilmer, McKnight, Odenheimer, and others particularly distinguished themselves in this way. The conduct of captain Downes in pulling twice through the midst of the enemy's fire, deserves the highest eulogium—too much cannot be said in his praise.

Lieutenant Burrows, of the marines of the *Phœbe*, on coming on board the *Essex* and seeing the dreadful slaughter of her crew, (twenty-one dead men lying in one pile on the gun deck) and her deck covered with the blood and brains of those who had fallen, fainted with horror at the sight. Nor was captain Hillyar himself, on visiting the ship, much less affected by the scene of havoc—a scene surpassing every thing he had previously witnessed.

There is, in a courageous devotion to duty and a heroic contempt of death, something that, in every portion of the globe, whether savage or civilized, irresistibly awakens the noblest sentiments of the soul, and engages in its behalf the finest affections of the human heart. This is, perhaps, more especially the case, in relation to the effects which the manifestation of these qualities so uniformly produces on the minds of females. Bravery, in every shape, and under the deepest and darkest shades of misfortune, never fails to receive its solace and reward in the admiration of the fair. This truth was manifested in its full extent in the case of our countrymen in Valparaiso. The ladies of that place were busily occupied in scraping lint and providing other necessaries for our wounded, the whole time the crew of the *Essex* remained there after the action, which was nearly a month. They visited the disabled seamen at the hospital, inquired into their wants, and cooked little messes for them at their houses, so deeply were they impressed with admiration of their courage.

The case of Lieutenant Cowell excited in Valparaiso the liveliest interest. The whole city most feelingly and deeply sympathized in his sufferings and lamented his fate.

When that brave young officer died, Captain Porter was absent on business at St. Iago, the capital of Chili. This, however, detracted nothing from the splendour of his funeral. His heroism had made every one his friend and his mourner. He was buried with the most distinguished honours, both military and civil, that the place could afford. All the American and British officers,

the crews of the Essex and Essex Junior, of the Phœbe and Cherub, and of every other vessel in port, joined to swell the funeral procession.

But the chief pomp that was displayed on this solemn and interesting occasion, arose from the attention of the inhabitants of the place. It would be scarcely hyperbolical to say, that the ashes of the gallant Cowell were watered by the tears of all Valparaiso. The concourse of Spaniards, headed by the governor of the district and a large military escort, was immense.

Followed by this vast and magnificent procession, and attended by solemn music and lighted tapers, the remains of the hero were carried to the principal church of the city. Here, after having been exposed to public view for two days, shrouded in elegant funeral apparel, they were interred in consecrated ground within the walls of the building, an honour never, perhaps, before conferred on a stranger in that part of the world.

Such are the homage and respect which bravery commands from strangers and enemies. May their country catch the generous contagion, and bestow on the memory of the fallen heroes of Valparaiso honours commensurate with the gallantry they exhibited and sacrifices they made! and may the youth of America, emulous of an example so transcendant, never forget, that when called into action in defence of their honour and their rights, devotion to duty should be the first consideration, and a love of life the last to occupy their minds!      Ep.

## ORIGINAL POETRY,—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## NATIONAL SONG.

Tune:—"The Pillar of Glory."

*Written for the celebration of the 4th of July, 1814.*

BY EDWIN C. HOLLAND, ESQ. OF CHARLESTON, S. C.

Swell the proud Pæan! the Day-star advances,  
 Whose glories the triumph of Freedom proclaim,  
 Long may the lustre around it that glances,  
 Lead us to Liberty, Commerce and Fame,  
     Bright from the billows foam,  
     Girt with a starry zone,  
 Thy genius Columbia, sublimely aspires,  
     Stern as her eagle-eye,  
     Ranges through earth and sky,  
 Lightens its glare with more radiant fires.

Bold were the spirits thy rights that defended,  
 When rock'd with the whirlwind the waves of thy deep,  
 Fierce was the conflict—the battle was ended,  
 And silent and long was the warrior's sleep.  
     Fair bloom'd the forest wild,  
     Peace through the valley smil'd,  
 No more howl'd the tempest—the war-song was hush'd,  
     Sound then the tramp of Fame,  
     Blest be each hero's name,  
 Fearless of death, in the contest that rush'd.

Dauntless in courage, they rose in the foray,  
 Refulgent as stars o'er the billowy main,  
 Washington marshal'd the chieftains to glory,  
 And shone o'er the host, like a pillar of flame.  
     Back from thy shores afar,  
     Roll'd the rude storm of war,

\* See Port Folio of November 1813, for the Music to this song.

The tempest-tost ark, found its mount of repose,  
 Free as thy flag unfurl'd  
 Wide o'er the western world,  
 Liberty dawn'd—and America rose.

Land of thy fathers—resplendent with glory,  
 Thy genius shall rise o'er the ruin of time,  
 Immortal thy fame, thou shalt live in the story,  
 Splendid in peace—and in battle sublime!

Hark from each rocky height,  
 Dashes the tide of fight,  
 The noise of the battle hath waken'd the brave,  
 Proud as thy banner flies,  
 Millions with ardour rise,  
 Thy realm from invasion and insult to save.

Red through the shadows, that darken thy fountains,  
 Again like a meteor the war beacon streams,  
 Deep are the thunders that roll from thy mountains,  
 Martial the lustre, on ocean that gleams.  
 Stamp'd on thy native sea,  
 Offspring of Liberty;  
 Thy footsteps are brighten'd with triumph and fame,  
 High o'er the waste of war,  
 Blazons thy naval car,  
 Ocean is free—and its freedom we claim,  
*Charleston, South Carolina, 31 May, 1814.*

## STANZAS TO ROMANCE.

In youth's glowing morning ere Time had expell'd  
 The boyish emotions that govern'd my breast;  
 Ere care my light heart in her influence held,  
 Or the ardour of Hope, Disappointment repress.

When I zealously lov'd ev'ry fanciful dream,  
 And spurn'd at the rattle and toys of a child,  
 How unwelcome was all but the battle's rude theme,  
 And the deeds of the warrior romantic and wild.

O'er the love-breathing verse of the minstrels of song  
I por'd till the fiction reality seem'd;  
And I frequently fancied me wafted among  
The knights and the dames of which poesy dream'd  
'Twas thus in the sway of those day-dreams so bright,  
So welcome and dear to the heart of a boy,  
When my feelings were wild but my bosom was light,  
And wove for me visions of fanciful joy;  
That it chanc'd to a dark waving forest I stray'd;  
For solitude only with flow'rets was strown,  
When sudden arose in the heart of the shade  
A bower where fragrance and loveliness shone.  
With jass'mine inwoven of delicate hue  
The woodbine's soft tendrils in wantonness twin'd;  
And the gentlest sighs that the South ever blew,  
With sweetness to wilder the senses combin'd.  
On a bank of moss-roses recumbent within  
Was a Sylph fair and lovely as morning's bright glow;  
Her form was majestic, attractive her mien,  
And a wreath of wild flowers encircled her brow.  
She was lost in reflection—alternately roll'd  
Her eyes of dark blue, with a softness serene,  
And a wild thrilling blaze of expression that told  
Enthusiast Genius had lighted the scene.  
I gazed—but timidity whispered "fretreat;"  
As I press'd the long grass her deep reverie broke;  
She beckon'd and smil'd so bewitchingly sweet  
That it thrills to this moment, while softly she spoke:  
"Who taught thee the path to this fairy retreat,  
This bower, where fancy and wild genius meet?  
But I know thee—thou art mine," she exultingly cried,  
And by magical spells I was chained to her side.  
Her beauty subdued me—she spoke but to please—  
In a moment timidity vanished away;  
I play'd with her ringlets that wav'd in the breeze,  
And her exquisite kisses entreated my stay.

I smiled in her face as I asked for her name;  
For my heart seem'd to melt in her soul melting glance;  
She exclaim'd, while her eyes darted Fancy's bright flame,  
"I am queen of the wild muse, my name is Romance.

And be it fond boy," and her ruby lips press'd  
My cheek, and she clasp'd me full oft to her breast,  
"Engraved on thy heart, thou art doomed to be mine,  
As fancy and feeling are doomed to be thine."

She said, and my temples were moist with her breath  
That rivall'd in sweetness the rose-falling dew;  
My brow she entwin'd with her wild woven wreath,  
And pressing my lips disappear'd from my view.

But her words were prophetic, from childhood to age  
I have pass'd, and her influence governs me still;  
And oft have I sadden'd reality's page  
Thro' the force that compels me to bend to her will

And oft have I dash'd the rais'd cup to the ground,  
Tho' friendship would sue and with reason implore,  
To tread the romantic enthusiast's round,  
That, when I returned from, was proffer'd no more.

Tho' happiness often rose bright in my sight,  
Some bubble unreal to dazzle me, shone,  
And while I have eagerly followed its flight  
I found I had slighted a pearl for a stone.

Beguil'd thus, and cheated from childhood to age,  
The syren compels me to bend to her will;  
Tho' Folly has written my name in her page,  
The long cherish'd impulse must govern me still.

EDGAR.

## TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

WE rejoice that it is not indispensably incumbent on us to thank our correspondents in terms as expressive as their favours are numerous and weighty. Were we subject to a law rigidly enjoining on us this duty, we feel that we should oftentimes incur its penalty. Seldom would this be more remarkably the case, than on the present occasion. Most of the communications we have received for the Port Folio for the last few weeks (and they have in number surpassed our expectation rather than fallen short of it) command our approbation and merit our acknowledgments. We hope we do not speak of them in terms of unfounded eulogy, in saying, that many of them are such as would add to the reputation of any miscellany. We shall feel not a little disappointed if our readers do not concur with us in sentiment, when, in the course of their publication, they shall have had an opportunity of perusing them.

The biographical sketch of chief-justice Marshall, from the pen of a distinguished Virginian, whose modesty prohibits his name from being known, we hail as a paper peculiarly acceptable. Though neither long nor elaborate, it is clothed in masculine language, and portrays character with force and distinctness. As far as our opportunities have enabled us to judge, we think that it conveys, in a few masterly strokes, a strong and correct likeness of its illustrious original. We flatter ourselves it will be considered not unworthy of him. To the scholar who wrote it, and the honourable gentleman by whose attention it was procured for us, we beg leave to tender our sincere thanks. It shall appear in the Port Folio as soon as the necessary arrangements can be made.

An excellent biographical notice of that young Norval of the west, the youthful hero of Sandusky, has just been received. To render this paper the more interesting, it comes from a female hand. The facts it contains are derived from an acquaintance, long and intimate, and the whole is the result of admiration mingled with friendship. It bears, however, not a single mark of exaggerated praise. In every part of it judgment and feeling are happily blended, while taste, talent, and patriotic zeal are manifested in the composition, in a degree highly creditable to the fair authoress. No wonder that our transmontane soldiers are gallant and daring,

when such hands hold themselves prepared to weave the chaplet for the victor's brow. Since the first dawning of the days of chivalry, the approbation of beauty has been the most precious reward of youthful valour. While so many of her brave countrymen are manifesting in the field specimens of Roman fortitude, and Spartan devotedness to their country, we trust our amiable and excellent correspondent will not suffer such a pen as she holds to be covered with the mould of inglorious repose. If properly employed, it will whet the soldier's sword and heighten his daring in the hour of battle. We would suggest, as a subject worthy of her attention, the life of governor Shelby, with whom we believe she is intimately acquainted. The revolutionary services, and general merit of that venerable patriot ought not to descend unnoticed to the grave. Nor has the veteran soldier of King's-mountain contracted as yet so much of the frost and apathy of the winter of life, as not to have his sensibility peculiarly awakened by merited applause from a female pen.

Another subject eminently worthy of her attention and talents would be, the life of general George H. Clark, denominated for his multiplied and important services, in that section of the United States, "THE FATHER OF THE WESTERN COUNTRY." Materials for a biographical memoir of that distinguished soldier and patriot, we believe she could easily procure; and we have evidence of her competency to make the proper use of them. In times like these, when gentlemen are occupied in military affairs, the ladies will not complain should an unusual amount of civil and peaceful duties devolve on them.

There resides, we believe, at present, in some part of the state of Kentucky, a character of great originality, hardihood and enterprise, with whose portrait and biography we should be peculiarly delighted. It is Daniel Boone, the first adventurer to the western wilds. A man whose life comprizes a greater variety of curious and striking incident, is not, perhaps, to be found in modern times. We earnestly solicit some of our correspondents from that quarter to oblige us on this interesting subject. It would be ungenerous in us to make too heavy a requisition on the personal services of the fair biographer of colonel Croghan; but, perhaps,



she may be able, without inconvenience, to put the matter in the proper train. A simple request from her would be paramount to an imperious command from us, were we even privileged to play the dictator. For all that she can do in behalf of native merit and the literature of our country, we confidently rely on her goodness and patriotism.

An interesting article on chrySTALLIZATION, from the pen of a distinguished teacher of chemistry, shall find a place in the pages of the Port Folio. Occasional papers of this description, written in a popular style, and, by being purged as much as possible of technical terms, rendered intelligible to the generality of readers, add to the usefulness and respectability of a journal.

A third paper on: "Spurious Words" has been received, and shall not be neglected. Philological discussions, when ably conducted, are always useful. But as we feel ourselves, at present, invested with somewhat of the privileges of a moderator, we would suggest to our correspondents that such discussions, like those of every other description, are most useful when most temperate. Crimination and acrimonious retort seldom prove any thing except that the parties are out of humour.

The paper on education, signed H, would not be relished by the readers of the Port Folio. It substitutes declamation for argument and assertion for fact, in a degree not perfectly consistent with either sound discussion or good writing. If the author wishes to possess the MS. again he shall have it, provided he will have the goodness to point out the channel through which it may be returned. If he mean ever to excel in composition, let him select his facts with more circumspection, carefully weigh and arrange his matter, and purge his style of its load of redundancy.

The communication entitled: "Enûpnologia," or a discourse on dreams, is too technical in language and formal in manner—it is indeed too much of a professional paper for the readers of the Port Folio. The MS. has been accordingly disposed of as the author directs.

To our poetical correspondents we are still under obligations—for their good intentions at least, if nothing more. Their wishes to serve us are kind and their efforts unremitting: but we heartily regret, both on their account and our own, that we cannot speak so favourably of the result of their labours. To bestow applause is among the most pleasing of our editorial duties; and we hope that we are not justly chargeable with being miserly of it wherever it is deserved: but to bestow it unmeritedly would be neither honest in us, nor, properly considered, complimentary to our correspondents.

We must say that a large proportion of the matter communicated for the poet's corner in the *Port Folio* would not, if published, be either creditable to the work or flattering to the writers. The papers are too frequently juvenile and crude—neither matured by the sunny smiles of the muses, mellowed by time, nor perfected by experience and skill in composition. With but few exceptions, they are the hurried productions of youthful and undisciplined pens. But as we have already had occasion repeatedly to observe, haste can never be a source of excellence in any kind of writing. Be the subject as light and trivial as it may—the turn and polish of a mistress's arm, the azure of her eyes, the ruby of her lips, the pearliness of her teeth, the curve of her neck, the melody of her voice, the witchery of her smile, or the length of her eye-lashes, forming a shady bower for the laughing loves within—be it lighter than the gossamer or the thistle's beard, still we repeat, if it be treated with carelessness and haste, the effusion will be read with indifference and disrelish. A mushroom production will have a mushroom existence. What grows in a night must perish in a night. Such is the decree of nature, and it is as applicable to the intellectual as to the physical world.

Our country contains poets as well as warriors—favourites of Apollo as well as of Mars.—If the latter bleed, whence is it that the former refuse to sing! In other quarters of the globe the harp celebrates what the sword achieves. But here—in this favoured clime, where nature has done as much, and, in some respects, cultivation more than in ancient Greece—where liberty, a serene heaven, and salubrious air communicate buoyancy to the spirits and fervour to the soul—even here, in this most excellent spot of creation, our heroes, both by land and sea, toil and bleed, and

die unsung! Why is this so? Are republics necessarily framed to be, in all respects, ungrateful? Will they bestow on their champions and benefactors neither riches nor honours, gratification nor fame? Must their warriors fight in the character of amateurs, purely for the sake of killing and dying? and when they fall must Oblivion receive them to her blighting embrace?

We hope for better things. Of both the heads and hearts of our countrymen we entertain a more exalted opinion. VALPARAISO, CHIPPEWA and BRIDGE-WATER will yet live in song. PORTER and BROWN and SCOTT are names which must assuredly be dear to the muse. Such souls of fire—rightful heirs of genuine glory, will create, if they cannot find, both poets and historians. Should their cotemporaries neglect to celebrate them, posterity will be more just.

But our posterity must never be allowed to blush for their forefathers, from finding unperformed a task which primarily and peculiarly belongs to those of the present day. Topics so eminently calculated to fan into flame the sleeping embers of patriotism, should thaw the icicles congealed around the fancy by the winter of age. Should younger men remain insensible, they ought to awaken to the divine fervours of song even the veteran bards who celebrated the deeds of our revolutionary armies, and poured oil on the lamp of their holy enthusiasm. Humphreys should start from his long repose, string once more his "harp of other times," and by his notes of fire arouse his countrymen to a sense of their duty.

In plain and sober language, we hope we shall shortly receive from some of our correspondents, odes or songs in celebration of the noble defence of the Essex, and the late brilliant feats of our arms in Canada, worthy of those events and honourable to the nation. We shall only add, that many of our correspondents who now favour us with their productions in verse, are capable of writing much better—in a manner highly creditable to themselves and entertaining to the public, provided they will dwell on their subjects a little longer, with more attention and more labour. By those who wish to distinguish themselves in literature it should never be forgotten, that haste, and a reluctance to revise, correct and polish what they have written, is the source of half the indifferent composition in the world.

*"Philadelphia unroofed,"* by our obliging and invaluable correspondent S. B. is in our bureau, and, like every thing else we have had the honour of receiving from the same pen, is precisely the kind of an article we wanted. Now, that it is in our possession, we do not know that we would suffer the author himself to alter a sentence, or even exchange a word it contains. We have too much regard for the gratification of our readers not to give it an early place in our journal.

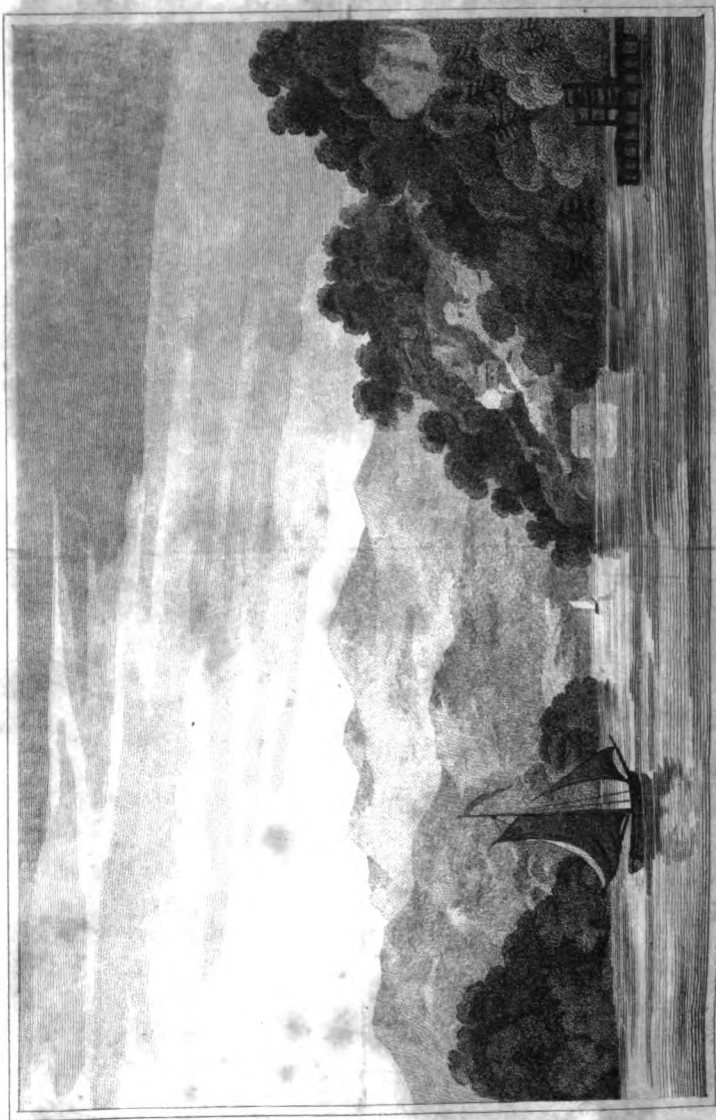
We have received and will in due time publish, a "parallel" between the two British Poets, Scott and Campbell, from the pen of a much esteemed southern correspondent. The article manifests both judgment and taste. We solicit a continuance of the favours of the author both in prose and verse.

"Thoughts of a Hermit" No. 3, on a subject of great interest and importance at the present crisis, was not received in time for this number of the Port Folio. It shall find a place in the next.

The same thing is true in relation to two very learned and excellent papers on the origin of the Irish language.







Hewitt del.

Sketched by J. Glendon Bay.

*Distant View of the Highlands on Hudson River.*

# THE PORT FOLIO,

THIRD SERIES,

CONDUCTED BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

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Various; that the mind  
Of desultory man, studious of change,  
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.

COWPER.

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VOL. IV.

OCTOBER, 1814.

NO. IV.

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AMERICAN BIOGRAPHY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

• " LIFE OF ALEXANDER WILSON.

THE following interesting memoir of the life of Alexander Wilson, is from the pen of his intimate friend and associate Mr. George Ord. It is extracted from the ninth volume of "American Ornithology," of which Mr. Ord is the editor. On the merits of this posthumous portion of Mr. Wilson's great work on the birds of our country, it is neither our business nor intention to dwell at present. By the unassuming and worthy editor himself, as well as by the public at large, we shall be considered as bestowing on it no common measure of praise, when we say, that it is prepared and finished in such a style, as not to suffer by a comparison with those volumes, which were published under the immediate eye of the deceased author. By the zeal, industry and ability, which he has so happily manifested in this his first exertion in behalf of natural science, Mr. Ord has done great credit to himself, and conferred a corresponding benefit on his country. He has one duty, however, yet to discharge, which the public will look for with lively expectation—to complete the delineation and history of those few birds,

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which his friend left unfinished, and thereby fill up the only deficit, which exists in the Ornithology of North America. The performance of this task, which we are by no means inclined to denominate an easy one, we flatter ourselves he will consider as due alike to friendship and his country.

In justice to Mr. Ord, it must be observed, that we have found it necessary to take such liberties with his memoir of Mr. Wilson, as will somewhat, we fear, affect its symmetry and proportions. In its entire state, it is too long for an article in the Port Folio. We have been reluctantly compelled, therefore, to confine ourselves to an abridgment of it. In preparing this, it has been our wish and endeavour to throw together such parts of it, as are best calculated to preserve and exhibit in bold relief the principal features of its much lamented subject.

Mr. Wilson was no closet philosopher. He was a man of a strong, capacious; and original mind, enlightened by observation, liberalized by travel, adorned by literature, and enriched by science. His imagination was bold, his fancy warm, and his enthusiasm peculiarly calculated to urge him forward in arduous undertakings. To great personal activity and hardihood, he added an intrepid spirit, a firmness of purpose, and a fortitude and preservance which nothing could subdue. He could bear hunger, cold and fatigue, in a degree which, if related, would appear scarcely credible. With the utmost fondness and fitness for society, such were his powers of self-control, that, when engaged in his favourite pursuit, he could lead a life of perfect seclusion amidst the throng of the city, or, without a sentiment of reluctance or a sigh of regret, penetrate alone into a trackless forest or an unpeopled wilderness, where, for weeks, he would be separated from the presence of man. He possessed, moreover, that happy versatility of talent, which enabled him to perform in his own person, what usually and almost necessarily gives employment to a number and variety of hands.

Such were the leading features of Mr. Wilson's character, and we hope they will be found portrayed with sufficient strength in the following extracts. Ed.

ALEXANDER WILSON was born in the town of Paisley, in Scotland;\* and received the elements of a classical education at a grammar school of his native place. About the age of ten, he had the misfortune to lose his mother; and his father, who was closely engaged in the occupation of a distiller, feeling the necessity of an adjunct in the governance of an infant family, again entered into the matrimonial state.

Young Wilson's father had designed him for a learned profession; but this intention, how agreeable soever to parental feelings, was not relished by the son, who had imbibed some prejudices, which were the cause of the project being abandoned.

The introduction of a step-mother into Mr. Wilson's family, as is too often the case, was productive of unhappiness. The subject of this memoir became the object of aversion, through some unknown cause, to his new guardian; who employed her influence to his disadvantage, with such effect, that the poor lad was compelled to forsake his paternal roof, and to seek an asylum under that of his brother-in-law, William Duncan, who resided at Queen's ferry, on the Frith of Forth. Mr. Duncan was a weaver; and young Wilson, convinced, by experience, of the necessity of self-exertion, applied himself with diligence to acquire a knowledge of that trade, at which he continued for several years.

At an early period of his life he evinced a strong desire for learning; and the perusal of old magazines and pamphlets, to which he had ready access, was an additional stimulus to further exertion. His mind, it is reasonable to conjecture, was not a little agitated at the solemn alternative of persecution, or of relinquishing forever the fostering attentions of a parent, to whom he was most dutifully and affectionately attached; and he experienced consolation by devoting his leisure hours to reading and writing. Poetry attracted his regard; it was the vehicle of sentiments which were in unison with his sanguine feelings: he had early imbibed a love of virtue, and it now assumed a ro-

\* The year in which he was born could not be ascertained; but it is conjectured by his friends that he was about five-and-forty at his decease.

nantic cast, by assimilation with the high-wrought efforts of fancy, combined with the melody of song.

Caledonia is fruitful of versemen: every village has its poets; and so prevalent is the habit of jingling rhymes, that a scholar is considered as possessing no taste, if he do not attune the Scottish lyre to those themes, which the *amor patriæ*, the national pride of a Scotsman has identified with his very existence.

Burns was now in the zenith of his glory. His verses were on the lips of every one; his praises were echoed from the cottage to the palace; and from the unexampled success of this humble son of genius, many aspired to the honors of the laurel, who otherwise would have confined their views of poetical renown to the limited circle of their family or acquaintance. Among this number may be reckoned our Wilson; who, finding from some short essays that he possessed the talent of poetical expression, ventured to exhibit his attempts to his friends, whose approbation encouraged him to renewed perseverance, in the hope of emerging from that condition in society, which his aspiring soul could not but disdain.

Mr. Duncan, with a view of bettering his estate, relinquished the occupation of weaving, and became a travelling merchant, or in common language a pedler. In his expeditions, young Wilson, now approaching to manhood, frequently accompanied him; and thus was a foundation laid of a love for travelling, which became a ruling passion with our author the remainder of his existence.

Alexander was now left to shift for himself; and as he was completely initiated in the art of trading, he shouldered his pack and cheerfully set out in quest of riches. In a mind of a romantic turn, Scotland affords situations abundantly calculated to arouse all those feelings which the sublime and beautiful in nature inspire. Wilson was a poetical enthusiast; and the bewitching charms of those mountains, valleys and streams, long since immortalized in song, filled his soul with rapture, and enkindled all the efforts of his youthful muse. From a habit of contemplating the works of nature, arose an indifference to the vulgar employment of trading, which became more disgusting at each interview with the muses; and nothing but the dread of poverty induced him to conform to the dull avocations of common life.

He occasionally contributed essays to various periodical publications, amongst which we may name the *BEE*, conducted at Edinburgh by Dr. Anderson. He likewise was in the habit of frequenting the Pantheon at the same place, wherein a society for debate held their meetings. In this assembly of wits he delivered several poetical discourses, which obtained him considerable applause.

About this period of his life, the town of Paisley was agitated by a misunderstanding between the manufacturers and the weavers; and all the talents of both parties was exerted on the occasion. Young Wilson, attached to his side by the double tie of principle and interest, boldly espoused their cause, and was considered no mean champion in the controversy.

Amongst the manufacturers there was one of considerable wealth and influence; who had risen from a low origin by a concurrence of fortunate circumstances; and who had rendered himself greatly obnoxious by his avarice and knavery. Him our poetical weaver arraigned in a galling satire, written in the Scottish dialect; which of all languages is perhaps the most fertile of terms of sarcasm or abuse. The piece was published anonymously; and though Wilson was suspected to be the writer, yet no evidence could be adduced to establish the fact. But unfortunately as he was one night, at a late hour, returning from his printer, some spies, who had been watching his movements, seized upon him; and papers being found in his possession which indicated the author, he was prosecuted for a libel, sentenced to a short imprisonment, and to burn, with his own hands the piece at the public cross in the town of Paisley. The printer, it is said, was likewise fined for his share in the publication.

In the year 1792, Mr. Wilson wrote his characteristic tale, entitled *Watty and Meg*. This little poem was published anonymously; and possessing considerable merit was by many attributed to Burns. It has obtained more popularity in Scotland than any of the minor essays of our author; and has been ranked with the best productions of the Scottish muse.

He now began to be dissatisfied with his lot. He was poor, and saw no prospect of bettering his condition in his native country. And having heard flattering accounts of America, he

conceived the design of forsaking the land of his forefathers, and settling in the United States. With this intention he arranged his affairs; set out for Belfast, in Ireland; engaged his passage in the ship *Swift* of New-York, captain Steel, bound to Philadelphia; and arrived at Newcastle, in the state of Delaware, on the fourteenth of July, 1794.

On his arrival at Philadelphia, he reflected on the most eligible mode of obtaining a livelihood, to which the state of his funds urged immediate attention. He made himself known to Mr. John Aitkin, a copper-plate printer, who, on learning his situation gave him employment at that business, at which he continued for a few weeks; and abandoned it for his trade of weaving, having made an engagement with Mr. Joshua Sullivan, who resided on the Pennypack creek, about ten miles north of Philadelphia.

After various changes of residence and employment, he at length solicited and received an engagement from the trustees of Union School, in the township of Kingess, a short distance from Gray's ferry on the river Schuylkill.

This removal constituted an important era in the life of Mr. Wilson. His school-house and residence being but a short distance from the Botanical Garden of Messieurs Bartram, situate on the western bank of the Schuylkill: a sequestered spot, possessing attractions of no ordinary kind; an acquaintance was soon contracted with that venerable naturalist, Mr. William Bartram, which ripened into an uncommon friendship, and continued without the least abatement until severed by the hand of death. Here it was that Mr. Wilson found himself translated, if we may so speak, into a new existence. He had long been a lover of the works of Nature, and had derived more happiness from the contemplation of her simple beauties, than from any other source of gratification. But he had hitherto been a mere novice; he was now about to receive instructions from one, whom the experience of a long life, spent in travel and rural retirement, had rendered qualified to teach. Mr. Bartram soon perceived the bent of his friend's mind, and its congeniality to his own; and took every pains to encourage him in a study, which, while it expands the faculties, and purifies the heart, insensibly leads to

the contemplation of the glorious Author of nature himself. From his youth Mr. Wilson had been observant of the manners of birds; and since his arrival in America had found them objects of uncommon interest; but he had not yet viewed them with the eye of a naturalist.

Mr. Bartram possessed some works on natural history, particularly those of Catesby and Edwards. Mr. Wilson perused them attentively; and found himself enabled, even with *his* slender stock of information, to detect errors and absurdities into which these authors had fallen, from a defective mode of studying nature: a mode, which, while it led them to the repositories of dried skins and preparations, and to a reliance on hearsay evidence, subjected them to the imputation of ignorance, which their lives, devoted to the cultivation and promotion of science, certainly would not justify. Mr. Wilson's improvement was now rapid; and the judicious criticisms which he made on the above-mentioned authors, gratified his friend and instructor, who redoubled his encouraging assistance, in order to further one in a pursuit for which his genius, now beginning to develop itself, was evidently fitted.

To counteract the tendency of a strong constitutional bias towards melancholy, Mr. Lawson, an eminent engraver, and Mr. Wilson's particular friend, recommended to him the amusement of drawing, as a substitute for that of poetry and the flute, his attachment to which was now becoming injurious to him.

To this end, sketches of the human figure, and landscapes were provided him; but his attempts were so unpromising that he threw them aside with disgust; and concluded that one at his period of life, being near forty, could never succeed in the art of delineation. His friend, Mr. Bartram, now advised a trial at birds; and being tolerably skilful himself, exhibited his portfolio, which was graced with many specimens from his own hands. The attempt was made, and succeeded beyond the expectation of Mr. Wilson or that of his friends. There was a magic in the employment, which aroused all the energies of his soul; he saw, as it were, the dayspring of a new creation; and from being the humble follower of his instructors, he was soon

qualified to lead the way in the charming art of imitating the works of the GREAT ORIGINAL.

As Mr. Wilson proceeded in drawing, he made corresponding advances in a knowledge of Ornithology. He had attentively perused the works of the naturalists of Europe, who had written on the subject of the birds of America; and became so disgusted with their caricatured figures, fanciful theories, fables and misrepresentations, that on turning, as he himself observes, from these barren and musty records to the magnificent repository of the woods and fields—the *Grand Aviary of Nature*, his delight bordered on adoration.

Notwithstanding the apprehension of his friends, that, from its magnitude and difficulty, the project would necessarily fail, and perhaps overwhelm its author with ruin, he now formed a fixed determination to attempt a history of the birds of North America. After having passed the rubicon of resolution on this subject, he thus expresses himself in a letter to a friend:

“I am most earnestly bent on pursuing my plan of making a collection of all the birds in this part of North America. Now I don't want you to throw cold water, as Shakespeare says, on this notion, Quixotic as it may appear. I have been so long accustomed to the building of airy castles and brain windmills, that it has become one of my earthly comforts, a sort of a rough bone, that amuses me when sated with the dull drudgery of life.”

In the month of October, 1804, Mr. Wilson, accompanied by two of his friends, set out on a pedestrian journey to visit the far famed Cataract of Niagara, whereof he had heard much, but which he never before had an opportunity of beholding. The magnificent scenery of that beautiful river, as might be expected, filled the bosom of our poet with the most rapturous emotions. He gazed upon the cataract with an enthusiasm bordering upon distraction. And ever after declared, that no language was sufficiently comprehensive to convey an adequate idea of that wonderful curiosity.

It is possible, by the force of description of a work of art, or common sense of nature, to raise the fancy to such a degree, that the reality comes short of expectation. But of the Falls of

Niagara, it may with truth be observed, that the utmost stretch of the imagination falls infinitely short of portraying the terrific sublimity of the mighty torrent.

On the return of Mr. Wilson, he employed his leisure moments in writing a poetical narrative of the journey. This poem, which abounds with interesting description and pleasing imagery, is entitled *THE FORGERS*; and was gratuitously tendered to the proprietors of the *Port Folio*, and published in that excellent miscellany.

Resolutely bent on the completion of a system of American Ornithology, our author proceeded in the requisite elementary arrangements with a spirit of industry which nothing could tire, and a fortitude and perseverance which nothing could shake. We are now approaching that era of his life, in which we behold him emerging from the vale of obscurity, and attaining that enviable distinction in the republic of science and letters, which it is the lot of but few to enjoy.

Mr. Samuel H. Bradford, bookseller, of Philadelphia, being about to publish an improved edition of Rees's *New Cyclopædia*, Mr. Wilson was introduced to him as one qualified to superintend the work; and was engaged, at a liberal salary, as assistant editor.

Not long after this engagement he unfolded his mind to Mr. Bradford on the subject of an American Ornithology; and exhibited such evidence of his talents for a publication of that nature, that Mr. Bradford promptly agreed to become the publisher; and to furnish the requisite funds; and now for the first time Mr. Wilson found those obstructions removed which had opposed his favourite enterprise.

All things being thus happily arranged, he applied himself to his varied and extensive duties with a diligence which scarcely admitted repose; until finding his health much impaired thereby, he was induced to seek the benefits of relaxation in a pedestrian excursion through a part of Pennsylvania; which afforded him a favourable opportunity of procuring specimens of birds; and some additional information relating to them of which he was very desirous to be possessed. This jaunt was made in the month of August, 1807; and on the return of Mr. Wilson



he engaged in his avocations with renewed ardour; devoting every moment, which could be spared from his editorial duties, to his great work.

At length in the month of September, 1808, the first volume of the *American Ornithology* made its appearance. From the date of the arrangement with the publisher, a prospectus had been issued, wherein the nature and intended execution of the work were specified. But yet no one appeared to entertain an adequate idea of the elegant treat, which was about to be afforded to the lovers of the arts and of useful literature. And when the superb volume was presented to the public, their delight was only equalled by their astonishment, that our country, as yet in its infancy, should produce an original work in science that could vie, in its essentials, with the proudest productions of a similar nature, of the European world.

In the latter part of September, Mr. Wilson set out on a journey to the eastward, to exhibit his book and procure subscribers. He travelled as far as the District of Maine; and returned through Vermont, by the way of Albany, to Philadelphia. From a letter to a friend, dated Boston, October 10th, 1808, we have made the following extract:

"I have purposely avoided saying any thing either good or bad on the encouragement I have met with. I shall only say that among the many thousands who have examined my book, and among these were men of the first character for taste and literature, I have heard nothing but expressions of the highest admiration and esteem. If I have been mistaken in publishing a work too good for the country, it is a fault not likely to be soon repeated, and will pretty severely correct itself. But whatever may be the result of these matters, I shall not sit down with folded hands, whilst any thing can be done to carry my point; since God helps them who help themselves. I am fixing correspondents in every corner of these northern regions; like so many piquets and outposts, so that scarcely a wren or tit shall be able to pass along, from York to Canada, but I shall get intelligence of it."

On returning from the north, Mr. Wilson remained at home but a few days, before he set out on a tour to the southward,

visiting every city and town of importance, as far as Savannah in the state of Georgia. This journey being performed in the winter, and alone, was of course not attended with many travelling comforts; and, to avoid the inconveniences of a return by land, he embarked in a vessel, and arrived at New-York in the month of March, 1809. This was rather an unproductive tour; but few subscriptions being obtained.

Of the first volume of the Ornithology only two hundred copies had been printed. But it was now thought expedient to strike off a new edition of three hundred more; as the increasing approbation of the public warranted the expectation of corresponding support.

The second volume was published in January 1810; and our indefatigable ornithologist set out for Pittsburg, the latter part of the same month, on his route to New-Orleans. After conferring with his friends on the most eligible mode of descending the Ohio, he resolved, contrary to their dissuasions, on venturing in a skiff by himself; this mode, with all its inconveniences, being considered as best suited to his funds, and as most favourable to his researches. Accordingly, on the twenty-fourth of February, he embarked in his little boat, and bade adieu to Pittsburg. After a variety of adventures he arrived in safety at Louisville, being upwards of seven hundred miles from the place of his departure. Here he disposed of his skiff: and then set out on foot for Lexington, seventy-two miles further. At this last place he purchased a horse; and being prepared for the long and disagreeable route which lay before him, he resolutely explored his way alone; and safely reached the town of Natches\* the seventeenth of May, being a distance of six hundred and seventy-eight miles from Lexington. In his journal he says—“This journey, four hundred and seventy-eight miles from Nashville, I have performed alone, through difficulties, that those who have never passed the road could not have a conception of.” We may readily suppose that he had not only difficulties to encounter, encumbered as he necessarily was with his

\* For the particulars of this journey from Pittsburg to Natches, the reader is referred to Mr. Wilson's letters, which have been published in the *Port-Folio*, new series, vols. iii, 499. iv, 310. vii, 34.

shooting apparatus and increasing baggage, but also dangers, in journeying through a frightful wilderness, where almost impenetrable cane-swamps and morasses present obstacles to the progress of the traveller, which require all his resolution and activity to overcome. Added to which, he had a severe attack of the dysentery, when far remote from any situation which could be productive of either comfort or relief; and he was under the painful necessity of trudging on, debilitated and dispirited with a disease, which threatened to put a period to his existence. An Indian having been made acquainted with his situation, recommended the eating of strawberries, which were then fully ripe and in great abundance. On this delightful fruit and newly laid eggs, taken raw, he wholly lived for several days; and he attributed his restoration to health to these simple remedies.

Previously to entering the wilderness, Mr. Wilson had the melancholy satisfaction of shedding tears of sorrow at the grave of his friend, the amiable and intrepid governor Lewis; who distracted by base imputations and cruel neglect, closed his honourable and useful life by an inglorious act of suicide, in the cabin of a settler, named Grinder; and was buried close by the common path, with nothing but a few loose rails thrown over his grave.\*

On the sixth of June our traveller reached New-Orleans, distant from Natches two hundred and fifty-two miles. As the sickly season was fast approaching, it was deemed advisable not to tarry long in this place; and his affairs being despatched, he took passage in a ship bound to New-York, at which place he arrived the thirteenth of July, and soon reached Philadelphia, enriched with a copious stock of materials for his work, including several beautiful and hitherto unknown birds.

In the newly settled country through which Mr. Wilson had to pass, in his last journey, it was reasonable not to expect much encouragement in the way of subscriptions. Yet he was honoured with the names of many respectable individuals; and received not only civilities, but also kind treatment. From his

\* For an interesting account of the death of captain Lewis, by Mr. Wilson, see the Port Folio, new series, vol. vii, page 36.

journal and letters we might select many passages of much interest to the reader; but the limits allotted to this memoir will not admit of copiousness of detail; and we shall content ourselves with two or three extracts.

"*Wednesday, 23d May.* Left Natches, after procuring twelve subscribers; and having received a kind letter of invitation from William Dunbar, Esq. I availed myself of his goodness, and rode nine miles along the usual road to his house; where though confined to his bed by a severe indisposition, I was received with great hospitality and kindness; had a neat bed-room assigned me; and was requested to consider myself as at home during the time I should find it convenient to stay in exploring that part of the country."

The letter above mentioned, which is now before us, is worthy of transcription:

"*Forest, 20th May, 1810.*

"Sir,

"It is very unfortunate that I should be so much indisposed as to be confined to my bed-room; nevertheless, I cannot give up the idea of having the pleasure of seeing you as soon as you find it convenient; the perusal of your first volume of Ornithology, lent me by general Wilkinson, has produced in me a very great desire of making your acquaintance.

"I understand, from my boy, that you propose going in a few days to New-Orleans, where you will see some small cabinets of natural history that may interest you. But as I presume it is your intention to prosecute your inquiries into the interior of our country, this cannot be done better than from my house as your head quarters; where every thing will be made convenient to your wishes. My house stands literally in the forest, and your beautiful Orioles, with other elegant birds, are our court-yard companions.

"The bearer attends you with a couple of horses, on the supposition that it may be convenient for you to visit us to-day; otherwise he will wait upon you any other day that you shall appoint.

"I am respectfully, &c.

• "WILLIAM DUNBAR."

This excellent gentleman, whose hospitality was thus promptly excited, has since paid the debt of nature; and his grateful guest fondly cherished to the last hour of his existence the remembrance of those happy moments which were passed in his society, and that of his amiable and accomplished family.

In September, 1812, Mr. Wilson set off to the eastward, to visit his subscribers. In a letter to the editor he writes:—"I coated along the Connecticut river to a place called Haverhill, ten miles from the foot of Moose-hillock, one of the highest of the *White Mountains* of New-Hampshire. I spent the greater part of a day in ascending to the peak of one of these majestic mountains, whence I had the most sublime and astonishing view that was ever afforded me. One immensity of forest lay below, extended on all sides to the farthest verge of the horizon; while the only prominent objects were the columns of smoke from burning woods, that rose from various parts of the earth beneath to the heavens; for the day was beautiful and serene."

This excursion was succeeded by rather an unpleasant occurrence. The good people of Haverhill perceiving a stranger among them of very inquisitive habits; and who evinced great zeal in exploring the country, sagaciously concluded that he was a spy from Canada, employed in taking sketches of the place, to facilitate the invasion of the enemy. Under these impressions it was thought conducive to the public safety that Mr. Wilson should be apprehended; and he was accordingly taken into the custody of a magistrate, who, on being made acquainted with his character, and the nature of his visit, politely dismissed him, with many apologies for the mistake.

The publication of the *Ornithology* now advanced as rapidly as a due regard to correctness and elegance would permit. In order to become better acquainted with the feathered tribes, and to observe their migrations with more accuracy; as well as to enjoy the important advantages of a rural retirement, Mr. Wilson resided the better part of the years 1811-12 at the Botanic Garden of his friend, Mr. Bartram. There removed from the noise, bustle and interruption of the metropolis, he was enabled to dispose of his time to the best advantage; for when fatigued with close application within doors, to recruit his mind and body



he had only to cross the threshold of his abode, and he at once found himself surrounded by those acquaintance, the observance of whose simple manners not only afforded the most agreeable recreation, but who were perpetually contributing to the great undertaking which he was earnestly labouring to complete.

Besides the journeys which have been already mentioned, he made several short excursions to different parts; and was five times at the coast of New-Jersey, in pursuit of the Waders and Web-footed tribes which are there found in immense numbers. The aggregate of his peregrinations amounted to upwards of *ten thousand miles*.

In the early part of the year 1813, the seventh volume of the *Ornithology* was published; and the author immediately made preparations for the succeeding one, the letter-press of which was completed in the month of August. But unfortunately his great anxiety to conclude the work condemned him to an excess of toil, which, inflexible as was his mind, his bodily frame was unable to bear. He was likewise by this flood of business prevented from residing in the country, where hours of lassitude might have been beguiled by a rural walk, or the rough but invigorating exercise of the gun. At length he was attacked by a disease, which, perhaps, at another period of his life might not have been attended with fatal effects, but which now, in his debilitated frame and harassed mind, proved a mighty foe, whose deadly assaults all the combined efforts of friendship, science and skill could not repel. The dysentery, after a few days illness, closed the mortal career of Alexander Wilson, on the twenty-third of August, 1813.

It may not be going too far to maintain, that in no age or nation has there ever arisen one more eminently qualified for a naturalist than the subject of these memoirs. He was not only an enthusiastic admirer of the works of creation, but he was consistent in research; and permitted no dangers or fatigues to abate his ardor or relax his exertions. He inured himself to hardships by frequent and laborious exercise; and was never more happy than when employed in some enterprise which promised from its difficulties the novelties of discovery. Whatever was obtained with ease, to him appeared to be attended, compa-

ratively speaking, with small interest: the acquisitions of labour alone seemed worthy of his ambition. He was no closet philosopher—exchanging the frock of activity for the night-gown and slippers. He was indebted for his ideas, not to books, which err, but to nature which is infallible; and the inestimable transcript of her works, which he has bequeathed us, possesses a charm which affects us the more the better acquainted we become with the delightful original. His inquisitive habits procured him from others a vast heterogeneous mass of information; but he had the happy talent of selecting from this rubbish whatever was valuable. His perseverance was uncommon; and when engaged in pursuit of a particular object he would never relinquish it, while there was a chance of success. His powers of observation were very acute, and he seldom erred in judgment when favoured with a fair opportunity of investigation.

That the industry of Mr. Wilson was great his work will forever testify. And our astonishment is excited that so much should have been performed in so short a time. When we take into consideration the state of our country, as respects the cultivation of science; and that in the walk of Ornithology particularly, no one, *deserving the title of a naturalist*, had yet presumed to tread; when we view the labours of foreigners, who have interested themselves in our natural productions, and find how totally incompetent they were, through a deficiency of correct information, to instruct; and then when we reflect that a single individual, "*without patron, fortune or recompense*," has accomplished in the short space of *seven years*, as much as the combined body of European naturalists have taken a *century* to achieve, we feel almost inclined to doubt the evidence of our senses. But it is a fact, which we feel a pride in asserting, that we have as faithful, complete and interesting an account of our birds in the estimable volumes of the *American Ornithology*, as the Europeans can at this moment boast of possessing of *their's*. Let those who doubt the correctness of our opinion examine for themselves; and determine according to the dictates of an unbiassed judgment.

We need no other evidence of the unparalleled industry of our author, than the fact, that of *two hundred and seventy-eight*

*species* which have been figured and described in his Ornithology,\* *fifty-six* of these have not been noticed by any former naturalist; and several of the latter number are so extremely rare, that the specimens, from which the figures were taken, were the only ones that he was ever enabled to obtain. The collection and discovery of these birds were the fruits of many months of unwearied research amongst forests, swamps and morasses, exposed to all the dangers, privations and fatigues incident to such an undertaking. What but a remarkable passion for the pursuit, joined with the desire of fame, could have supported a solitary individual in labours of body and mind, compared to which the bustling avocations of common life, are mere holiday activity or recreation!

Independently on that part of his work which was Mr. Wilson's particular province, *viz.* the drawing of his subjects and their histories, he was necessitated to occupy much of his time in colouring the plates: his sole resource for support being in that employment, as his duties as assistant editor of the Cyclopædia had ceased. This is a circumstance much to be regretted as the work would have progressed more rapidly if he could have avoided that confining drudgery. The principal difficulty, in effect, attending this work, and that which caused its author most uneasiness, was the colouring of the plates. If this could have been done solely by himself; or, as he was obliged to seek assistance in this delicate process, if it could have been performed immediately under his eye; he would have been relieved of much anxiety; and would have better maintained a due equanimity; his mind being daily ruffled by the negligence of his assistants; who too often, through a deplorable want of skill and taste, made disgusting caricatures of what were intended to be modest imitations of simple nature. Hence much of his precious time was spent in the irksome employment of inspecting and correcting the imperfections of others. This waste of his stated periods of labour, he felt himself constrained to supply by encroachments on those hours which Nature, tenacious of her rights, claims as her own: hours which she consecrates to rest—

\* The whole number of birds figured is three hundred and twenty.



which she will not forego without a struggle; and which all those, who would preserve unimpaired the vigour of their mind and body, must respect. Against this intense and destructive application his friends failed not to admonish him; but to their kind regards he would reply, "that life is short, and without exertion nothing can be performed." But the true cause of this extraordinary toil was his poverty. By the terms of agreement with his publisher, he was to furnish, at his own cost, all the drawings and literary matter for the work; and to have the whole under his control and superintendence. The publisher obligated himself to find funds for the completion of the volumes. To support the heavy expense of procuring materials, and other unavoidable expenditures, Mr. Wilson's only resource, as has been stated, was in colouring the plates.

In the preface to the fifth volume he observes: "The publication of an original work of this kind in this country has been attended with difficulties, great, and, it must be confessed, sometimes discouraging to the author, whose only reward *hitherto* has been the favourable opinion of his fellow-citizens, and the pleasure of the pursuit."

"Let but the generous hand of patriotism be stretched forth to assist and cherish the rising arts and literature of our country, and both will most assuredly, and that at no remote period, shoot forth, increase and flourish with a vigour, a splendor and usefulness inferior to no other on earth."

We have here an affirmation that the author had laboured without reward, except what was conferred by inefficient praises; and an eloquent appeal to the *generosity* and *patriotism* of his fellow-citizens. Seven illustrious cities disputed the honour of having given birth to the prince of Epic song. Philadelphia first beheld that phenomenon the American Ornithology, rising amidst her boasted opulence, to vindicate the claims of a calumniated portion of creation; and to furnish her literary pride with a subject of exultation for ages to come. Yet duty calls upon us to record a fact which may cause our native city to feel the glow of shame. Of all her literati, her men of benevolence, taste and riches, **SEVENTY** only, to the period of the author's decease, had the liberality to countenance him by a subscription, more

than half of whom were *tradesmen, artists*, and those of the middle class of society; whilst the city of New-Orleans, in the short space of *seventeen days*, furnished *sixty* subscribers to the American Ornithology!

Mr. Wilson was possessed of the nicest sense of honour. In all his dealings he was not only scrupulously just, but highly generous. His veneration for truth was exemplary. His disposition was social and affectionate. His benevolence extensive. He was remarkably temperate in eating and drinking: his love of retirement preserving him from the contaminating influence of the convivial circle. And, unlike the majority of his countrymen, he abstained from the use of tobacco in every shape. But as no one is perfect, Mr. Wilson in a small degree partook of the weakness of humanity. He was of the *Genus irritabile*, and was obstinate in opinion. It ever gave him pleasure to acknowledge error when the conviction resulted from his own judgment alone, but he could not endure to be told of his mistakes. Hence his associates had to be sparing of their criticisms, through a fear of forfeiting his friendship. With almost all his friends he had occasionally, arising from a collision of opinion, some slight misunderstanding, which was soon passed over, leaving no disagreeable impression. But an act of disrespect, or wilful injury he would seldom forgive.

Such was Alexander Wilson. When the writer of this humble biography indulges in retrospection, he again finds himself in the society of that amiable individual, whose life was a series of those virtues which dignify human nature; he attends him in his wild-wood rambles, and listens to those charming observations which the magnificence of creation was wont to give birth to; he sits at his feet, and receives the instructions of one, in science, so competent to teach; he beholds him in the social circle, and notes the complacency which his presence inspired in all around. But the transition from the past to the present quickens that anguish with which his heart must be filled, who casts a melancholy look on those scenes a few months since graced with the presence of one, united to him by a conformity of taste, disposition and pursuit; and who reflects that that beloved friend can revisit them no more.

It was the intention of Mr Wilson, on the completion of his Ornithology, to publish an edition in four volumes octavo; the figures to be engraven on wood; somewhat after the manner of Bewick's British Birds; and coloured with all the care that has been bestowed on the original plates. If he had lived to effect such a scheme, the public would have been put in possession of a work of considerable elegance as respects typography and illustrations; wherein the subjects would have been arranged in systematical order; and the whole at a cost of not more than one seventh part of the quarto edition.

He likewise contemplated a work on the quadrupeds of the United States; to be printed in the same splendid style of the Ornithology; the figures to be engraved with the highest finish and by the best artists of our country. How much has science lost in the death of this ingenious and indefatigable naturalist!

Mr. Wilson was interred in the cemetery of the Swedish church, in the district of Southwark, Philadelphia. While in the enjoyment of health, he had conversed with a friend on the subject of his dissolution, and expressed a wish to be buried in some rural spot, sacred to peace and solitude, where the charms of nature might invite the steps of the votary of the Muses and the lover of science, and where the birds might sing over his grave.

It has been an occasion of regret to those of his friends, to whom was confided the mournful duty of ordering his funeral, that his desire had not been made known to them, otherwise it should have been piously observed.

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#### CRITICISM—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

An Essay on the causes of the Variety of Complexion and Figure in the Human Species, &c. By Samuel Stanhope Smith, D. D. L. L. D. &c.

(Continued from page 271.)

Dr. Smith introduces also into his essay the case of a young Indian, who was formerly one of his pupils, in the college of

New-Jersey. In speaking of this domesticated savage, he observes, that "after careful and minute attention, and comparing each feature (*of the Indian*) with the corresponding feature of many of his companions (*the students of said college*) the difference was very small, and sometimes hardly perceptible; and yet there was *an obvious difference in the whole countenance*, created principally, perhaps, by the impression which the complexion, *in combination with other varieties*, made upon the eye. A few comparisons," continues the doctor, "conducted in this way, would result, I am persuaded, in the conviction that the varieties among mankind are much less considerable than, on a slight inspection, they appear to be. Each single trait, or limb, when examined apart, exhibits no difference from the common properties of the species which may not easily be accounted for. Particular varieties are small. It is the result of the whole, taken in at one impression, which appears difficult to be explained."

In this extract, on the loose and faulty composition of which we forbear to offer any critical remarks, our author has avowed himself the advocate of a doctrine, which many will, no doubt, denominate ingenious. In our opinion, however, it is not only **erroneous, but seductive and dangerous in an eminent degree.** Its principles, if admitted in their full extent, would lead to results which our author would be himself the first to deprecate. They would prove unfriendly in their operation to morality and religion, and even subversive of the dignity of man and the order and harmony of the physical world. They are calculated to favour a system of levelling and consolidation which would reduce to the *same species*, many animals that appertain, in reality, to *different genera*. By their seductive and pernicious influence we might be gradually led to a belief in the original identity of even the white man himself, the golok or wild man of the woods, and the large orang-outang; so apparently inconsiderable are the shades of difference between them, when their systems are analysed, and their individual features and limbs attentively compared with each other.\* When examined, how-

\* By this delusive process of inquiry which our author enjoins, we might further be seduced into a persuasion of the practicability of converting lions into tigers, dogs into wolves, stags into elks, mice into rats, eagles into

ever, and compared in their totality or general result, their dissimilarities are so numerous and striking, as to constitute insuperable objections to such a monstrous hypothesis. We become at once convinced by the evidence before us, that differences so wide and radical, could never have been produced by the agency of any common causes now in operation on our globe; but that the beings marked by them belong to races originally and immutably distinct.

Such precisely is the case in relation to the different races of men. If we compare, feature by feature, the European with the Indian countenance, the difference between them, in this state of analysis, does not appear to be so very striking—not too great, perhaps, to be producible by the agency of certain physical causes—such, for example, as those to which it is attributed by Dr. Smith. The same thing is true when we compare, in the same manner, the Indian countenance with the Abyssinian, and the Abyssinian with the negro—Under this process, the difference between individual features is not very considerable. But when we compare the whole European with the whole negro countenance, or the whole Indian countenance with that of the inhabitant of the polar circle, we are deeply impressed, as well with the variety as the extent of the dissimilarity. Nor can any thing persuade us, that the combined influence of climate, the state of society, and the manner of living, could ever have been productive of the entire difference by which they are characterized. Besides, it has not been alledged by Dr. Smith himself, that these causes, in effectuating the changes of which he pronounces them capable, have operated in the order of the comparison he would institute. He has not even conjectured, much less proved, that man, in his supposed transition from the European to the African race, became first an Indian, then an Arab or an Abyssinian, and, last of all, a real negro. Nor has such a supposition, we believe, entered into the view of any

hawks, vultures into kites, and ducks into geese, with innumerable metamorphoses of a similar description; thus utterly deracinating every thing like system, and throwing into confusion the existing order and harmony of nature. In fact the principles herein inculcated tend to the subversion of our belief in all specific distinctions both in the animal and the vegetable kingdom.

other writer. To encounter the full extent and difficulty of the question, we must compare with each other the most dissimilar descriptions of men—the real white man with the real black, and the lofty Patagonian with the diminutive Laplander.

Were we even to indulge our author in the course, and to grant him all the principles, of his comparison, such concessions, ample as they are, would not contribute, in the least, to the establishment of his hypothesis. For the causes, to which he ascribes such powers of mutation, can no more change an European into an Indian, and an Indian into an Abyssinian, thus by degrees completing the negro, than they can, by a single act of direct transformation, convert a genuine white man into a genuine black. The theorist only deceives himself and his followers by thus gliding, in imagination, from one race of men to the next least remote in appearance, till he finally reach the most dissimilar, amusing himself with the notion, that the various shades of difference which gradually present themselves, arise from the influence of climate, the state of society, and the manner of living.

In its mode of extending its dominion over the human mind, physical error is strongly analogous to moral depravity. To ensure success it must approach us by degrees. In that case we are led step by step to an adoption of opinions, which, had they been abruptly and unceremoniously presented to us at the commencement, would have shocked us by their grossness. As a moralist and divine Dr. Smith's practice is to warn us, with all his powers of eloquence and argument, against the minor forms and first approaches of vice and impiety. He admonishes us to look upon them in their adult state, marked by the full expansion of their features, and clad in all the hideousness of their nature, in order that we may learn to abhor and avoid them. Why does he then, in physical science, inculcate a doctrine not only different but directly opposite? Why would he lead us imperceptibly from one shade of difference in the human system to another, persuading us that each one separately may be easily accounted for, the better to prepare us for the admission of a certain result, which he has the candour to acknowledge "appears difficult to be explained." If the principles he endeavours

to propagate are incapable of meeting the question in its utmost latitude—if they are insufficient to account for the direct transmutation of Englishmen into negroes, negroes into Chinese, and Patagonians into Laplanders, without leading them through a circuitous series of gradations, his hypothesis is defective, and cannot be maintained either by ingenious argument or seductive eloquence.

We now proceed to the consideration of the errors physiological and philosophical, to which we referred in the commencement of this paper. The first of these we shall notice relates to a certain supposed quality of the human skin.

Considering the success of his hypothesis as in some way depending on the fixedness or immutability of that organ, our author asserts, that "this fine integument (*the skin*) although extremely delicate, and susceptible of the lightest impressions from many causes both external and internal, is, however, in its organic texture, among the *least mutable* parts of the human body. Hence, continues he, any colour introduced into its substance is not easily eradicated. Figures stained in it with paints inserted by punctures become indelible. For the same reason freckles, though consisting only of partial stains impressed on the surface of a fair skin, by a slight exposure to the sun and air, cannot be removed but with great difficulty; and, in persons of a certain ruddiness of complexion, such as is found commonly united with hair of a dark red, or deep orange colour, can never be entirely effaced."

The phenomena, to which reference is herein made, are correctly stated, but, in our author's attempt to explain them, error appears to predominate over truth. It is true that "figures stained in the skin with paints inserted by punctures become indelible, and that freckles are, in some cases, removed with great difficulty, and, in others, can never be entirely effaced." It is not true, however, that these circumstances are owing to any peculiar *immutability* in the character of the skin. Were the present a suitable occasion to enter on the discussion, it would be easy to show, that, instead of being "among the least mutable" the skin is, in reality, one of the most mutable parts of the body. This position may be suffered to rest, for the present, on a

single ground of argument—the facility and even rapidity with which the superficial discoloration proceeding from sprains and contusions, and that which takes place in jaundice, are oftentimes removed by the cutaneous absorbents. To this might be added the sudden changes in the depth of the negro complexion, which, in cases of indisposition, so uniformly occur. By the medical philosopher the force of this argument will be duly appreciated. Could the matter be determined with absolute certainty, we have no doubt but the skin sustains several changes, while the bones, cartilages, and tendons of the body are undergoing a single change.

To those acquainted with the science of physiology, the reason why “figures stained in the skin with paints inserted by punctures become indelible” must be obvious. It is, because the paints thus lodged in the skin consist of matters which are inabsorbible—matters which the cutaneous absorbents are incapable of taking up and conveying into the channels of general circulation, for the purpose of effecting their elimination from the system. Imprint these figures with paints of a different quality—paints soluble in our fluids, and capable of being acted on by the absorbents of the skin, and they will disappear, if not as speedily, at least as certainly, as effused blood in cases of ecchymosis from contusions or punctures.

In relation to the permanency of freckles, that is a phenomenon which also admits of an easy solution, without being attributed to any supposed immutability of the skin. The pigment or colouring matter which produces these spots, is a secreted substance. Although, therefore, it is capable of being absorbed, and actually suffers absorption, as uniformly perhaps, as any of the other soft parts of the body, yet the discoloration it produces never disappears, because fresh portions of pigment are formed by the secretory vessels, as fast as the old ones are removed by the action of the absorbents. To this solution we are strongly of opinion that no physiologist will offer an objection. The same thing is true with regard to the colour of the negro. Its existence is permanent, not because the skin is immutable, but because the black pigment which produces it, being a secreted substance, is replaced by one set of vessels, as rapidly as it is



carried away by another. It is, in this respect, precisely analogous to all the other parts of the body, which, though constantly changing, never disappear, unless they are removed by accident or disease.

That the complexion of the negro is the result of secretion, and therefore mutable, is a truth which appears obvious from a variety of considerations. If removed by blistering, it soon reappears, and it becomes fainter during sickness and pregnancy, when the functions of the system are languid or disordered, but is restored to its deep and native darkness on the return of the vigorous and orderly action of health. To the reader versed in physiology these truths are already familiar. Our remarks are, therefore, addressed more particularly to those who are not yet masters of that interesting branch of science.

To convert a white man into a negro, then, it is requisite that the influence of climate should not merely communicate blackness to the rete mucosum; but that it should either create a new set of secretory vessels, or produce a change tantamount to such creation in cutaneous vessels already in existence.

The error contained in the following paragraph is so important to the establishment of our author's principles, that a refutation of it may be regarded as a subversion of his whole hypothesis.

"The dark colours of the tropical nations," says he, "are not to be ascribed solely to the action of the sun's rays on the skin. Extreme heat, especially when united with putrid animal or vegetable exhalations, which in all torrid climates are found copiously to impregnate the atmosphere, tends greatly to augment the secretion of bile, in the human system, which, being diffused over the whole surface of the body, imparts to the complexion a dull yellow tinge, that soon assumes a very dark hue, by being exposed to the sun, and by immediate contact with the external air. *Different shades of the dark colours, therefore, till we arrive at the deepest black, will be found in the human complexion, in proportion to the predominancy of bile in the constitution, as well as of heat in the climate.*"

Under the most correct and candid exposition which this paragraph can receive, it evidently means, that, to the formation

of a complexion of jet, a *superabundance of bile* in the human constitution is as necessary as an *excess of heat in the temperature of the atmosphere*. Both these circumstances are represented as conditions alike essential to the attainment of the end. If either be wanting, the darkness of the complexion must be defective and faint. The Moor, the Abyssinian, the New-Hollander, and the Arab, then, must possess constitutions preternaturally bilious: but, in this respect, the negro surpasses them all, inasmuch as he is marked by the deepest complexion. Such is the legitimate and only inference deducible from the course of reasoning which our author here pursues. Plausible, however, as it may in some respects appear, and confident as the doctor seems to be in the truth of his premises, it cannot, we apprehend, be corroborated by facts.

In relation to this topic, *experiment* and *observation* constitute the only sources of knowledge on which we can venture ~~with safety to rely~~. If they be consulted, the result will be, not only unfavourable, but in direct opposition, to the inference of our author. It will thence satisfactorily appear, that, instead of possessing habits preternaturally bilious, negroes are in reality, less—we might say, much less subject to a superabundance of bile than the natives of Europe. Among all nations and in every situation, a preternatural secretion of that fluid is uniformly accompanied by certain marks which can neither be mistaken, nor be concealed. Bilious fever, cholera-morbus, a preternatural yellowness in the serum of the blood and in the urine, diarrhoea, dropsy, an inflammation or enlargement of the liver, a thickening and unusual distension of the gall bladder, or some other form of hepatic or abdominal affection, never fails to be a frequent visitant of those who are habitually subject to a superflux of bile. We do not pronounce bile to be the cause of these complaints; but we assert, as the result of all observation, that there subsists between them and a redundancy of bile, a physical connexion. The very condition of the system, essential to an excessive generation of that fluid, positively implies the existence of disease. Health requires a just equilibrium of all the secretory functions of the body. Disease, on the other hand, consists in that condition of the system, in which one or more of these are in a state

of preternatural diminution, obstruction or excess. Nor, as far as relates to the reality of disease, is it of any consequence in which of the functions the irregularity exists. An excess in the action of the organs of perspiration, of the salivary glands, the pancreas, or the kidneys, is regarded by universal consent as a morbid affection. Nor is the fact less true in relation to the liver, the organ of the bile. An excess of action in that viscus constitutes a very serious malady. The copious production of bile amounts to as real a disease, as too frequent and copious a discharge from the bowels. To the medical philosophers of every country, the only competent judges, as well as the present, we appeal for the correctness of these observations. On the subject of the preceding forms of disease, which are known to be the uniform concomitants of a superflux of bile, it is scarcely necessary to add, that negroes are, in an eminent degree, exempt from their attacks. This is the case as well in Africa, as in the West-India islands, and the United States. In the former quarter of the globe, hepatic and bilious affections have scarcely an existence among the native inhabitants; and, in the latter, they are much less incidental to negroes than they are to their masters, the descendants of Europeans. This fact need not be dwelt on with a view to its establishment, because it is already too notorious to be invalidated or denied. Hence, in that flat and marshy tract of country extending along our sea-coast from the bay of the Delaware to the river St. Mary, negroes are known to be comparatively healthy, while Europeans and their descendants are assailed by every description of bilious disease. It seems, indeed, peculiar to the constitution of the former, to be capable of resisting the deleterious action of those causes which, in the latter, are productive of a superflux of bile. Our argument on this point is eminently strengthened by the superior degree of hardships and exposure which negroes sustain with impunity. It is in vain to allege, that in this people the bile is *generated*, though unaccompanied by those diseases which, under similar circumstances, are incidental to the whites. The reverse of this is capable of demonstration. In those instances where a superabundance of bile does not prove the concomitant of actual disease, it never fails to produce a yellowness in

the fluids of the body. In the darkest negro, however, when in health, the serum of the blood, the urine, the saliva, and the matter of perspiration, are as perfectly free from any bilious tinge, as they are in the system of the fairest European. Nor can the anatomist, on dissection, discover the slightest ground for believing, that the former has been subject to a superabundant secretion of that fluid. A fact which we deem conclusive on this point, is, that the complexion of the negro is rendered *lighter* rather than darker, by an attack of jaundice, a disease in which bile is diffused in preternatural quantities through the fluids of the body. This is no fiction—It is a truth familiar to every physician of experience. Yet here, the tunica albuginea or white of the eye, the serum of the blood, and the other fluids of the body, become tinged with as deep a yellow as they do in the case of jaundiced Europeans. Our author, nevertheless represents a kind of habitual jaundice as a condition essential to the formation of the darkest complexion.

Where, then, is the evidence of that superflux of bile to which Dr. Smith attributes so distinguished a part in the production of the genuine complexion of the negro? Our utmost research is insufficient to discover it. In the lucubrations of the theorist such evidence may abound, but has no existence in the volume of nature.

“Take bile from an animal,” says our author, “and expose it but for a short time to the influence of the sun and air, and it becomes black.”—This we acknowledge to be true. But if the bile, instead of being “taken from the animal,” be only diffused through its juices; and thence deposited in the *rete mucosum* or *cystis vera*, where it is inaccessible to the air, it will not in that situation become black. This we assert on the authority of observation. Expose to the solar rays a person labouring under jaundice, and, instead of becoming black, his skin will be simply *tanned*, precisely as if he were free from disease. That unusual darkness of the skin which sometimes occurs in cases of jaundice, arises from a very different source. It is produced, not by the rays of a torrid sun, acting on the skin, but by a *vitiated state* of the bile—a state in which that fluid, when first prepared in the liver, is marked by a tinge unusually dark in

consequence of the diseased action of the vessels by which it is secreted. In this condition of the system the serum of the blood, when drawn from a vein, instead of being yellow, as it usually is in jaundice, exhibits a colour preternaturally dark. The reason of this is obvious. That fluid holds in solution a portion of the vitiated bile sufficient to impart to it a dusky hue.

Were we inclined to pursue our strictures on this point of doctrine as far as a rigid adherence to truth would justify, we might here expose another error into which it is our author's misfortune to have fallen. When the bile is deposited, in the state of a pigment, in the *rete mucosum*, he very mistakenly represents it as being, to use his own words, "in immediate contact with the external air," a sentiment which he repeats on several occasions. Now it is very well known, that the cuticle forms, and was intended to form, for the parts placed beneath it, a covering perfectly impervious to the air. When this covering is unbroken, the atmospheric air can no more pass through it and come into "immediate contact" with the *rete mucosum*, than it could if it consisted of horn, glass, or chrystal. The cuticle, which is itself *inorganic* and *insensible*, protects from external irritants the *organic* and *sensible* parts which it encloses. But of these irritants the air of the atmosphere is among the most powerful, as appears from exposing the *cutis vera* to its action. A very slight acquaintance with anatomy and pneumatics is sufficient to convince us, that this gas can never come into contact with the bile when protected from its action by the intervention of the cuticle.

We solicit the attention of the reader to the following paragraph, as exhibiting a memorable example of the hazard which even the most enlightened incur from writing on subjects appertaining to branches of professional knowledge in which they are unversed.

"When from any cause," says Dr. Smith, "the bilious secretion has been increased beyond its natural proportion, approaching the surface of the body in the progress of the circulation, the carbonic matter of its composition becomes there attached to the viscid mucus in the cellular membrane of the skin, while the more thin and volatile hydrogen with which it is combined,

having a stronger affinity and attraction with the oxygen of the atmosphere, and flying off first, leaves it precipitated and entangled in those cells where it stains and discolours the complexion."

It will appear, we think, on analysis, that this quotation consists of *four* fundamental errors. Had Dr. Smith been as profoundly read in medical science and its collateral branches, as we believe him to be in theology and ethics, it is probable that none of them would have gained admission into his essay. The *first* of these errors, to which we have already directed the attention of the reader, is the declaration, fairly implied, that a superabundance of bile necessarily obtains in the systems of negroes and all other persons whose complexions are dark. The *second* consists in the allegation, that the black pigment deposited in the rete mucosum of negroes, Arabs, Abyssinians, and others, on which the depth of their complexion depends, is *a matter of a carbonaceous character*. The *third* is also one which we have already endeavoured to refute. It sets forth that the atmospheric air, or rather the oxygenous portion of it, is capable of acting through the substance of the unbroken cuticle, and extending its influence to the rete mucosum. The *fourth* represents the elementary substances composing the *living parts* of the body as subject to the same chemical affinities, which exercise an influence over *dead matter*. These several sentiments, though expressed in different language, are unequivocally avowed in the preceding quotation.

On the subjects of the first and third of these errors, we have already animadverted at sufficient length. In relation to the *second* and *fourth*, it remains that our sentiments be succinctly stated.

We know not from what source Dr. Smith has derived his belief in the carbonaceous quality of the black pigment, deposited in the rete mucosum of the negro. We will venture, however, to assert, that it is not the result of accurate experiment. Perhaps he has been misled by the authority of Dr. Blumenbach, whose opinion he adduces in corroboration of his own.\*

\* Or is it probable that he has suffered himself to be deluded by the following, or any similar, syllogistic process!—Carbon forms one of the con-

The error of this latter gentleman is entitled to the more indulgence, in consideration of his never, probably, having enjoyed an opportunity of bringing his views to the test of experiment. Still, however, it must be regarded as a matter of regret, that, in attempting the elucidation of a subject like the present, a physiologist so distinguished as the professor of Gottengen, should have recourse to hypothesis as a substitute for observation.

On the cutaneous pigment of the negro, we have ourselves performed a variety of experiments. We have also been a witness to the experiments of others, on whose knowledge and accuracy we had a perfect reliance. Yet in no instance have we been able to detect in this substance, the characteristic properties of charcoal. On the ground of experiment, then, which, in the present case, is the only source of knowledge, such as the philosopher should be ambitious to possess, we are authorized to assert, that carbon does not constitute the pigment which imparts to the negro his native complexion. With the real nature and composition of this substance we do not profess the slightest acquaintance. Further discoveries on that point are still a desideratum in practical chemistry. Nor does this want of knowledge, on our part, affect, in the least, the issue of the discussion. It is sufficient for our present purpose, that, by having made ourselves master of the *negative* doctrine, we are enabled to invalidate the opinion of Dr. Smith. The *positive* is reserved to confer reputation on some more enlightened and fortunate experimenter. Should future and better directed experiments, in shedding further light on this subject, prove us to be in the wrong, we will rejoice in an opportunity of acknowledging our error.

On Dr. Smith's *fourth* error, although, in our opinion, a very important one, we shall be able to bestow but a few observations. It arises from a source which is almost universal among those who are deficient in the science of physiology—a neglect or an inability to discriminate between the laws of living and of dead matter; and a consequent disposition to constitute parts of the human body: Crude charcoal is known to be black. The pigment in the *rete mucosum* of the negro is also black: Therefore, this pigment must be charcoal.—It frequently occurs that the enthusiastic advocates of a favourite system are drawn into error by as slender a thread.

found them with each other. This error degrades the living system from its proper level, by professing to convert it into a chemical machine—by alledging, that the multiplicity of changes, synthetical and analytical, which occur among its elementary particles, are produced by means of chemical agency.

Notwithstanding all that the ingenuity of chemists has been able to advance in opposition to our belief, we do not hesitate to assert, that, with the exception of the lungs and alimentary canal, the chemical affinities are entirely excluded from the system of man, when in a state of health. Whatever healthy mutations, whether of the solids or fluids, take place in that curious piece of workmanship, the human body, are the result, not of *chemical*, but of *vital* agency—an agency greatly superior to the principles and laws of common matter, and but one degree, perhaps, lower than the principles of intellect.

To the doctrine of *chemical life*, which is unequivocally broached in the preceding quotation, although it might be successfully opposed on various grounds, we shall state, at present, but a single objection. It leads directly to a belief in materialism. Its natural tendency is, to represent man, in his compound condition of soul and body, as nothing but a complex chemical machine. Nor is it unusual to find such profligate sentiments openly avowed by some of its advocates. We need scarcely add, that an adherence to it is incompatible with a belief in the Christian religion.

The appearance and general character of the negro's *hair* amount to a peculiarity no less striking, and constitute a mark of discrimination between him and the European, which has been esteemed by philosophers, no less radical and important, than the state of his complexion. This phenomenon, so interesting in itself, and so essentially connected with an inquiry like the present, could not fail to attract the notice of Dr. Smith. The facts and arguments by which he has attempted its solution, as well as his observations on the subject in general, must now receive the consideration they deserve.

“That form of the hair,” says the doctor, “which principally attracts our attention, is the *sparse, coarse, and involuted substance* like wool, which covers the head of the tropical African.



This peculiarity," continues he, "has been urged as a decisive character of a distinct species with more assurance than became philosophers but tolerably acquainted with the operations of nature. The *sparseness* and *coarseness* of the African hair or wool, is analogous to effects we have already seen to be produced by the temperature of arid climates upon other animals—Its involution may be occasioned, in part, by the excessive heat of a vertical sun acting upon sands which glow with an ardour unknown in any other quarter of the globe. *But probably it is occasioned chiefly by some peculiar quality of the secretion by which it is nourished.* That the curl or nap of the hair depends, in a great degree, upon this cause, is rendered the more probable by the appearance which it exhibits on the chin, over the armpits, and other parts of the human body. Whatever be the nutriment of the hair, it would seem, by the strong and offensive smell of the African negro, to be combined in him with some gas or fluid of a very volatile and ardent nature. *The evaporation of such a gas rendering the surface dry, and disposed to contract, while the centre continues distended, tends necessarily to produce an involution of the hair—*Again," says our author, "although the principal cause of the peculiar form of the African hair, consists in those secretions which being deposited in the cells of the skin, become the nutriment of this excrescence, yet something may be ascribed also to the excessive ardour of that region of burning sand. Africa is the hottest country on the globe. Travellers who have explored the interior of that continent with the greatest diligence and care, inform us, that, although along the margins of the rivers Gambia and Senegal, and for some distance on each side, there are shady forests and a fertile soil, yet almost the whole region embraced between the tropics is a tract of sand that often literally burns. This state, not of the atmosphere only, but especially of the earth, in the dust of which, young savages, utterly neglectful of decency of manners, often roll themselves, will have its effect in increasing the close nap of the wool, for the same reason that a hair held near a flame will coil itself up, or the leaves of vegetables be rolled together under the direct rays of an intense sun, when the earth is at the same time parched with drought—The hair as well as

the whole constitution, suffers, in that region, the effects of an intense fire."

This quotation appears to be marked with great incorrectness, both in a historical and philosophical point of light—both in relation to matters of fact, and the causes assigned with a view to their explanation. An analysis of a few passages will be sufficient to establish the truth of our position.

On the subject of the "peculiar secretion" by which Dr. Smith supposes the hair of the negro to be nourished, and to which he considers it "chiefly" indebted for the character and qualities it possesses, our observations need not be numerous. The very existence of such a secretion might be fairly called in question, without the slightest violation of the principles of debate, inasmuch as it has not been heretofore established, and our author has left it unsupported by proof. In the present state of physiology, a belief in it can rest only on the basis of conjecture, which, in philosophical discussions, can never be received as legitimate authority. But even admitting its existence, a concession which, for the sake of argument, we might securely make, the *source* whence it is derived remains a matter of absolute uncertainty. On that point our author has not even hazarded a conjecture. He has not attempted to prove, nor, were he to make the attempt, is the position at all susceptible of proof—that the peculiar secretion in question is the result either of climate, the state of society, or the manner of living. Supposing it, then, to exist at all, with at least an equal show of reason might it be attributed to the operation of some other cause—even to a primary and specific difference between the constitution of the negro and that of the European—a source, however, to which, it will be remembered, we do not ascribe it. Our author's conjecture, that the character and appearance of the hair of the negro depends, in any measure, on the peculiar qualities of the secretion which nourishes it, is no proof of the fact, and cannot, therefore, avail him in his attempt to establish his general hypothesis.

In a style of phraseology which we are forced to condemn, regarding it as an unnecessary innovation in language, Dr. Smith declares the hair of the negro to be "*sparse*" (i. e. thinly planted in the head) and "*coarse*." This *sparteness* and "*coarse*—

ness," he represents as "analogous to the effects produced by the temperature of arid climates on the hair of other animals."

The point herein at issue between the doctor and ourselves is easy of solution. It depends for its decision, not on ingenious argument, but just perception—not on the exercise of our reason, but the evidence of our senses. Every one, therefore, possessing the use of his senses, is a competent judge of the matter in dispute, and can, without the least inconvenience or difficulty, determine for himself. As far as our observations have gone, and our attention to the subject has not been inconsiderable, we can find no ground for the assertion, that the hair of the negro is either *sparser* or *coarser* than that of the European. We do not believe, that, *in these respects*, there exists any perceptible and uniform difference between the hair of those two races of men. In many instances, indeed, the hair of the negro appears to be coarser, and in some, more thinly planted in the head, than that of certain white men: but in an equal number of cases the reverse is true. For a decision of the subject we appeal to the observation of an enlightened public, persuaded that they will prefer the testimony of their own senses to assertion of either Dr. Smith or ourselves.

But granting the action of an arid climate on the human hair to be precisely such as our author pronounces it—admitting it to prove the cause of an actual mutation of European into African hair, wherein consists the analogy between this effect and that which it produces on the same excrescence in other animals? The uniform effect of a tropical climate on such quadrupeds as are natives of a temperate one, is, to alter their hair in such a way as to change it from a warmer into a cooler kind of covering. The fine, close, and nappy wool of the sheep it converts into a substance considerably coarser, and more thinly planted. The same thing is true with regard to the fur of the fox and the beaver. They, too, are changed into a hairy, harsh, and cooler kind of clothing.

Very different, however—we ought to say directly opposite is the effect, in relation to man, which Dr. Smith attributes to the climate of Africa. Instead of changing wool into hair, it is, in this case, the conversion of hair into wool—the loose and open

locks of the European into the close and tangled nap of the African. It is, in reality, to furnish the head, not with a cooler, but, if there be any difference, with a warmer covering. For it is obvious, we think, that the hair of the white man admits air to the skin of the head, and suffers perspiration to escape from it, with more facility than that of the negro. But ventilation and perspiration are cooling processes; and hence the superior warmth as it would seem, of the covering attached to the head of the African.

The next agent which Dr. Smith represents as instrumental in imparting a frizzled form to the hair of the negro, is the intense heat of the climate of Africa. This burning temperature says, he, "not of the atmosphere only, but especially of the earth, in the dust of which young savages, regardless of decency, often roll themselves, will have its effect in increasing the close nap of the wool, for the same reason that a hair held near a flame will coil itself up, or the leaves of vegetables be rolled together under the direct rays of an intense sun."

In the most intemperate section of Africa, of which any account entitled to credit has fallen under our notice, the elevation of the mercury, when under the direct influence of the solar rays, never exceeds one hundred and forty degrees of Fahrenheit's thermometer. Its general average is by no means so high. To state it at one hundred and twenty degrees is an ample allowance. The human hair, however, even when separated from the head, in which case it is soon deprived of its native moisture, will sustain a degree of temperature greatly superior to either of these, without assuming a crisped appearance. We have ourselves frequently exposed it to an atmosphere heated to one hundred and sixty degrees, and produced in it no perceptible alteration. We are persuaded that many degrees more might have been added, without any material variation in the result.

When attached to the head, where it is regularly supplied with its oleagenous moisture, and where the principle of life can exert itself in its favour, the degree of heat which the human hair is capable of sustaining without alteration is almost incredible. In the celebrated experiments of Drs. Fordyce

and Blagden, recorded in the transactions of the Royal Society of London, it is known to have borne the action of two hundred and forty-four degrees of Fahrenheit; and in those of Du Hamel and Tilset, related in the Memoirs of the Academy of Sciences of Paris, it bore a temperature amounting to upwards of three hundred degrees. Yet in neither instance did it contract a frizzled appearance, nor suffer in its character, any perceptible change. With a knowledge of facts so decisive as these—for versed as he is in philosophical literature, we will not doubt their being perfectly familiar to him—we cannot withhold an expression of our surprize, that Dr. Smith should have attributed to the ordinary temperature of the African climate, a power of crisping the human hair. Were the heat of that climate doubled, and could man, under these circumstances continue to inhabit it, it would still be incapable of producing the effect.

In addition to the preceding we state it as a fact, which must be familiar to every well informed and impartial observer, that, instead of becoming thinner, shorter, and more frizzled, the European hair is rendered by the influence of a warm climate very perceptibly thicker, longer, and straighter. Thus the Spaniards and Italians possess longer, thicker, and straighter hair than the French, the French than the Germans, and the Germans than nations which are further to the north. The hair of the Spaniards and Portuguese is marked by a growth still more luxuriant beneath the fostering sun of South America. We challenge history to produce a single instance, in which, without an admixture of foreign blood, the European hair has become short and frizzled, merely by a removal into a tropical climate.

A *preternatural dryness* of the hair of the negro is a third source from which our author endeavours to derive its involuted form. "Whatever," says he, "be the nutriment of the hair, it would seem, by the strong and offensive smell of the African negro, to be combined in him with some gas or fluid of a very volatile and ardent nature. The evaporation of such a gas," continues he, "*rendering the surface dry, and disposed to contract, while the centre continues distended, tends necessarily to produce an involution of the hair.*"

It is once more the fortune of Dr. Smith and ourselves to have received very different impressions, and, therefore, to entertain different sentiments, in relation to a point which constitutes an object of external sense. Towards an ascertainment of the comparative dryness of the European and the African hair nothing is necessary but a careful examination—an accurate use of our fingers and eyes. From such an examination, it will, we think, appear to every one incontestibly obvious, that the doctor has fallen into another error, in point of fact, misled, we apprehend, by substituting conjecture in the place of observation. The surface of the African hair is not *rendered preternaturally dry* either by the evaporation of a volatile and ardent gas, or by any other process. It is no less moist and oily than the hair of the European. Although we will not assert that it is *more so*, we are by no means convinced that the assertion would be unfounded. From the supposed cause of change, then, under our consideration, our author derives no shadow of aid in his attempt to account for the involution of the African hair. We here, as on a former occasion, invite the public to examine for themselves, and will cheerfully abide the issue of their judgment. We moreover anticipate, with confidence, their concurrence with us in sentiment, that, for the reasons which have been stated, Dr. Smith has entirely failed to account for the peculiarity of the phenomenon in question.

In contemplating the varieties that mark the character of the human hair, we perceive, arising out of them, another objection to the hypothesis of our author, which does not appear to have attracted his notice. We allude to the difference which exists between the European hair and that of the aboriginal inhabitants of America. This objection, although it may, at first view, be regarded as of little importance, will, notwithstanding, appear the more difficult of refutation, in proportion as it is more closely and attentively considered. We venture to assert, that, when accurately examined, the hair of our Indian will be found to differ from that of the European no less essentially than the hair of the negro. Nor are we prepared to believe the difference explicable on the ground of any influence arising out of a diversity of climate, state of society, or manner of living. It

is impracticable for us, at present, to dwell on this phenomenon, and to present it to the reader in the full extent and force of the objection which it offers to the principles of our author. We do conceive, however, that it was entitled to some consideration, in a theory which professes to account for all the striking diversities in the appearance of man. In the hair of the American Indian, when examined with a microscope, there is discovered a peculiar flatness, nothing of which is perceptible in the hair of the European, and which is wholly inexplicable from any cause arising out of the condition of savage life.

(To be continued.)

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

### THOUGHTS OF A HERMIT.—NO. III.

The following paper, although of a character purely political, we admit, without hesitation, to a place in the Port Folio. It comes from the pen of a distinguished scholar and well read statesman, is free from all taint of party spirit, and relates to a national subject in which every American must feel a deep and lively interest. Of the correctness of some of the views of our correspondent we are by no means convinced: such however, is the importance of others, and the ingenuity of all, that we should deem ourselves culpable in withholding them from the public. We avail ourselves of the present opportunity to observe, that articles even on general politics shall appear but seldom in these pages; and that, to obtain a place at all, they must be written with ability and perfect moderation, and must relate to subjects of a national importment. On these conditions we perceive, at present, no objection to their occasional admission. Should our readers, however, think otherwise, we shall submit to their decision, and intermeddle no further in political concerns. ED.

#### ON THE FUTURE DESTINY OF THE UNITED STATES.

The rapid increase of our population and extension of our settlements, furnish a subject of speculation that is interesting

on account of their effects on the moral and political condition of the United States, and curious, because it presents a spectacle of which history affords no parallel.

As far as we are acquainted with the annals of human society in the old world, population, where it has increased at all, has always advanced by slow and imperceptible gradations: for being every where in proportion to the means of subsistence which are at first scanty and precarious, it is only when men have learnt to increase these means by industry, by frugality, and above all by the invention of useful arts, that their numbers are capable of augmentation.

But this progress of civilization has always been gradual and slow. The mass of mankind have neither the leisure nor capacity to devise improvement, and are moreover tenacious of the habits in which they have been trained. It is chiefly to the pressure of want and to accidental discoveries that men owe the arts which multiply and preserve the means of subsistence. Nothing can more plainly show how little is effectuated by ordinary minds than the tardy rate of improvement experienced by the two most ancient and universal of all arts, husbandry and cookery, compared with that degree of which they easily seem susceptible, and have occasionally attained.

Here however the case is very different. A people acquainted with all the useful arts of civilized life, are in possession of an immense continent, capable of supporting twenty or perhaps fifty times their present number; so that there is of course no other restriction except what their laws or manners impose to check their natural increase.

Judging from the three successive enumerations that have been taken, the population of the United States doubles in something less than twenty-four years. If however we suppose the period of doubling to be twenty-five years, our numbers will then be fifteen millions at the end of the first period; thirty millions, at the end of the second; sixty millions at the end of the third; and one hundred and twenty millions at the end of the fourth, that is in an hundred years. Nor will this immense population probably exceed sixty persons to a square mile, even if confined to the present limits of the United States.



It may perhaps be supposed by some that the rate of increase will gradually diminish, inasmuch as the old states will advance in population together with the new, and consequently will have reached the maximum, or at least approached it, long before our whole territory is peopled. But to this it may be replied, that as long as emigration from one part of the union to another is unrestrained, the human species will continue to multiply, nearly if not quite as fast in the earlier as in the more recent settlements. Thus although the population of Connecticut and Rhode-Island continues numerically the same, a comparison of the annual marriages with the annual births and deaths affords no reason to believe that the natural increase is less with them than in their sister states which have a thinner population, the latter operating as a continual drain commensurate with the continual supply. Thus too we find that the proportional increase in the whole United States from the year 1800 to 1810 the same as from 1790 to 1800.

Nor can the migrations from foreign countries, whose proportional effect on our numbers must evidently be less and less, materially affect this estimate: for supposing them to augment the population of the United States, 200000 in ten years, which is much more than they are computed to do at the office of the secretary of state, they do not abridge the period of doubling six months; so that if we were to be deprived of this accession altogether, this period would not be protracted to the assumed term of twenty five-years.

Such being the natural and uncontrollable progress of our population, let us survey some of its probable consequences on the moral and political condition of these states.

The most striking effect of such an increase of numbers is the vast accession it will bring to our strength and power. In less than another century these confederated republics will contain more than an hundred million of souls, diffused over a vast extent of surface, and on that account somewhat weaker than if the same number was more condensed, but still probably the most opulent and powerful empire on earth. We shall without doubt possess numerous large cities, embellished with the choicest productions of art; canals and roads in a style of magnificence pro-

portioned to their utility; seminaries of learning and other public establishments endowed and supported from the national treasury; a formidable navy; and a revenue which though comparatively light, will amount to some hundreds of millions.

But it is apprehended that long before we reach this point of national power and grandeur, a separation of the States will take place; that there does not exist in our political constitutions, bands sufficiently strong to hold together so vast a population so widely dispersed; but that by the operation of jarring interests, conflicting parties or the mere love of change, the political fabric we have reared, will be violently overthrown, or will fall to pieces by its own cumbrous weight.

These predictions of dismemberment are the more unwelcome as they not only blast our prospects of national greatness, but threaten destruction to all that is most dear to our affections, and most auspicious to our happiness. The consequences of disunion, if we regard the history of man in every country and age, will be, in natural succession, quarrels with one another—frequent wars—heavy taxes—standing armies—strong executives—and finally, the destruction of civil liberty. It surely behoves us to take a near examination of the subject, that if the event we deprecate be probable, we may be better able to retard the evil, perhaps avert it, and if it be not, that we may relieve ourselves from fears that are something worse than idle, since they may produce an improper bias in our public councils.

Those who predict a separation of the states, for the most part draw their arguments from the supposed wishes of the people west of the Allegany. They presume that so far removed from the seat of the federal government, and separated from the Atlantic states as much by commercial interests as they are by situation, they will withdraw from the confederacy whenever their more rapid growth shall give them a preponderance in the union; and establish a separate government, composed of districts similarly situated, and participating in the same domestic and foreign policy.

If indeed there were a permanent and irreconcilable contrariety of interests between the Atlantic and the western states, it

could scarcely be expected that they could be kept together by political ties of any sort; certainly not by the few imposed by our mild government whose great excellence it is to be strong in supporting the wishes of the governed, but to be feeble and inefficient in opposing them. But it is believed that while all the states have a direct and obvious interest in preserving the union, this is more emphatically true of the states lying west of the Allegany.

The Mississippi must ever be the chief channel by which the western people will carry on their commercial intercourse with other countries. Possessing large tracts of the most fertile soil in the temperate zones, they already produce a great surplus of provisions and the materials of manufacture, which would not bear the expense of transportation to the distant markets they are compelled to seek by any other conveyance. By the superior cheapness of water carriage these bulky commodities may be conveyed to the West Indies or even to Europe at less expense than the same articles can be carried from the interior of the large Atlantic states to the nearest sea-ports. If their import trade has not been altogether carried on by the same channel, it has not been owing to the difficulty of the ascending navigation, since, great as that difficulty is, the transportation up the river is cheaper than it is by land, but because the temporary superiority of market possessed by some of the Atlantic ports over New Orleans, has counterbalanced the greater expense of land carriage. There seems however, no reason to doubt, from recent experiments, that boats propelled by steam, which has proved to be the most effectual means of overcoming the force of the current, will in time become the sole vehicles of foreign merchandize to the western country.

Nor need it be apprehended that the importance of this navigation will be temporary. When in the lapse of time these fertile regions of the west are filled with the crowded population they are able to support, and the surplus millions who cannot find employment in husbandry, seek subsistence by manufactures, the traffic carried on by the Mississippi will be still more active and extensive than it now is. Though their exports may then be manufactures instead of the raw materials, as at present, yet

the comparative diminution in bulk will be overbalanced by the quantity naturally arising from that vast augmentation of numbers which the existence of manufactories supposes. A canal in England is probably the vehicle of more traffic, in quantity as well as value, than one of the same extent in the United States; and of still more in China than in England. As long therefore as the people of the western country shall continue to have a relish for commodities which are not produced at home, or which are produced better or cheaper abroad, so long will the navigation of the Mississippi be of primary importance to them.

But to the secure enjoyment of this navigation, the protection of a navy is indispensable. Without that means of defence, it would always be in the power of the feeblest maritime nation of Europe, by stationing a small naval force at the mouths of the river, to put an entire stop to its foreign commerce.

The western states however are incapable of furnishing this species of armament. They may indeed build and equip vessels of war; but the seamen, the life and soul of their efficacy, they never can supply. Before men can acquire that hardiness of character and nautical skill necessary for the successful management of a navy, they must have been innured by habit to the perils and toils of a sea-faring life; and no other than a maritime people can furnish a sufficiency of such men. There never yet has existed a military marine that did not have a commercial marine to support it: and experience shows that the excellence of the one has generally been in proportion to the extent of the other. The Carthaginians, the Athenians, the Venetians, the Genoese, the Dutch, the English, and lastly their descendants on this continent have been successively distinguished for their military skill at sea as well as for their commercial enterprize.

But the people of the western states can never acquire a maritime character. Their merchants may be engaged in an active and extensive foreign commerce, though that is scarcely probable, but the sailors by which it will be carried on must be drawn from other countries. Even if we could suppose that their own citizens, lured by the hope of gain or the spirit of adventure, would occasionally embark in the ships they may build whilst they have a superabundance of timber, and gradually be-

come mariners, they would soon expatriate themselves, and seek new homes in countries more congenial to their occupation. No class of men, indeed, so readily change their residence and allegiance as the sailor, "whose home is on the deep," and whose chief delight it is to be alternately at sea or on shore, without much regarding whether the scene of his coarse pleasures be in this port or that.

But the greater part of the Atlantic states must always have a commercial and a maritime character. Their citizens are already maritime and commercial beyond any people on earth, in proportion to their population. Indeed the amount of their tonnage and the number of their seamen was lately second only to those of Great Britain. The multitude of their navigable rivers, their safe and accessible harbours, the freedom of their commerce from vexatious regulation and restraint, and that spirit of enterprise which distinguishes republican America, all concur to encourage and extend their navigation and trade. Under their united influence we find the merchant of the maritime states pushing his fortunes on every coast, in every quarter of the habitable globe. Besides being familiar with every port in Europe, from the shores of the Baltic to those of the Mediterranean, his ships have carried on an extensive traffic with China, India, and the numerous islands in the Indian ocean. They have even explored the whole inhospitable Western coast of this continent, from the Falkland Islands to Kamtschatka; in short, whatever part of the earth is accessible in ships, there the flag of the United States waves in testimony of American activity and enterprise. Without doubt, the same causes which have hitherto so surprisingly extended the navigation of the Atlantic states, will perpetuate and augment it. Possessing this ample fund for sailors, the chief constituent of naval strength, it will be in the power of these states, whenever their resources are called into action, to provide a navy sufficient for the defence of their coasts from maritime aggression, and for that naval protection to the foreign commerce of the Western states, which their own inland situation cannot afford. It is then for the latter, to determine whether they will owe the secure enjoyment of their commerce, which gives life and activity to every other, to a fo-

reign ally, or to a nation, of which they form a large component part, and over whose councils they have a great and increasing influence.

Between these alternatives, there is not much room for hesitation. If they should rely on a foreign power for protection, they must compensate that power, by some adequate commercial or political advantages. In some form or other the price must be paid. They would be the weaker party in the compact, since their ally would stake only his commerce with one nation, while they would stake their commerce with all: availing himself then of this advantage, he would in time rest satisfied with nothing short of a monopoly of their trade. If their ally had not a maritime ascendancy, he could not afford them complete protection; and though he had, they must suffer more or less by the wars in which he would be involved. Besides this same maritime ascendancy may change hands: and the achievements of our little navy, combined with our altered views of policy, afford a sure presage that Great Britain will one day surrender her power at sea, to the nation with whom that power has been most abused.

On the other hand, the Atlantic states, which, in case of dismemberment, would be the most dangerous enemies to the Mississippi states, would, if the union continue, be their most powerful auxiliaries and friends. They would possess naval protection without the surrender of any portion of their independence, and by their greater weight in the federal government, might control and direct it at pleasure. Indeed, if we suppose that the American navy will, hereafter, obtain the mastery in these seas, as it assuredly will, the fair way for the western people to view the question, is, whether they would prefer union with the trade of the Mississippi to a separation without it.

Nor will the preceding argument, be at all affected by supposing that their trade may also find vents, by means of the Lakes and the St. Lawrence on the one hand, and by those canals which will one day connect the eastern and the western waters on the other; since they can hold the navigation of the St. Lawrence, by no more certain tenure than that of the Mississippi: and a considerable inland navigation, would manifestly

tend to bind the several parts of the confederacy more closely together.

But there is another consideration of prudence which would be sufficient to counteract with a majority of the western people, any wish for a severance of the union, which the folly or depravity of a few may dictate. If the states, west of the Alleghany should separate from the states east, it is not probable, that the former would long remain united. Whatever had been the arguments in favour of a first dismemberment, the same would be urged with equal force, in favour of a further subdivision. The difference of habits, manners and circumstances, among the different sections of the new Western confederacy, would be as great then, as any which now exist between the Atlantic and Western states. A part would comprehend slave states, a part, not of one section the staple commodities would be sugar, cotton, &c. of another, breadstuffs, cattle, &c. This division would carry on foreign commerce, and that have only internal traffic. The local jealousies and collisions, which may arise from these points of difference, would be industriously fomented by the arts and intrigues of contiguous states, who would feel an immediate interest in weakening the force of a powerful neighbour. Besides, the horror of dismemberment would gradually abate after the first shock; *ce'est le premier pas qui coute*. And a further division would be the more easy, because some of the predicted evils, not being immediately felt, would appear to be chimerical.

Supposing the western confederacy, thus broken up into separate fragments, as far as private ambition, under its old pretext of the public good could effect, what would be the natural consequences? The Mediterranean districts would be still further cramped in their commerce than before: they would not only be indirectly affected by the wars and blockades of maritime powers, but be immediately liable to the vexations of those states which commanded the banks of the Mississippi below. Their commerce, since it can flourish only in proportion as it is free, would languish and decay. At any rate the Mississippi, as long as it continued the common highway of their trade, would prove the source of endless disputes and contentions. Thus

exposed to war and its adverse vicissitudes, it is not probable they would all long retain their independence and integrity. In these struggles for self-preservation or superiority, to whomsoever the chance of war might give the mastery over the others, its power, concentrated in one hand would sooner or later be turned against itself, and reduce the conquerors themselves to subjection.

From these considerations which have already presented themselves to the reflecting part of our fellow citizens, in the western states, and which time will ripen into maxims, there seems to be no solid ground for a very prevalent opinion, that those states will be the first to seek a dismemberment. On the contrary there might be some reason to fear that the Atlantic states, hereafter impatient of the political ascendancy of their western brethren, may seek to withdraw themselves from the confederacy, if their evident power to annoy the trade of the others in war, and to protect it in peace, did not promise to form a political counterpoise to the weight of the western population.

But when it is further considered, that a dissolution of the union will expose us to war, with its long train of certain evils and probable dangers—will arrest us in our career to national greatness—will impair if not destroy our civil liberties—and that these fatal consequences will be clearly seen and deeply felt, by every member of the confederacy, whether Northern or Southern, Atlantic or Western, we may confidently trust that the political structure we have reared, will be as solid and durable as it is beautiful and grand. Or if in a remote futurity it is destined to perish, it will owe its fall to causes and events which the sagacity of man cannot now foresee, nor his prudence control.

The preceding arguments have regarded only the present limits of the United States. But the result seems, not to be materially affected by supposing that their population and government, will be continually extending, until their progress is arrested by the limits of Mexico to the south, and the Pacific to the west, except that the objections urged against dismemberment do not apply with much force to the country lying on the rivers of the Pacific. And if the Rocky mountains should form



a natural barrier, traversing the continent like the Alleghany, a separate nation on either side of it, would be out of the reach of each other's hostility. But, in any event, no supposable extent of the American republic, furnishes any weighty argument against the continuance of the union. It is not easy to set bounds to the extension of a confederated empire, the power of whose government is limited to its concerns with foreign nations, leaving the several distinct republics which compose it, to make and administer their own municipal laws, and to discharge all those functions which come into immediate contact with the citizen. The time may arrive when the power of the general government will be seen chiefly in acts of splendid beneficence, such as canals, roads, and public institutions, whose utility is not confined to particular states, and when its aggregate strength and resources will be formidable, only to foreign hostility or domestic treason. The Roman empire, when at its height, stretched to a greater length, east and west, than from the Atlantic to the Pacific, by nearly one thousand miles. The Russian empire at this day is probably more extensive than the United States, and the unappropriated country west of it.

These remarks are made, because it can scarcely be doubted that our settlements will continue to advance westward, so long as vacant land can be procured in the neighbourhood of that, on which cultivation has already stamped a value. Probably, before a century has elapsed and the anglo-American population amounts to one hundred millions, it will have traversed the whole continent.

Supposing then, that we remain an undivided people let us resume the consideration of some of the prominent consequences, likely to arise from our future growth and diffusion. Such anticipations are not only interesting, but may also be not without their use in aiding us to adapt our present policy to our future circumstances.

Whenever the vast tract of fertile country, lying on the Mississippi and its waters shall be covered with some part of that dense population, it is one day destined to support, the preponderance of numbers in the national legislature being west of the Alleghany, on all local questions, the wishes of that part of the

union may be expected to prevail. There will probably occur no subject, on which the feelings of the different states will be so entirely local, as the seat of the federal government. In a commercial view the question is insignificant; it is of some moment on the score of political influence; but it is to the circumstance of its gratifying state pride that it owes its chief importance. We find that, by the operation of these local feelings, as population in several of the states has advanced westwardly, and the former seat of government has ceased to be central, it has been changed by the increased weight of the western section. It has thus been transferred from New-York to Albany, from Philadelphia to Lancaster, from Williamsburg to Richmond, and from Charleston to Columbia. Nor can it be believed, that the removal of the seat of the general government will be deemed of less importance by the several states, than that of a state government has been deemed by its several counties. The greater dignity and importance of the functions exercised by the national government—the long train of officers and their dependents attached to its various departments—its vast patronage—and the collection and distribution of such a revenue as will be at its disposal, at the period supposed, will present a splendid and imposing object to the imaginations of all men. In the same way then, as the state capitals have changed with the changing centres of population, so will the capital of the union be removed, whenever such removal shall gratify and accommodate the greater number. Should the change not take place before the country west of the Mississippi becomes tolerably well peopled, the site will probably be some favourable spot in the neighbourhood of that river. Nor does it seem probable that it will take place before, both because the tendency of our population to diffuse itself, is so great as to push our settlements to the Pacific, before the western states will outweigh the Atlantic; and because the want of a favourable site midway, between the Atlantic and the Mississippi, would be a weighty impediment to an earlier removal. This central position is to be found in the western part of some one of the middle states, where the country is mountainous, the soil frequently unfit for cultivation, and the climate rigorous. These solid

objections, aided by the incessant and very operative influence of the established metropolis, will be sufficient to postpone the removal a long time. But whenever the active and extensive commerce, which will one day be carried on upon the Mississippi, has created large cities on its margin, some one of them by means of its influence and its intrinsic recommendations, concentrating the wishes of the western citizens in its favour, will become the new seat of government, somewhat sooner perhaps, than it will be the centre of population.

After a general settlement of this whole continent, or at least of its temperate regions, has checked the tide of emigration from the more populous states, as that fertile tract of country, comprehending Ohio, Kentucky, West Tennessee, and some other districts, acquires the very dense population it can support, it must gradually become the seat of extensive manufactures: for in no other way can the large redundancy of hands, beyond what are necessary to cultivate the soil, or are likely to hold it, find employment and subsistence. When one man can provide sustenance for twenty, as is easily done in those fruitful regions, and a large part of the remaining nineteen are without land, as will hereafter be the case; they can procure a livelihood only by exchanging the products of their labour for the surplus provisions of the landholder. This is the origin of manufactures, which are in proportion to the density of population; which again is in proportion to the fertility of the soil. The time then will come, when instead of the Atlantic states receiving horses and live stock from the western country, where there is a surplus of food at present, they will import their muslins, cambrics, and other fine manufactures, by which alone their large future surplus of labour can find occupation. The fertile district before-mentioned, will be the Flanders of the United States, and like them, be covered with populous cities, and be the seat of wealth, of luxury, and of arts more or less liberal, according to circumstances that time only can develop.

One of the most striking facts, presented to the imagination by the future increase of our numbers, is the extensive diffusion it will give to the English language. This will be the mother tongue, in less than two centuries, of more than half the

number of people probably now living in the whole world! How glorious a prize does it offer to the candidate for literary fame, both in this country and in England, that his writings, if they reach posterity, will be read and understood by the hundreds of millions with which this continent will one day teem! The plaudits of any single nation now existing, sink into insignificance compared with those which hereafter await the successful cultivator of English literature. How much should it stimulate the writers of the present day, to earn by the substantial merit of their productions, such unexampled celebrity. Alas! this can be the lot of but few. The best written works of imagination may hope to live with posterity, for the sources of pleasure must ever be the same, but he who labours to instruct mankind, when he has done his office must be laid aside and be forgotten. From our progressive improvement in knowledge and science, he who is thought wise in this age, will not be thought so in the next. His truths, now deemed oracular, will by and by be regarded as common sense; and as he has pushed away those who preceded him, he must in turn give place to newer and better teachers of wisdom—singularly fortunate if he can be remembered, he cannot hope to be read.

But the important effects of our increased population, will not be confined to this continent. They will be felt by all Europe and particularly by Great Britain. As long as there remains vacant soil to be tilled, the mass of our citizens will be occupied in the pursuits of agriculture. Manufactures may no doubt continue to advance and improve, but while labour remains comparatively dear and land cheap, they can enter into but a partial competition with the European manufacturer, which will therefore supply a large part of our increasing demand. The same relation which exists between a town and the neighbouring country, must continue to exist between Europe and North America. The former is as a town to the latter. It gives its manufactured articles in exchange for raw materials—clothing for food. Mr. Gallatin, in one of his early reports as secretary of the treasury, seems not enough to have regarded this relation between the United States and Europe, as in estimating the future amount of duties he does not reckon on a con-

tinual increase; but incorrectly limiting the amount of our imports by the amount of our exports, he considers the latter as stationary, because he presumes the foreign demand, by which they are regulated, not likely to increase. But so long as we have an increased demand for the manufactures of Europe, so long will they have an increased demand for provisions to feed the augmented number of manufacturers. As therefore, our settlements extend, so also must their population: and it has been principally owing to our own rapid growth, that the population of Great Britain, which before the independence of these states was never reckoned at more than nine or ten millions, should have now risen to eleven or twelve. Indeed, as the manufactures of Great Britain are preferred by us, partly by the force of habit, but principally by their intrinsic excellence, she will experience more of this sympathetic growth than any other part of Europe: and before the cause ceases, her population may be swelled to double the present amount, certainly to a number far beyond the ability of her own soil to support.

But when in process of time our augmented population shall be more able to supply us with manufactures, and to consume the surplus productions of our agriculture, then the number of our foreign manufacturers, no longer able to obtain food from abroad in exchange for the products of their labour, must decrease, and feel in its full force all the mischief of an excessive population.

Without doubt as the evil will approach by slow gradations, time by gradually diminishing the numbers, may bring the remedy. But when once a powerful nation begins to decline in opulence and strength, who can set bounds to its downward course? or say, whether it will merely resume its former station, before its power had received a factitious increase—or by a decay in the emulation and spirit of its people, it may sink a degree lower—or finally, by the continued operation of the same moral languor, it may reach the lowest point of national degradation? Perhaps it is unalterably decreed that communities like individuals, should have not only their periods of infancy and manhood, but also of old age and dissolution; and in the same way as those countries of the western part of Asia, which were

once flourishing and populous, have now become the abode of poverty and sloth, so may the opulent and powerful nations of Europe experience a similar reverse, and looking towards the new world, see the setting sun of their prosperity, illuminating in meridian splendour, their rising progeny in the west. Should this melancholy issue be thought probable, it is not a little curious that those nations should bend all their efforts to accelerate the period of their downfall, by acquiring an extent of population beyond what their own soil can support.

It would exceed the just limits of this essay to pursue the subject farther. Did they permit it would be easy to point out other important effects of the future growth and extension of our empire. A communication between the Atlantic and Pacific, which Baron Humboldt has shown to be practicable, perhaps at more points than one, and by which, not only the intercourse between the opposite coasts of this continent would be greatly facilitated, but the voyage to China and India be shortened several thousand miles—a communication between the waters of the Mississippi and those of the Atlantic. The commercial and maritime character of the future inhabitants of the country, bordering on the great western lakes—Our long and bloody contests for naval ascendancy in these seas—our advancement in science, literature, and the arts. These great events, in our future history, though morally certain themselves, afford vast scope to the imagination, as to mode and circumstances; and they may well detain us awhile from the more certain retrospects of the past, and the more interesting views of the present, since it cannot but animate our hopes as well as guide our steps, to keep a steady eye on the splendid goal we are one day destined to reach.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

## PHILADELPHIA UNROOFED.

*A story in imitation of Le Sage's "Diable Boiteux."*

"No leaven'd malice

Infects one comma in the course I hold."

FREDERICK SELSER was born in the neighbourhood of Carlisle, in the state of Pennsylvania. His mother was a sensible lady of European birth. She taught her son at an early period such things as his youthful mind could profit by, particularly the rudiments of the French language;—a language which she spoke fluently herself, having learnt it in a convent near Strasbourg. Her husband, Mr. Selser, was of German descent, and conversed very much in the language of his fathers; so that young Frederick, who was put at ten years old to an English grammar school, entered Dickenson college at the usual period, with a very tolerable knowledge of the French, German, and English tongues.

He passed four years at that seminary, where he completed his collegian studies, much to the satisfaction of his tutors, and when he left it, carried with him the love and good wishes of all who knew him. Frederick had attended to what is called the polite as well as solid parts of education, for which indeed he was eminently fitted by nature. An open heart, a buoyant spirit, an improved mind, a handsome person, and accomplished manners, gave him an air of distinction in the eyes of every one. His parents received him with delight. They gazed upon his fine form, his noble and ingenuous countenance, watched his graceful movements, and felt their bosoms warmed by that bliss, which a fond parent only knows, who contemplates the virtues of a deserving child.

Much as they loved their boy, they did not keep him long in idleness at home. After a few months repose, Mr. Selser sent for Frederick one morning, and spoke to him thus: "My dear son, you are now nineteen years old, and it is fit that you set about those studies which belong to the profession you are designed for. The law is the one you have chosen, and it is per-

haps the most honourable your country affords: it is sufficiently lucrative, if properly applied to, for all the purposes of a genteel maintenance, and what is of more importance in a country governed as this is, it has heretofore been the road to preferment in the state. Whether you practice it eventually or not I mean to give you the advantage of reading it with one of the most eminent barristers in America, for which purpose I have prepared a letter with the accustomed fee, for my friend counsellor Rüdolph of Philadelphia: and that you may lose no time in preparing for your departure, I have written some pages of advice, which my experience, as well as my parental love, induce me to give, but which I shall not detain you with now. The stage will take you to Harrisburg to-morrow afternoon: Go bid adieu to your friends, pack up your trunk, and prepare yourself for your journey."

Young Frederick accustomed to obey, and pleased with the prospect of seeing Philadelphia, received the letter with the admittance fee, and tenderly thanking his father, set about the necessary arrangements for the next day.

I will not stop to describe the tears of his excellent mother, or the farewell scene with the rest of the family; for it is neither my business, nor my inclination to write the memoirs of this amiable youth, but simply the history of a few days of his life. These indeed were full of incident, and will alone fill my limits; for which reason I shall make no stay on the road, but bring our hero on the night of the second day after leaving Carlisle, to the Spread-Eagle tavern in Market street, where the stage stopt, and where he intended to repose himself until the next morning, for being in a travelling dress, he did not chose to deliver his letter that evening.

After he had refreshed himself with what the house afforded, he walked to the street door, and seeing that the night was remarkably mild for the season, (it being the last week in November) with a clear sky, lighted by a full moon, he ventured abroad alone, never doubting but he could find his lodgings again; and to aid himself, in case he should get bewildered in the streets, he took the name and number of the inn.



Frederick turned up the first street, and rambled for more than an hour in the north part of the town, until he was insensibly led to its extreme outskirts. He stopt. A solitary building stood opposite to him. He raised his eyes, and saw the mild beams of the moon reflect their silver lustre upon it. There was nothing remarkable in the edifice; but young Selser had become pensive: his mind had wandered to his dear home: his mother's image occupied his thoughts: his heart was full. The building before him had somewhat the appearance of a place of worship. His eyes, filled with tears, were fixed upon it. He continued to gaze in vacant stare amid the universal silence of that part of the town, when a voice within the house roused him from his trance. Its tones were piteous and Frederick approached.—The doors were locked:—he listened:—A man seemed to call for assistance. He held his breath and placed his ear to the key-hole; “Deliver me,” cried the voice, “deliver me; I am fastened in; give me your help, good passenger, and restore me to liberty.”

The student's heart was compassionate; he placed his mouth to the key-hole: “who are you,” asked he, “and wherefore are you detained here?” “come a little nearer,” replied the voice, “and I will tell you.” “That's impossible,” rejoined young Selser, “for I cannot force the doors.” “Walk round to the south,” cried the voice, “and you will find a low window just on the left of the stove-pipe: this you can reach and open.”

Ever ready to aid the distressed, our student did not suffer reflection to cool the impulses of humanity; so going round to the place described by the voice, he ascended the window, and entered the church. The moon gave sufficient light to show him distinctly the principal objects within. He had scarcely taken a cursory glance at the rude interior of the building, when the voice thus called upon the youthful champion. “Approach, sweet sir, approach the desk, and underneath you will find a small door: this door is bolted on the outside, and in the key-hole is a written paper sealed and folded; draw forth this paper and read it aloud.” Frederick sought for the desk, and seeing the paper, extended his hand to seize it. He hesitated. “What harm can there be in perusing a paper so publickly exposed?”

(he asked himself,) and taking up the seal which hung at one of the corners, perceived that it was covered with fantastic figures. It was a mere appendage to the note: he drew the seal to him and the note followed. Frederick stepped with it to one of the windows, that he might get the full light of the moon, when unfolding it he read these lines: "Remain, Satan, within this prison; I have wrestled with thee, conquered thee, and by this spell do confine thee; for thou hast been this day, a special enemy to me and my flock."

Scarcely had the student read this paper, which was concluded with occult signs and caballistick characters, when casting his eye towards the hole from whence he had drawn it, he beheld a dark vapour issue forth, and drive in a compact body to the spot he stood on. His first thought was that the church had caught fire, but before he could move to ascertain his fears, the vapour condensed itself into a human form. Struck with amazement, the bold heart of Frederick had nearly yielded to fear. The figure before him had a high forehead, a long curvated nose, reaching in the shape of a parrot's bill to the surface of the upper lip; his mouth was hid by a bristly beard, and his fiery eyes darted through their little orbs an expression of malice rather than fury: two crooked horns rose out of his temples and penetrated a cap of crimson velvet; a cloak of the same colour covered his dwarfish stature, which did not exceed three feet in height: on it was caricatured the crimes and follies of men, all neatly delineated in golden figures. At one glance the turbaned Mahomedan, the bald Chinese, the cropt European and the painted Indian, might be seen in the execution of some ludicrous or depraved act, peculiar to each people: a short but stiff tail projected from behind, and a small cleft divided his left foot.

No wonder such a figure should startle our young student. The solemn hour of night, the awful silence around, the strange and unknown spot to which he had wandered, and above all, the diabolick apparition then standing before him, tempted him to seek safety in flight. He sprang over some loose benches for that purpose, and had nearly reached the window at which he entered, when the same voice which had before awakened his pity, called him by his name, and in soothing words entreated

him to stay. His conscious innocence, his courage, his curiosity all combined to detain him. He stopt and turned again to the figure, who addressed him thus:

"Frederick Selser, repress your fears for I am your friend. Start not at hearing me repeat your name. All things and all persons are known to me. I am Asmodia, the demon of love, and my figure as you may observe, is the very counterpart of Cupid's. This dress you see me in, is my infernal court-dress. I am not, I honestly tell you, of the first rank in the lower regions, but am nevertheless what you call on earth a man of condition—of quality, and may be classed, by a comparison of small things with great, somewhere among your members of congress—or an English knight—or a French chevalier." As he spoke he approached young Selser, who retreated a few steps in great trepidation, till reaching the wall, he took off his hat and bowed profoundly. "Who ever you are," said he, extremely agitated, "I pray you to permit me to withdraw. A stranger here, I have perhaps"—"No, interrupted the little figure, you must not withdraw until you hear me further. I will soon convince you of my friendship and of my power to serve you. But let me first tell you a little more about myself; for although I know it is not thought a mark of polite breeding to talk too much of oneself, yet without forfeiting the character of a polished and I may add of a handsome man—ha—don't you think this dapper figure will pass very well?—without then endangering my reputation of a finished gentleman, I can ask your patience, I hope, to hear a few more words of myself.

"To the great spirits below, the charge of war, politics, and irreligion is left: thus Beelzebub has the first, Belial the second, and Moloch rules the last, while mighty Satan superintends the whole, having a host of minor sprites to watch each passion of the human breast. My province is that of love, and an imp of love, you may well suppose, must have a heart; and mine, though prone to mischief is not unsusceptible of gratitude. You have rendered me a great service, and it deserves a great requital: I am both able and willing to pay this debt. There comes to this house a noisy conjurer, by whose incantations the people are distracted. Some after listening to him howl like a wolf; others

dance, gesticulate, and fall convulsed. These scenes of frantic disorder are favourable to my vocation. He assembles his hearers in the evening, and then my votaries attend in numbers. Here each night I dart my soft glances from gallery to gallery, and from bench to bench, until my disciples, "wake and warm the throbbing pulse," when I leave them to pursue my accustomed round. But early this evening, I found myself unusually elated at the number and ardour of my subjects, and overstepping the bounds of prudence, ventured to assume a new character, and in attempting to tease the clamorous conjurer, forgot how much I was in his power. I first turned myself into a drunken sailor, and reeling with insolent gestures to the foot of his desk, reviled him in the language of a jack-tar: this disturbed, but did not discourage him. Next in the shape of a boy I gathered others round me and threw stones at his windows; then suddenly transforming myself into a drummer, I perched upon the upper benches, and beat the drum with fury, until I put the whole assembly into utter confusion. This was venturing too far, and when I saw the conjurer leave his desk to seize me, I felt myself already vanquished by his necromancy: for lost in rapture at the uproar I had occasioned, I carelessly permitted him to throw his net around me, and knowing that resistance was vain, quietly yielded to his incantation. His mystic art dissolved my form, and drove me an unsubstantial cloud of smog, into the recess from whence you delivered me. The spell he put upon me was that which you withdrew.—To you I am indebted for my liberty: without your aid I might have been a long time confined, and my neat little figure deprived of its agency.

" — in some shallow story of deep love."

The good humour with which the imp related his adventure allayed the fear of the student, who having recovered sufficient composure to speak, said, "sir Asmodia, I have done, no doubt to society in general, and especially to this city, an irreparable injury by freeing you from bondage, and notwithstanding my good intentions, I shall myself, perhaps, be the first victim of your craft."

"Perhaps not, replied the demon; you shall rather feel the favour of my protection. The tutorage of an imp shall in rapid lessons give you to distinguish, with the intellect of age and experience, between good and bad: and in the course of a few hours I will open to you the hearts of men as you would unfold a book, and teach you what to shun and what to copy. I will give to your mind an useful precocity, by throwing at once before you, those objects that can no where else be seen but in succession; I will show to you the hidden miseries and the rising beauties of this great town; and under my guidance, invisible and attentive, you shall contemplate the virtues and vices of society: you shall learn from the examples I will exhibit, how to copy the good and shun the wicked: you shall penetrate into the chambers of profligacy; into the pompous and lowly habitations of folly; behind the curtain of hypocrisy, and into the very strong box of avarice: you shall be taught by striking, varied and impressive lessons, the golden precepts of experience. In a day or two delivered again to yourself, you shall know men as they are, and not as they seem; and warned by this knowledge, you shall turn aside from those gulfs which swallow up so many of your age, and travel on a road decorated with as many flowers and as few thorns as is consistent with the lot of man. Have you courage to commit yourself to my care?"

"Asmodia, said Frederick, if that experience, of which you think I stand so much in need has not taught me the danger of trusting to the lessons of a devil, the admonitions of my parents, of my books, and of my religion forbid it."

"Try me, said the demon, I am now going my rounds, and offer to lay by my accustomed business, to introduce you to many places where you can never gain admittance. This is a precious moment, which can never return. If you accompany me, in a few hours you will be prepared to take up your abode with your father's friend, Mr. Rudolph, perfectly informed of the moving incidents of the town. What a proud sensation will play about your heart, when you see that gentleman and his family lost in wonder at their young country inmate's acquaintance with the public and secret events of society, and instead of an awkward youth, raw in his remarks, and clownish in his address,

they shall perceive a man of polished manners and judicious observation: in a word, more fit to give than to receive instruction."

"The temptation is great," said Frederick, "but still it is a devil who tempts."——

"Recollect the service done me," interrupted Asmodia; "It was highly important: I am grateful and wish to prove it. I promise you safety; I promise to curb the malevolence of my nature; in short to return you to the society of men, confirmed in your present innocence, and fortified against future temptation."

"My heart, replied young Selser, is full of desire to see and learn the things you speak of. Such an opportunity, indeed, can never return. Experience is acquired by hazard, as wisdom by adversity. Useful reflection for my future life may grow out of an act that seems devoid of thought. Asmodia, I will trust myself with you, if you engage to release me when I ask it."

"I do most willingly," cried the imp. Then approaching the student, he took the paper from his hand, and replaced it in the key-hole—"Now" continued he, I am at your service, "and it is high time we were gone. The watchman cries ten, and the company I mean to introduce you to will soon disperse. I can make you a snug seat with my tail, and I am impatient to show you how comfortably and how rapidly we devils travel; placed behind you shall loll as much at your ease as in a glass coach, and outstrip the telegraph in swiftness." So saying he glanced his little fiery eye-balls at the student, and curling his tail into the form of a Spanish saddle, took him up and placed him on it; then making three or four turns round the room, flew through the open window, and cleft the air like a dart.

This evolution, so sudden, so new, so fleet, delighted the courageous and enterprising Frederick. The demon now towered with an eagle's flight, now floated on the ærial tide, slowly surveying the dark mass of bricks below, till having given full confidence to his companion, he placed him gently upon the lofty roof of the theatre in Chesnut-street.

"I have brought you hither," said Asmodia, "to take a hasty view of the company now assembled in this splendid hall. You shall see my diabolic art dispel the clouds of night, and of-

fer to your eyes with the brightness of day, not only the scenes beneath us, but those of every part of the town into which I shall carry you. The movements, the thoughts, the words, the dreams of all about you, shall be explained and revealed to you: with this view I shall strip the roofs from the houses, with as much ease as an American smoker uncovers his segar box, or a French lady her *bonbonniere*." So saying he stretched forth his hand, and in an instant the whole neighbourhood lay exposed to his astonished eyes.

This exhibition drew forth many exclamations of admiration from the young stranger, and gave an additional zest to his curiosity.

"As I have not brought you here, said the demon, to satisfy idle and inquisitive questions alone, I invite you to examine with attention the various objects that are about to pass in review before you. I shall point out those by which you may profit, and will myself lead you to useful inquiries. You smile at hearing a devil volunteer lectures upon morality; but if peradventure I should illustrate by examples, the fine things taught you in your course of ethicks, you may chance to find in me a more profitable professor than the dull theoretic teachers of your schools."

After the sudden glare had passed away, which had for a moment deprived young Frederick of sight by its dazzling brilliancy, and when his surprise had somewhat subsided, the demon thus resumed: "In this theatre you oft-times see that eccentric display of genius, which rejects with scorn your tame and rigid rules; unconfined, it overleaps time, space, and probability: it places the actor of the drama one hour in Europe, and the next in Asia, so that if it happen that the hero of the piece has a mistress in Bengal, the scene changes from Bond-street in Westminster, to a latticed arbour on the banks of the Ganges. You shall behold the incidents of three generations in three short hours, and whilst an auditor refreshes himself in the coffee-room, a child shall grow from his cradle to manhood: a whistle from the scene-shifter, transports you from the seraglio of a Turkish sultan, to the quarter-deck of a British man of war; for

- 'Tis nothing, when a fancied scene's in view,  
To skip from Covent-garden to Peru.'

Such are the aberrations of the English drama from the grand fundamental beauties of fiction; from that unity of time, place and action, without which taste is outraged, and the fancy neither amused nor beguiled. A few native productions have aimed at more correctness; and were they received with indulgence, you might rear from the labours of your own sons, fruit of indigenous growth, certainly superior in flavour, taste, and beauty, to the insipid productions so often exhibited of late: but this is hopeless."

"To you," continued Asmodia, "this place is wholly new."

"Wholly so, indeed!" exclaimed the astonished student.

"Well then" resumed the demon, "we will look one moment at the stage before we examine the gay and smiling audience. Cast your eye towards that dressing room; you see just on the left, two females attiring themselves for dancing." "God help me," cried Frederick, "one of them shakes her fist at the other! see, she threatens to kick her! can ladies so soft—so beautiful, and delicate to the eye, express their anger by such coarse gestures! or rather can they feel anger at all?" "Feel! to be sure they can," replied the knight, "and you may thank me for having spared you the sound of their voices upon this occasion: they will make friends by and by upon the stage, for they must personate two tender nymphs, and smile, entwine and look the sweetest love. These little masks are common in every family. Look at that young fellow squabbling with a man who holds a pen in his hand. He is upon the point of being fined one dollar for having spoken to the manager with his hat on his head; this is contrary to the rules of the green-room, and the clerk is going to charge him on the mulct-book. He insists, however, upon having touched his hat gracefully and respectfully, although he did not raise it wholly off his head: but he will have to pay his fine.

It is a pity the by-law did not reach from this house of mimicry, to the great American community. A little more civility; a little more use of the hat might wear down a few asperities yet remaining upon your rough republican surface. But silence; all is in motion, and in a moment the act will begin.—Hark! the manager is wrangling with that slim girl in the corner: and well



he may, for she was just stepping on to the stage without her bolsters; 'those rags contrived to prop' her stomach, hips and chest. Ha! here comes the Roscius of these boards, disguised in wine as well as dress.—See—see how he struts! All make room for him. The whistle sounds and the curtain rises. Hey! what thundering applause!"

"And what is the meaning of all this," asked the scholar? "he has not opened his lips yet."

"It is a silly compliment," said the imp, "paid to the bow of a favourite coxcomb. Hush, now he speaks. Observe that long pause, and see how gracefully his right hand sustains his bent head. You think perhaps that he is in deep meditation. His gazing auditors, with open mouth are waiting for his next flourish; but he, 'whose drunken feelings have no awkward look,' is turning an ear to the prompter: his half studied part evaporates with the fumes of"——

"How, cried the student, not know his lesson! what an excess of impertinence! I could hiss the puppy myself."

"Poh," said Asmodia, "wherefore hiss him. He beguiles away their idle time speechless or speaking, and only cheats them by the rules of art. These boards are often trodden for hours together by silent actors; the histrian places his hand upon his heart, casts his eyes upwards, smiles, frowns, walks, runs, but never opes his lips; and yet the best houses are gathered to see this pantomimic buffoonery."

"Ah, ha," exclaimed the student, "I see two beautiful young girls in tears! bless me, they sob aloud! and behold, the two in front have fans before their eyes! what a pity it is I did not hear the whole of this fable: surely it must be delightful to have ones sensibility thus awakened."

"I'll show you real distress by and by," said the demon, "at which your sympathies may exercise themselves in earnest. This scenic mockery draws a few tears from girlish hearts, and the young chits are indeed affected; but those with fans are themselves actresses, for they feign what they do not feel. *La Rive* or *Siddons* with their vast tragic powers, have never moved a whole audience. In truth to weep at a drama one must be tenderly disposed by the recollection of some touching scene in

real life, bearing a resemblance to the one enacted; a coincidence of rare occurrence: whereas the comic actor, whose aim is merriment, carries laughter with him, if his part and acting be worth her company.—But I am looking round, amid the guise of smiles and borrowed airs, for a spotless child of nature: and lo! there sits one, whose chesnut tresses play through a riband, pure in its colour as the snow-white innocence of her soul. Candid, firm, dignified, and affectionate, she disdained the aid of fastidious modesty against the man her heart had chosen. Behind her sits the favoured youth, himself most worthy of so fair a bride. He married her four nights ago, and while this able rake below is stammering through his speech, let me tell you how they came together.”

*(To be continued.)*

#### ON THE IRISH LANGUAGE.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

THE abuses of etymology are ridiculed in the usual coarse but happy vein of Swift's humour, where he attempts to derive the appellations of the heathen deities from the English language. Since that *jeu d'esprit*, the learned world has been favoured with a system of ancient mythology in three quarto volumes, by Mr. Bryant, in which a whole system of ancient history is founded on some fanciful similarities among languages, some of which Mr. Bryant was very incompetent to judge of, being confessedly but a very sorry orientalist. So when it is attempted, however plausibly, to prove, from the similarity of twenty or thirty words and phrases, that the Welsh language is a dialect of the Greek, it would seem safer in the present day to ascribe the coincidence to accidental but unknown causes, than to infer an origin of the Welsh from the nations of Greece, which no other circumstance that history now affords, will corroborate.\*

\* The extravagances of etymology are not ill ridiculed in the following French epigram.

Alpheus vient d'équus; sans doute:  
Mais il faut avouer aussi  
Qu'en venant de la, jus'qu'ici,  
Il a bien changé sur la route.

Hence, considering the wide range for conjecture which etymology founded merely on verbal similarity so readily furnishes, no cautious reasoner will admit a few coincidences of language as affording ground for any thing more than plausible conjecture. The instances that are to furnish the proof from induction, must be numerous and unequivocal, before they can be admitted as a source of legitimate reasoning. But although coincidences of language alone, present us with a dubious kind of proof, yet when accompanied by coincidences of character, manners and customs, they may well come in aid of arguments deduced from other sources; and it is even possible that etymology alone, may exhibit proofs of similarity so numerous, so complicated, so connected; so exclusive of accidental coincidence, as to amount to proof little short of absolute demonstration. Such I apprehend is the case with the coincidence I am about to present to the reader, between the Punic or Carthaginian language, and the Milesian Irish: taken chiefly from major Vallancey's Essay on the Antiquity of the Irish Language, in the eighth number of *Collectanea de rebus Hibernicis*. To major Vallancey's essay, to the treatise of sir Lawrence Parsons, and the tracts in the collection just cited, the reader must apply for further corroborations of an argument, which I think I can show to be conclusive even within the narrow bounds of this essay. The position to be maintained is, that the modern Irish language is exactly the same with the ancient Carthaginian, Punic or Finic (Φοινικῆ Φοινικῆς of the Greeks, who termed Phenicia Finikee Φοινικῆ.)

The following facts I consider so well established in ancient history as to need no citation of authorities in their support.

That the Phenicians, Tyrians, Sidonians, Canaanites, Samaritans, Edomites, Anakim, (Fin-nac in Hebrew sons of Anac,) Philistines or Palæstines who occupied the sea-coast from above Tsidon or Sidon southward, nearly to Egypt, were colonies of the same people, originally the Indo-Scythæ; or perhaps Chaldeans; for languages and arts certainly travelled westward.

That the Jews after various attempts on the Philistines or southern Canaanites or Phenicians, not being able to obtain full

possession of the plain country and maritime coast,\* finally occupied the back country and mountainous parts of Palæstine, belonging to the Philistines or southernmost colony of Phenicians on the eastern shore of the Mediterranean. According to Genesis x. v. 19, Canaan extended southward from Sidon to Gaza and Gerar, and included the sea-coast settlements of the Philistines. Indeed all the southern colonists were Canaanites; that is, merchants. The Irish term for a merchant is *Canaithe*.

That the Phenician language, the Syrian, the Syro-Phenician, Samaritan, the Hebrew, the Chaldaic, were dialects of one and the same oriental mother tongue, of which the Chaldaic was the most ancient;† as the Arabic, the Morisco, the Puni-

\* 1 Judges 19.—And the Lord was with Judah, and he drave out the inhabitants of the mountains, but could not drive out the inhabitants of the valleys, because they had chariots of iron. It appears also from subsequent parts of the same chapter, that the Israelites mixed with the Canaanites whom they were not able to expel; this was the case with the tribes of Benjamin, Manasseh, Ephraim, Zebulon, Naphtali, Asher. Ib. v. 34. And the Amorites forced the children of Dan into the mountains, for they would not suffer them to come down to the valley.

The Israelites divided the land of the Canaanites before they had conquered it; nor does it appear that they ever had permanent possession of any considerable part of the sea-coast. Indeed after the death of Joshua the son of Nun, they were gradually confined to the hilly country. As to the Jebusites, (the inhabitants of Jerusalem) the children of Judah could not drive them out, but they lived together. Joshua xv. 63. Neither could Manasseh drive out the Canaanites. Joshua xvii. 12. The children of Joseph are expressly sent by Joshua into the upper or wood country. Ib. v. 15. In this way they lived till the first captivity; sometimes peaceably intermingled with the Canaanites, and sometimes at war with them; for the most part with ill success. Hence it follows, that the languages of both nations, however originally different, (as indeed was not the case in any great degree) must have amalgamated, and the Hebrew previous to Esdras, have been Phenician with occasional variations only. Afterward it would of necessity become mixed with Chaldaic and Persic, during the long captivities of this turbulent people. I make these remarks, to explain how it is, that a Punic passage may so nearly approach to Hebrew; but it will be seen in the second part of this dissertation, that it approaches still nearer to Irish.

† I am inclined to think this mother tongue was the Assyrian, that prevailed throughout the Assyrian empire beginning with Ninus, who overthrew the great Scythian empire, upwards of two thousand years before Christ.

ca, Malthese, and as I believe the southern or Milesian Irish also, are, at this day, either dialects or corruptions of the Chaldee and Punic. The Punic or Finnic being also the Carthaginian. Much light is thrown on the modern part of this subject by the treatise *Della Lingua Punica presentimente usata de Malttesi*, &c. a subject, which, now that the English have gotten possession of Maltha, will, I hope, be investigated more fully, as from its curiosity it deserves to be. The treatise above cited is by *G. Pietro Agius de Soldania*.

That the Samaritan character was the ancient Punic or Phenician.

That the modern Hebrew character was adopted by Esdras; and is not the same with the Phenician or Samaritan character, used by the Jews before the time of Esdras. In this, Jerom and Eusebius of the ancient Fathers, Scaliger, Grotius, Bochart, Morinus, and Vossius agree. The Hebrew and Phenician were both written without points.

That like all other commercial and maritime countries, the Phenicians were great colonizers.

That Carthage was a colony of Phenicians, who carried with them the arts, sciences, language and manners of Phenicia. They were particularly dyers. "Who is this that cometh from Edom with dyed garments from Bosra?" that is, I apprehend, Carthage; not the inland Bosra which M. D'Anville has placed directly south of Damascus. Bosrah, or Borrsra, was the name

which had existed for fifteen hundred years before. Pinkerton in his dissertation on the Goths, thinks the Persians were and are, the Scythæ who remained tributary to the Assyrians. From the activity, enterprize and exertion of the Phenicians, I should ascribe their origin to the Scythæ, although the Scythian language would give place to the Assyrian by degrees. But all this part of history is as yet too obscure for any thing but conjecture.

Whether the Coptic, and Abyssinian languages be dialects of the Assyrian, as Pinkerton supposes, of what language the Punic is a dialect, and whether the Hindu is not the mother language of all of them, can only be known as the Sanscrit becomes familiar to European scholars. That the Egyptians were a colony of Hindus, sir W. Jones and the other gentlemen members of that important institution, the society for Asiatic research, have, to say the least, in my opinion rendered highly probable.

said to be given by Dido to Carthage. The Tyro-Phenicians sent out many other colonies also to Africa.

That the Carthaginians invaded, and settled in Spain.

That the island of Great Britain, the Cassiterides (Cornwall, Sorling &c.) and Ireland, (Thule) were not only known to the ancients, but were visited frequently by Phenician and Carthaginian traders.

That the southern part of Ireland, the Milesian Irish, are the descendants of the Punico-Iberi, Bastuli, or Carthaginian Spanish, probably driven away when the Carthaginians were finally expelled from Spain by the Romans. Their complexion, their figure, their hair, their eyes, their general character and manners, as well as their uniform traditionary and written history are evidences of Spanish origin, but not of pure or modern Spanish.

That although the people and the language of Ireland are mixed, although the Gomeraig, ancient Celtic, Gaelic or Erse prevailed, yet one dialect of the Irish was universally known as the *Bearla Feni*, or Finnic dialect; that is, *Phoenician* Punic. What relationship, if any, the Hyberno-celtic or Irish Gaelic, bears to the Milesian Irish, I cannot say. The Welsh (Comraeg) the Erse, Hyberno Gaelic, the language of the Manks-men, or inhabitants of the Isle of Man, and those of Cornwall, are doubtless dialects of the Celtic, or Comraeg.

These positions I take, independent of Vallancey's arguments, though in some parts coinciding. I omit the proofs of similarity deducible from the names of Carthage, from the Carthaginian deities, and other words and expressions of Carthaginian origin instanced by Vallancey: I omit also the striking coincidence in so many particulars between the Punica-Maltese of Agius Soldanis and the Irish: nor can Vallancey furnish us with any particulars from the Specilegium of professor Maius on the same subject. Nor do I rely on the resemblance between some Samaritan-Punic characters, and some ancient Irish remains.

There are two passages extant, and only two, that can throw light on the subject: all the other insulated names and phrases collected by Vallancey, appear to me of minor importance; and

of themselves proving nothing but curious coincidence, like the Welsh analogies to the Greek language. The two passages are as follow. I copy the one, and abridge the other from Vallancey's collections. My own few remarks, I shall distinguish.

"Theseus Ambrosius (in his Appendix) had seen some Punic writings; he gives two alphabets, one of which he calls the original character of the Phenicians, the other the Phenician Ionic. Whether this author had ever seen a grammar of their language I cannot say; but he gives us the declension of a noun-substantive, which so perfectly agrees with the Irish, that I shall present it to the reader. "Varias atque differentes esse Punico- rum, Carthaginiensium, sive, Arabicorum elementorum formas, ita, clarum esse suspicor, ut probatione non sit opus." (Doubtless as being varieties and dialects more or less varying from the mother tongue. r. c.) "Sunt quippe mihi, plus quam tri- ginta librorum capita, tum parva, tum magna, et volumina duo quæ explicata ad quinque ferè brachiorum longitudinem se ex- tendunt. &c. &c.

## EXEMPLI GRATIA.

<i>Punic.</i>	<i>Irish.</i>
<i>Nominative</i> , a dar: <i>the house.</i>	<i>Nominative</i> , an dae: <i>the house.</i>
<i>Genitive</i> , mit ta der:	<i>Genitive</i> , meud na dae: <i>the bigness of the house.</i>
<i>Dative</i> , la dar:	<i>Dative</i> , la dae: <i>with or to the house.</i>
<i>Accusative</i> , a dar:	<i>Accusative</i> , an dae: <i>the house.</i>
<i>Vocative</i> , ya dar:	<i>Vocative</i> , a dae: <i>o house.</i>
<i>Ablative</i> , fa dar:	<i>Ablative</i> , fa dae: <i>with or by the house.</i>

"It is remarkable that all the Irish grammarians, ancient and modern, have followed this method of expressing the genitive by the substantive *meud* prefixed, as in the example above.

"In the plural, *dar* (puninè that is, r. c.) is turned into *diar* by the addition of the vowel *i*: the same rule subsists in the Irish language."—Vallancey 259. No. 8. Collectanea.

The next passage, is the famous Carthaginian scene in the *Pænulus* of Plautus. Of the references to this passage, not noticed by Vallancey, which I have, I can consult but two among the books in my possession, to wit, Fabricii Bibliotheca

Latina in Plautum; and Selden de Diis Syriis. I insert these passages at length, that I may furnish sources of further and future investigation to those who may be willing to pursue this curious subject.

Fabricii Bibl. Lat. in Plaut. Comæd. Pænulus. pagin. 5.—Pænulus, qui et Patruus et Phagon. Punica in hoc dramate occurrentia; quæ parùm à puritate Hebraismi affirmat Josephus Scaliger Epist. 362 et hebraicis literis in sua Plauti editione descripsit. Pareus, illustrarunt Jos. Scaliger ad fragment. græcor. p. 32. Salmasius Epist. 18. Th. Reinesius de lingua Punicæ c. xii. Sed maximè Sam. Petitus lib. 2. miscell. ch. 1, 2, 3. eoque feliciter Bochartus ii. 6. Chanaan. et Jo. Clericus vir celeberr. tomo nono Biblioth. univer. 256. qui rythmos esse docet: quos subodoratus quoque fuerat Jo. Seldenus proleg. de Diis Syris Cap. 2. Vide præterea si lubet Hug. Grotium Epistola 106 ad Gallos (collectionis majoris 258.) Brianum Waltonum apparatu ad Bibl. Polygl. proleg. 2. num 6. Seq. Stephan. Le Moyne ad varia sacra p. 112. Jo. Christoph. Wagenseilium *rei mancipis* in telis igneis satanæ retusis p. 411. Jo. Braunium virum celeberr. in selectis sacris p. 484. et Rev. Valent. Ernestum Læschnerum de caussis linguæ hebraicæ p. 31. These references of Fabricius contain almost all the authors worth notice, till May, Soldanis, and Vallancey.

Selden in his Prolegomena to the dissertatione de Diis Syriis, folio, vol 2, part 1 p. 221. says, "Aliquot autem ante Augustinum seculis, et priusquam Romanorum imperium Carthaginensium devorasset, proprias multo ni fallor ab Ebræa aberat, quod ab Hannone pæno (quo nullus pænior) apud Plautum discimus."

*Ny ethalonim valon utb ei corathusima consith.*

Tam clara hæc Ebraismi vestigia sunt, ut cætera quæ depravatiissima ibi sequuntur, eidem etiam idiotismo restitui debere merito censeas. Et quæ attulimus, Hannonis, exaranda forsân erant ei qui sermonem illum à lepidissimo poetâ illuc traductum librarius primum transcripserat, his penè syllabis,

*Na ethelonim velionoth se quara otham makom haroth.*

Quæ parùm à corruptis Plautinis exemplaribus dissident, si



ineptas scilicet juncturas, atque imperitas verborum distincti-  
 ones tollas. Et *constat* in veteribus nonnullis editionibus *comzet*  
 legitur quod proprius accedit. Selden adds to the references  
 above given, Sam. Bochart in *Géog. sacra* pars 1. lib. 2. ch. 6.  
 W. Schikard, and Athanasius Kircher in *Prodromo Coptico* cap.  
 7. pag. 179. As to the two columns (*Columnæ Tingitanæ*,)  
 which he mentions afterwards, as recording the flight of the  
*Canaanites* or *Philistines* from the predatory incursions of Joshua  
 the son of Nun, they certainly are of far less authority, even  
 than the contested Arundelian marbles. Selden had more learn-  
 ing than judgment. He supposes, after Procopius, this inscrip-  
 tion, of which we have nothing but a Greek translation, to  
 have been written in Hebrew; of which he gives the words.  
 Now, that the most civilized people then known in the world, a  
 manufacturing, commercial and colonizing nation to a very high  
 degree, who had for centuries probably been settled along that  
 coast of the Mediterranean, and whose language was extensive-  
 ly known and used, should suddenly and without cause or rea-  
 son adopt the motly Egypto-Chaldaic language of a set of igno-  
 rant and half-starved free-booters (as *they* must have considered  
 the Jews) who having escaped from slavery in Egypt, made des-  
 perate incursions upon the back lands of the Phenician colonists,  
 is altogether absurd and incredible. The fact is that the He-  
 brew like the Phenician is a dialect of the Chaldee, adopted and  
 used by the Jews partly from the necessity of the case, as they  
 were determined to settle among the Canaanites or Phenicians,  
 forcibly if they could, peaceably if they might, but who actual-  
 ly did so, till they were again carried away into captivity: part-  
 ly also, as it was the language of their ancestor Abraham, who  
 was born in Chaldea. Hence the similarity of the Punic to the  
 Hebrew of the Jews; the latter being a corruption of the Phen-  
 ician, with many Chaldaic, and some Syriac and Persic inter-  
 polations, owing to the peculiar circumstances which attended  
 the Jewish nation in their intercourse with their neighbours,  
 and in their captivities: nor probably was it free from an inter-  
 mixture of Egyptian words and phrases. Bochart, Petit, and  
 Kircher, however, agree, that the passage in question is He-  
 brew, and into Hebrew they force it. Nor indeed is the force  
 of a very violent nature, as may be seen by the following com-

parison of the two passages; wherein, the original Punic of Plautus, from the edition of Joannes Mocinegus (Tarvisii 1482) is contrasted with the Hebrew version of Bochart; who however does not venture upon the six last lines; which he regards not as Punic, but Libyan; and no more than a repetition of the ten first.

*Punic of Plautus.*

Nythalonim nalou uth si corathissima comsyth  
 Ghim lac chunyth mumys tyal mycthibarü imischi  
 Lipho canet hyth bynuthü ad ædin binuthii  
 Byrnarob syllo homalonim uby misyrthoho  
 Bythlym mothym noctothii velechanti dasmachon  
 Yssidele brim thyfel yth chyls ehon-thiem liphul  
 Uth. bynim ysdibur thynno cuth nu *Agarastocles*.  
 Ythe maneth iby chirsæ lycoth sith naso  
 Bynni id chil lubili gubulin lasibit thym  
 Bodyslyt herayn nya auys lym monchiot lusim

These ten lines are Hebrew according to Bochart.

Exanolim uolanus succouratim mistim atticum esse  
 Concubitam a bello cutin beant lalacant chona enus es  
 Huic silic panesse athidmascon alem induberte felono buthume  
 Celtum comuchro lueni, at enim auoso uber hant hyach Aristoclem  
 Et te se sneche nasotelia elicos alemus dubertu mi comps uespti  
 Aodeanec lictor bodes iussum limnimcolus.

These six lines are Libyan as Bochart supposes.

Hebrew of the first ten lines according to Bochart.

Na eth eljonim veeljenoth secorath iishecum zoth  
 Ebi malachai jithemu: maslia middabatehen iski.  
 Lephureanath eth benî eth jad ydi ubenothui  
 Betua rob sellahem eljonim ubimesuratebem.  
 Beterem moth anoth othi helech Antidamarchon  
 Is sejada si; Beram tippel eth chele sechinatim leophel  
 Eth ben amis dibbur tham nocot nave Agorastocles  
 Otheim anuthi hu chior seeli choc: zoth nose  
 Binni ed chi lo haelle gebulim laseboth tham  
 Bo di al theria inna; Hinnu esal immancar lo sem:

Which lines Bochart thus translates in Latin.

*Rogo deos et deas qui hanc regionem tuentur  
 Ut consilia mea compleantur: prosperum sit ex ductu eorum, meum negotium.  
 Ad liberationem filii mei manu prædonis, et filiarum mearum.  
 Dii per spiritum multum qui estis in ipsis et per providentiam suam  
 Ante obitum diversiari apud me solebat Antidamarchus.*

Vir mihi familiaris; sed is eorum catibus junctus est, quorum habitatio est in caligine.

Filium ejus constans fama est tibi fixisse sedem Agorastoclem (Nomine)  
Sigillum hospitii, mei est tabula sculpta, cujus sculptura est deus meus: id fero.

Indicavit mihi testis eum habitare in his finibus.

Venit aliquis per portam hanc: ecce eum: rogabo, numquid noverit nomen (Agorastoclis.)

In my next, I will send you, the argument of the Comedy; the scene, with the Irish of Vallancey, and the English translation.

Your's,

Carlisle, Aug. 1814.

T. C.

#### VARIETY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

##### ATHEISM IN FRANCE.

People speak of the irreligion, deism and atheism of France during the reign of the revolutionists, regicides and philosophers, as if those were evils peculiar to that time, before unknown, and prodigies in that country. But the truth is that France had, at the time of her regicide revolution bursting forth, been for two hundred years signalized as the heart of rank infidelity and Atheism. *Martin Mersennus* a very eminent mathematician and divine—the same who discovered the curve called the Cycloid, that created such admiration in Europe, and who had established such a reputation for learning, that the renowned DESCARTES, never ventured to publish any thing without his previous approbation—this learned and excellent man, in a work he published in folio, in 1623, entitled “*Questiones in Genesim*,” states that there were in his time more than fifty thousand atheists in Paris.

Can it be superstition to believe, that a judgment from Heaven was necessary to the correction of such utter abominations—and to hope that the sufferings of that country for the last three and twenty years, may have expiated such gross—such unnatural impiety.

## STERNE INDEBTED TO VALERIUS MAXIMUS.

Sterne has been accused by doctor Ferrier of enriching his works with passages purloined from Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*. We think there is as much reason to suspect him of taking from a story related by Valerius Maximus, the idea of that pleasant, whimsical passage in his *Sentimental Journey*, respecting the feeding of an ass with macaroons. "At the moment I am telling it, (says he) my heart smites me that there was more of pleasantry in the conceit of seeing how an ass would eat a macaroon, than of benevolence in giving him one, which presided in the act."—Valerius tells us, that an entertainment of the same kind caused the death of the dramatic poet Philemon. That bard, on entering a shop to refresh himself with some figs, observed that an ass had been beforehand with him, and was leisurely devouring them, one by one. Wishing the ass to complete his repast, Philemon courteously ordered a goblet of wine to be presented to his dumb guest. When, behold, this curious symposium threw the ill fated dramatist into a fit of laughter, so extremely violent as to cause his suffocation on the spot.

## TO-KALON.

Voltaire's *Philosophical Dictionary* is filled with matter so much oftener wicked and dangerous, than instructive and salutary, that it is one of the last books we should recommend to the perusal of youth. Yet there are many things in it so novel and curious in the original conception, hit off with such felicity of expression, and so pleasant and exhilarating in their effects upon the imagination and the spirits, that it is impossible to resist their charms.—From many with which we recollect to have been delighted, the following ridicule on the many indefinite ideas annexed to the word *BEAUTY*, is selected for its pleasantry, its shrewdness and its truth.

"Ask a toad, (says Voltaire) what is beauty—the supremely beautiful—the *TO-KALON*, he will answer you that it is his female, with two large round eyes projecting out of its little head; a broad and flat neck, yellow belly and dark brown back. Ask a Guinea negro; and with him beauty is a greasy, black skin,

hollow eyes and a flat nose.—Put the question to the Devil and he will tell you that beauty is a pair of horns, four claws and a tail. Consult the philosophers, they will give you some unintelligible jargon for answers: they must have something correspondent to Beauty in the abstract to the TO-KALON.

"I once sat next to a philosopher at a tragedy; that's BEAUTIFUL, said he!—How beautiful? said I. Because the author has attained his end, he replied. The next day he took a dose of physic with success. That's beautiful physic, said I, it has attained its end. He observed that a medicine is not to be called beautiful, and that the word beauty, is applicable only to those things which give a pleasure accompanied with admiration, that tragedy, he said, had excited these two sensations in him; and that was the TO-KALON—the beautiful.

"We went to England together, and happened to be at the same play, perfectly well translated; but the spectators one and all yawning. 'Oh! O!' said he, 'the TO-KALON I find, is not the same in England as in France'—and after several pertinent reflections he concluded that beauty is very relative: that what is decent at Japan is indecent at Rome, and what is fashionable at Paris, is otherwise at Pekin, and so he saved himself the trouble of composing a long treatise on the beautiful."

#### *Extraordinary Calculator.*

Of the various instances of extraordinary and anomalous intellectual powers, which astonish the mind, so as to stagger even the most sanguine credulity, and which could not be believed if they were not put out of the reach of doubt by irrefragable evidence the case of Jedediah Buxton of Derbyshire in England holds a most conspicuous rank. He knew neither how to write nor read. But his powers of meditation were so astonishing that in the midst of the most confused noises, he would reply with accuracy to the most difficult questions. He was accidentally asked by a stranger how many cubical eighths of an inch there were in a body whose three sides were 23,145,799 yards—5,642,732 yards, and 54,963 yards, and though surrounded by a hundred labourers, he, in five hours, gave a correct an-

swer to the astonished inquirer. Other instances are mentioned of his retentive memory; and it is said that by walking he could measure any piece of land with as much exactness as if he had marked it with a chain. In 1754 he walked to London, but returned in disappointment. While in the city he was introduced to the Royal Society, and visited Drury Lane at the representation of *Richard III*, where it was expected the novelty of the scene and the splendour of the exhibition would engage his attention. Nothing however struck him—but he employed himself in numbering the steps of the dancers; and in counting, with great nicety, all the words which Garrick uttered during the performance. He died in 1774, aged 70.

#### CAPRICIOUS CUSTOMS.

The caprice of mankind is evinced in many of their other customs and habits, as much as in the cut and fashion of their clothes. If a long waist and a short skirt were ten years ago more convenient, comfortable, or on any rational principle more elegant than a long waist and a short skirt, what is there in the nature of things that should render them less so at this day?—and if they be not less so now, why should they be discontinued?—upon the supposition that the frequent changes in the shape and colour of dress, are suggested by the vanity of appearing in a variety of shapes, and of commending ourselves to attention by contrasted externals, still it will remain to be accounted for, on what principle. Whole nations are found changing their modes in things which cannot reasonably be supposed capable of contributing to any of these indulgences. The hours of eating and drinking, for instance; one would imagine that the demands of our animal part for refection would prescribe, if not perfect uniformity, at least some regularity in the hours appointed for feeding and sleeping, and that at all events those could be in no way subject to the influence of vanity, of pride, or of fashion, call it which you will.—The calls of hunger might, and in some cases, ought to be postponed in favour of more important demands, and regulated in such a manner as not to unnecessarily interfere with the process of industry, to obstruct or

delay our laudable pursuits, or to diminish the portion which it is every man's duty to bring to the great general stock of productive labour.—But on what principle, even allowing to Fashion her full swing of folly, she can be supposed to have any interest in such a thing as the hour of eating, we own our incompetence to determine. Every man who has visited Paris within the last thirty years knows what the stated hours in that city, for breakfasting, dining and going to rest, have been, sufficiently, to be astonished at what Monar. *Dreux du Radier*, in his *recreations historiques, critiques, morales, et d'erudition*, relates of the customs of former times in these respects. He tells us that so lately as the reign of Francis the first, there was a common proverb,

Lever à cinq, dîner à neuf  
Souper à cinq, coucher à neuf,  
Fait vivre d'ans nonante et neuf.

Or, in English,

To rise at five, to dine at nine,  
To sup at five, to sleep at nine,  
Lengthens life to ninety-nine.

Historians observe of Louis XII, that one of the principal causes of his last sickness was the total change in his way of living. "The good natured monarch, (says Bayard) in complaisance to his queen, entirely changed his regimen; dining at eight o'clock instead of noon, and after having long habituated himself to go to bed at six in the evening, he now seldom retired before midnight.

The custom of dining at nine in the morning, began to decline during the reign of Francis I and his successor. The regular part of the nobility, however seldom exceeded ten; and supper was always served up between five and six. This is sufficiently evident from the preface to the *Heptameron* written by the queen of Navarre. Charles V, however, used to dine at ten; sup at seven, and by nine his whole court were retired to rest. The curfew was tolled at six in the winter, and between eight and nine in the summer—a custom till lately, if not to this very day observed at most of the religious houses

in France, if indeed, any be left there. In the reign of Henry IV, the court usually dined at eleven, which custom was continued for some time after Louis XIV ascended the throne.—In the provinces, at any considerable distance from Paris, it is still very common to dine at nine in the morning, and to sup at five.

The marquis de Mirabeau tells us he was assured by several old Parisians, that in their youth, a tradesman who did not constantly work, in the longest days, two hours by candle-light, either in the morning or evening was considered as an idle person, and met with no encouragement. He adds a curious historical circumstance, for which he gives the authority of that admirable historian Davila. "It was on the twelfth of May 1585, (says he) that the troops of Henry III took post in several parts of Paris, and the inhabitants at the noise of the drums, began to shut up their houses and shops, which in that city had for some time been open. And in the same passage Davila positively says that the whole commotion was over before day-light; and in the month of May it is day-light by three o'clock.—In the year 1750, continues the marquis, on the same day of May I crossed the most trading and populous part of the city at six o'clock in the morning, and all was close, except a few huts where they sold spirituous liquors.

#### ABRAHAM.

Many of the incidents related in sacred history have, besides the authority of holy writ for their truth, more than the attractiveness of the most ingenious works of fiction to recommend them. From these the Jewish writers on the one hand and the fathers of the Christian church on the other have constructed some stories, embellishing matters of fact with effusions of fancy and imagination. Many of those are well worth the labour of digging up from that state of interment to which they have been for ages consigned by the frivolity of the world. Among them I reckon an account given us of the conversion of Abraham from idolatry, which I send you for publication.

Abraham may be said to have sucked in the poison of idolatry with his milk; his father Jerah who was a maker of statues having brought up his son to the trade, and taught him that they were to be worshipped as gods. Genebrand in his sacred chro-



nology says, that the Jewish writers relate of Abraham that he followed the same business for a considerable time—but Maimonides,\* the most learned, faithful, and ingenious of the Jewish Rabbis says that he was bred up in the religion of the Sabæans who acknowledged no Deity but the stars; that his reflections on the nature of the planets, and his admiration of their motions, beauty and order made him conclude there must be a being superior to the machine of the universe—a being who created and governed it: however he did not renounce Paganism till the fiftieth year of his age: and Heidegger in his history of the Patriarchs relates the following very curious circumstance respecting that conversion.

Abraham's father (Jerah) having gone on a journey left him to sell the statues in his absence. A man who pretended to be a purchaser asked him how old he was. Abraham answered "fifty"——"wretch that thou art, said the other, for adoring, at such an age, a being that is only one day old." These words greatly confounded Abraham. Some time afterwards a woman brought him some flour, to be given as an offering to the idols; but Abraham instead of doing so, took up a hatchet and broke them all to pieces, excepting the largest into the hand of which he put the weapon. Jerah, at his return, asked whence came all this havock—Abraham made answer that the statues had had a great contest which should eat first of the oblation; "upon which (said he) the god you see there being the stoutest, bowed the others to pieces with that hatchet." Jerah told him this was bantering; for those idols had not the sense to act in that manner. Abraham retorted these words upon his father against the worshipping of such gods. Jerah, stung with his railery, delivered up his son to the cognizance of Nimrod, the sovereign of the country, who exhorted Abraham to worship the fire; and, upon his refusal

\* Maimonides was so distinguished as a scholar, a physician, and a divine, that he was said to be inferior only to Moses. Some of his works were written in Arabic but are now extant only in Hebrew. The most famous of these was his commentaries on the Misna-jad, a complete pandect of the Jewish law—More Nevochim, a valuable work, explaining the difficult passages, phrases, parables, and allegories, in scripture and some other works. His death was mourned for three whole days by all Jews and Egyptians; and the year in which he died was called Lamentum lamentabile.

commanded him to be thrown into the flames. "Now let your god (said he) come and deliver you." But (adds the tradition) Abraham came safe and sound out of the flames. St. Jerome, however, to whom we are indebted for some observations on this affair, and who seems to credit it in general, disbelieves that part which makes Jereb so cruel as to be the informer against his son. This part of the fiction is ascribed to the ambiguity of the Hebrew word *Uz*, which signifies fire, and is also the proper name of a city.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.—FOR THE PORTFOLIO.

The following little poem, written by a young lady of Philadelphia, was occasioned by the frequent contemplation of the picture of a hermit, hanging in her bed-chamber in which picture was a fine view of the ocean.

On precious semblance of a grief resign'd!  
 Exalted piety to weakness join'd!  
 How should thy image to the breast impart  
 The calm we seek to sooth a troubled heart!  
 Yet calm distressful, bought by many a tear,  
 As furrowed in thy cheeks the proofs appear.  
 In thy lone cell what days of anguish past;  
 What nightly watchings, penitence and fast!  
 How oft before thy cross thy knees were bent,  
 'Ere yet thy bosom hailed the guest Content!  
 With supplicating hands and upraised eye,  
 Still to the throne of Mercy breathed the sigh,  
 Which not to piety alone was given,  
 Nor yet was all thy treasure stored in heaven:  
 Some spark of earthly bliss yet drew thee thence;  
 Hope's last faint glimmerings bound thee still to sense;  
 Gave to the ivy'd arch or humid wall,  
 A ray which brighten'd still at Fancy's call.

Oft has the book devotional been spread;  
 Thine eye perused it while Attention fled;  
 That priestly garb, which outward witness bore,  
 That earthly good or ill could sway no more,

Still hid the inward conflict of the soul,  
 'Ere yet the vow monastic claim'd control.  
 Haply that swelling ocean, whose blue wave,  
 Flows at thy feet, some other shores may lave.  
 And wake thy fond regret, while still survey'd  
 The far horizon, which to thought convey'd;  
 This spot beloved, too frequent imag'd there,  
 And of thy vot'ry skies partook the care.

So meteors lure, which cross the traveller's way,  
 Leading the nightly wand'rer far astray;  
 So sit before him 'till the day appears,  
 Shows him his danger,—wakens all his fears;  
 Gives him his weary steps again to trace  
 The briery thicket, and the deep morass:  
 By many a toilsome round at length he gains  
 His home, his wish'd for port once more obtains.

Thus penitent rever'd, thy trials past,  
 Thou gain'st the truest bliss which mortals taste:  
 Come, blest religion! sooth each aching breast!  
 Thy pilgrimage we fear, but crave thy rest.

#### THE BATTLE OF BRIDGEWATER,

*In imitation of Campbell's Hohenlinden.*

"Neutra acies laeta ex certamine abiit."—*Livy.*

O'er Huron's wave the sun was low,  
 The weary soldier watch'd the bow  
 Fast fading from the cloud below

The dashing of Niagara.

And while the phantom chain'd his sight,  
 Ah! little thought he of the fight—  
 The horrors of the dreamless night,

That posted on so rapidly.

Soon, soon is fled each softer charm;  
 The drum and trumpet sound alarm,  
 And bid each warrior nerve his arm

For boldest deeds of chivalry.

The burning red-cross, waving high,  
Like meteor in the evening sky,  
Proclaims the haughty foemen nigh  
To try the strife of rivalry.

Columbia's banner floats as proud,  
Her gallant band around it crowd,  
And swear to guard or make their shroud  
The starred flag of Liberty.

"Haste, haste thee, Scott, to meet the foe,  
And let the scornful Briton know,  
Well strung the arm and firm the blow  
Of him who strikes for liberty."

Loud, loud the din of battle rings,  
Shrill through the ranks the bullet sings,  
And onward fierce each foeman springs  
To meet his peer in gallantry.

Behind the hills descends the sun,  
The work of death is but begun,  
And red through twilight's shadows dun  
Blazes the vollied musquetry.

"Charge, Miller, charge the foe once more,"  
And louder than Niagara's roar  
Along the line is heard, encore  
"On, on to death or victory."

From line to line, with lurid glow,  
High arching shoots the rocket's bow,  
And lights the mingled scene below  
Of carnage, death, and misery.

The middle watch has now begun,  
The horrid battle fray is done,  
Nor longer beats the furious drum,  
To death, to death or victory.

All, all is still—with silent tread  
The watchman steals among the dead,  
To guard his comrade's lowly bed,  
Till morning give him sepulture

Low in the west, of splendor shorn,  
 The midnight moon with bloody horn  
 Sheds her last beam on him forlorn,  
     Who fell in fight so gloriously.

Oh! long her crescent wax and wane  
 Ere she behold such fray again,  
 Such dismal night, such heaps of slain,  
     Foe mix'd with foe promiscuously.

#### HORACE IN PHILADELPHIA.

##### BOOK I. ODE 7.

Laudabunt alii claram Rhodon, aut Mitylenen,  
 Aut Ephesum, bimarise Corinthi  
 Mornia, vel Baccho Thebas, vel Apolline Delphos  
 Insignes, aut Thessala Tempe.  
*Me nec tam, &c.*

LET others sing in tuneful strains,  
 Virginia's hills or Jersey's plains,  
     I will not blame their lay,  
 Let them in verse melodious praise,  
 The groves where lonely Schuylkill strays,  
     And wins his devious way.

Sweet Lehi's clear pellucid wave,  
 Where Cynthia loves her beams to lave,  
     With rapture oft I've seen;  
 Wild Susquehanna's rapid tide,  
 Majestic Hudson's flowery side,  
     And Mohawk's margent green.

But, ah! the scenes where most I love,  
 In meditation lone to rove,  
     And yield to Fancy's dream,  
 Are where, rude cliffs and woods among,  
 Dear Wissahickon pours along  
     His gently rippling stream.

For here mid rocks and tangled dells,  
 The solitary owl dwells,

Her immemorial seat.  
 Unnumber'd warblers here repair,  
 And nameless flowers perfume the air,  
 And deck the wild retreat.

How sweet in this sequestered spot,  
 All cares resign'd, the world forgot,  
 To muse a vacant day,  
 And hear, far off, the hum of men,  
 \* That when to-morrow dawns again,  
 Must call me hence away.

## BOOK 5. ODE 10.

"Horrida tempestas cœlum contraxit; et imbres,  
 Nivesque deducunt Joyem:" &c.

WAR's darkling cloud with lurid gloom,  
 Deforms the face of day,  
 And Pleasure's bright and rosy bloom,  
 Is banished far away.  
 Bellona's chariot thunders round,  
 The Muses fly the direful sound,  
 Apollo sad retires,  
 And Cupid weeping hangs his head,  
 To see his shafts unheeded sped;  
 While Hymen's torch expires.

Her gorgon fiercely Pallas shakes,  
 And exiled Hermes flies,  
 Affrighted Pan the woods forsakes,  
 His pipe neglected lies.  
 Ah! where has merry Momus flown,  
 And where those hours so late our own,  
 Of ease and social glee,  
 The wholesome toil, the tranquil rest,  
 Uncclouded mind and cheerful breast,  
 From grief and terror free?

\* "Cras ingens iterabimus æquor."

But joys, my friends, may yet be ours,  
 In spite of War's alarms,  
 We still have wine and shady bowers,  
 And Friendship still has charms.  
 What days the fates to us consign,  
 To Bacchus give and cheering wine,  
 And chace these fears away,  
 What though to-morrow sees us fall,  
 Will thinking turn aside the ball?  
 Then frolic while you may.

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### SELECTED POETRY.

One of our native bards, a gentleman who entwines the warrior's with the poet's laurel, thus expressively addresses his mistress:

Ah! do you ask, my gentle dear,  
 Why I am sad when you are gay?  
 It is because I then most fear,  
 You chace me from your heart away.

And would you know, my lovely maid,  
 Why I appear so cheerful now,  
 It is because I love the shade  
 Seen hovering o'er your tranquil brow.

It is because, my beauteous fair,  
 I think you feel far more for me,  
 When sadness mingles in your air,  
 Than when you frolic light and free.

For Pity wears no airy guise,  
 Her's is a soft and thoughtful mein,  
 And if within the breast she lies,  
 She in the pensive face is seen.

“EDMUND THE WANDERER.”

## SONNET TO EVENING.

MEET twilight haste to shroud the glaring day,  
 And bring the hour my pensive spirit loves,  
 When o'er the hill is shed a paler ray,  
 That gives to silence and to night the groves.  
 Yes, let the gay the roseate Morning hail,  
 When in the varied pomp of light arrayed,  
 She bids fresh beauty bloom along the vale,  
 And rapture tremble in the vocal shade.  
 Sweet is the lucid Morning's opening flower,  
 Her choral melodies benignly rise,  
 But dearer to my soul the tranquil hour,  
 At which her blossoms close, her music dies;  
 For then mild Nature while she droops her head  
 Wakes the soft tear 'tis luxury to shed.

## TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

WE thank our new and modest correspondent for his poem on the battle of Bridgewater. It is a production creditable, in no small degree, to his genius and taste, and its reception will be flattering, we hope, to his ambition, and an inducement to him to continue and extend his favours. Such a Muse during such times, should never be found loitering in the bowers of repose. In scenes of war and danger, the song of the poet should accompany and give force to the bolt of the warrior. When the latter strikes with effect, the former should swell with rapture and enthusiasm. The hero fights for his country, but he fights also for renown. If denied the latter, the genuine food of a noble and daring spirit, his arm will soon become nerveless in battle. What Alexander most envied to Achilles was the song of Homer and the friendship of Patroclus.

While such soldiers as Brown, Scott and Gaines direct the battle, and such pens as that of our correspondent, with the additional powers which riper age and further experience will give it,



continue to celebrate their actions, we shall have no cause, as Americans, to blush or to despair.

Having felt very sensibly, in our last number, the silence of our friend and correspondent, Horace in Philadelphia, we hail with the warmer welcome his contributions to the present. In relation to his pen, we have had satisfactory experience that the worth of an article is known by the want of it. He can in no other way gratify us so much as by continuing to be himself, and allowing us to hear from him frequently.

Our southern correspondent who politely furnished us with an ode previously published in the Charleston City Gazette, is informed that it has not been hitherto our practice to make selections from the daily prints of the country; nor should we feel ourselves justified in doing it now on any other ground than that of preserving pieces of the highest merit. From that gentleman, whose signature (we know not whether real or fictitious) we are unable with certainty to decypher, it will gratify to hear as an original writer.

We fully concur with our correspondent in relation to "Watts on the Improvement of the Mind." We regard it as a work of high merit, and are persuaded that both young and old would be much benefitted by frequent and careful perusals of it. In the estimation of competent judges, its character and standing are already too well established to need or derive any further weight from our recommendation. To the politeness and laudable intention of our correspondent, however, we owe this notice, and beg him to accept our apology for not having made it sooner.

The favours of Edgar, from camp Bloomfield, were too late for the present number. We shall hereafter find room for their insertion. Should the events of the present conjuncture call him to the "field of strife," we wish him, in addition to personal safety, the warrior's entwined with the Muse's laurels.

The documents from our correspondent at Vincennes, relating principally to the affair of Tippacanoe, have been received. We are as yet, however, in possession of no materials to enable us to weave the story of the life of him who commanded on that occasion. To this point we particularly solicit our correspondent's attention. To his own pen we should be much pleased to be indebted for the biographical narrative of his friend.

To our amiable and much esteemed correspondent at Frankford, we offer our thanks for the sketch she has obligingly sent us of the situation and defence of Fort Sandusky. The readers of the Port Folio shall be gratified with a view of that celebrated spot. We are sorry to be troublesome, but feel assured that she will find in her own goodness an apology for the request we have further to make—that she will furnish us, by the earliest opportunity, with a likeness of the gallant young warrior by whom the defence of Sandusky was achieved.

We have on our files and shall notice hereafter several other communications which have recently come to hand.

M'DONOUGH AND M'COMB.

However adverse we are in sentiment, abstractly considered, to scenes of desolation and fields of havoc, and however much we prefer the calm and even tenor of peace to the most splendid and successful career in war—however highly we estimate the arts, which cherish the life, and ameliorate the character of man, over those that waste his blood and vitiate his moral nature, yet still, engaged as we are in hostilities with a daring and powerful foe, we should feel ourselves unworthy of the name and birthright of an American, were we to remain silent in relation to achievements, which immortalize our heroes and cover with glory the arms of our country. Not to rejoice in the event of a victory would argue a culpable apathy and ingratitude to Heaven for the favour conferred; and not to bestow praises on gallantry and good conduct would be injustice to those who fight our battles. By their valour and skill at Plattsburgh and on

lake Champlain, M'Donough and M'Comb have acquired a well founded claim to rank in the estimation and affections of their country, with Perry and Decatur, Brown and Scott, and our other distinguished chieftains and warriors, who by land and water, have gained for themselves unfading chaplets of glory. In the page of history recorded honours shall brighten around their names, and exhibit them as beacon-lights to animate and direct the career of those who may be intent on military or naval renown.

We offer to our fellow citizens our hearty congratulations on the brilliant and momentous events, which have recently occurred both in the north and in the south. We hail these successes with the liveliest joy our heart can feel, as the day-star of the return of happier times. We are persuaded we do not estimate them too highly in believing, that, while they aid in giving us character and respectability as a people, they will contribute not a little to procure for us the only legitimate object of war, a secure, an honourable, and a lasting peace. It is therefore that we speak of them with sentiments of gratitude to Heaven, and of admiration and praise towards the gallant spirits by whom they have been achieved. May a perfect reciprocity prevail between our country and these her high minded sons! may her choicest honours bloom and thicken around their brows, while they defend and honour her in the hour of battle!

We had made, as we felt assured, the necessary arrangements to have a correct and elegantly engraved likeness of Mr. Wilson to accompany the biographical sketch of him, which we herein present to the readers of the Port Folio. But circumstances over which we had no control have frustrated our intention. Our arrangements, however, are still in operation, and the likeness shall appear in a future number. We, in the mean time, insert, as the best substitute we have to offer, a picturesque specimen of American Scenery—a distant view of the Highlands on the river Hudson.

It is painful to us, in no small degree, to be obliged to offer his apology; but we flatter ourselves that these troublous times, which wrest from the artist the engraver and the pencil, and place in his hand the sword and the musket, will serve as our excuse.





*Alexander Wilson*  
*Author of the American Ornithology.*

# THE PORT FOLIO,

THIRD SERIES,

CONDUCTED BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

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Various; that the mind  
Of desultory man, studious of change,  
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.

COWPER.

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VOL. IV.

NOVEMBER, 1814.

NO. V.

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## LETTER FROM ENGLAND.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Tadcaster, Bradford; village of Elan; Sheffield, and its manufactures; with observations on the state of the manufacturers generally; Mr. Montgomery, the poet.

HAVING taken a seat on the top of the coach for Leeds, I travelled over a country less hilly and broken than any part of Yorkshire I had seen; and soon passed through Tadcaster. This is a small but very ancient place, and is still only in the rank of villages. Its situation is nearly in the centre of the county, on the south of the river Wharf, which empties into the Ouse. A good stone bridge has been erected above the junction.

The Calcaria of the ancient Romans is supposed to have been built on the present site of Tadcaster, and that there was a settlement of these people here, is evident from the number of coins which have been found. It is certain that Tadcaster is erected on the Roman military way, that runs through Helensford.

I observed on this road, several highly cultivated and beautiful seats; on one of which, the property of Mr. Fox, there is a considerable forest, from amidst which a handsome pillar reared its head above the summit of the loftiest trees.

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After passing a day or two, in Leeds, I recommenced my journey, and in little more than an hour, reached Bradford—a neat and well built town, at the bottom of a range of steep hills, and in the immediate vicinity of a beautiful country. It contains some handsome buildings,—a stately Peace-hall, and an ancient Gothic church, which has a peal of fine-toned bells. A branch of the canal which runs from Hull to Liverpool, passes through this place.

The situation of Bradford, in the very centre of the manufactures; in a fertile valley; with the neatness and opulence of the place, renders it of considerable importance, and not unworthy the traveller's notice. It contains about six thousand seven hundred inhabitants.

At Halifax I remained only a few hours to effect some business, when I resumed my seat in the coach, at half past five P. M. for Sheffield; passing through the romantic village of Eland, built on the brow of a steep ascent from the river Calder, over which, there is, at this spot, a handsome stone bridge.

We stopped to change horses at Huddersfield, and again between this place and Sheffield, where I arrived at two o'clock in the morning, considerably fatigued.

At the former place I again noticed the idle curiosity of the people, who assemble about the time the coach starts, as if the sight were a novel one; or not presented once or oftener every day. The crowd at Huddersfield was unusually great, from the novelty of the coach having six horses in it.

Sheffield is situated in the west riding of Yorkshire, at the junction of the small river Sheaf with the Don, both of which are subservient to mills for making bars of iron, slitting iron, and for grinding and polishing all kinds of edge tools.

The town is generally well built, increases in population, and is said by a late writer to contain forty-five thousand people.

A considerable degree of public spirit has been evinced in Sheffield, both in the number and excellence of its public institutions; and a school, lately founded on the plan originally suggested by Mr. Lancaster, is in a flourishing state. These reflect credit on the inhabitants. The market-place, erected by the duke of Norfolk, is on a new and commodious plan. The

property of this nobleman in the neighbourhood of the town, is of great value.

There are several public places of worship besides the parish church, which is a large and handsome stone building, erected in the reign of Henry I. The general aspect of the town and the buildings is not very interesting, or agreeable to the ideas of modern taste; the streets being generally narrow and the houses without ornament. In the vicinity there is a rich and varied landscape; and the land is fertile, well cultivated, and adorned with many handsome buildings.

Sheffield derives less importance from its geographical or topographical situation, or from its population and political influence, than from the rank which it holds in the manufactures of the kingdom. For the excellence of its works in steel and iron, it was celebrated in the days of Chaucer.\*

There are in Sheffield about six hundred persons, called master cuttlers, who are a corporate body, and are supposed to employ in the town and neighbourhood, about forty thousand people. The trade, it is said, is under excellent regulations, and the manufacture of the various articles of cuttlery, has attained an almost unrivalled degree of excellence.

On my arrival in England, I had not intended to do any business in this place, but experience and observation having confirmed an opinion formed in the United States, that many of the articles made in Birmingham for the American market, were rather intended for *sale* than *service*, and having ascertained since my arrival, that most of the same articles were made here with more faithfulness and credit to the artists, I determined to make my selection of edge tools, such as knives of all kinds, razors, scissors, chissels, saws, sithes, &c. Other articles also that are made here, have a decided preference for their excellence and durability;—such as files of all sorts; fenders and grates, sickles and plated ware. The latter especially is prepared with

\* Until the middle of the last century, the manufactured articles of Sheffield were conveyed to London on pack horses. At this period, the Don was made navigable to within two miles of Sheffield, which has proved an incalculable benefit to the town, by affording a cheap and less laborious conveyance for its manufactures.



more neatness, variety, taste, and faithfulness than at any other place in the kingdom, except at the Soho works near Birmingham

The variety, ingenuity, and beauty of some of the cuttlery of this place, are equally subjects of praise and admiration. I have seen scissors of such highly finished workmanship, as to be worth three guineas a pair: these are intended for the London and Paris markets. I had some others made of so diminutive a size, as to weigh only one and a half grains, and to measure little more than one fourth of an inch in length. I saw knives for the pocket which contained thirty-six articles, and one was lately made which had in it sixteen articles, measured ten sixteenths of an inch in length, and weighed one and a half pennyweights.

Other articles are made here which the American merchant will find it advantageous to purchase; as combs, cast steel tools of almost every kind, as well as every variety of the metal itself; carpeting, wood screws, sheet-iron, &c.

With the exception of the town of Birmingham, this place holds the *second* rank for the diversity and value of its manufactures; and is entitled to the *first* for the finer edge tools, and all others in which steel is the principal ingredient.

Every individual who has a taste for mechanics will be gratified with a view of the ingenious machinery which has been devised for the various and beautiful manufactures, with the least trouble and expense, and the greatest despatch: but if he be a philanthropist, his pleasure will be diminished, when he learns the deplorable intellectual state of those who are engaged in the manufactories; and the yet more depraved condition of their moral character. Yet justice to the actual state of Sheffield as a manufacturing town, obliges me to say there is less licentiousness in it than in most other places where the arts are encouraged.

I lamented to see the great number of women, boys, and girls, from the age of six years, who were engaged for twelve hours every day, Sunday excepted, in making screws, razors and handles, grinding instruments, and at a variety of other processes. Unpleasant reflections associated themselves with a knowledge of the industrious habits to which they are trained:—the

children are deprived of the amusements which are required in youth; their evil propensities are not checked; their education is generally neglected; and they grow up like rank weeds in a luxuriant soil,—corrupted themselves, and corrupting others by their precepts and examples. They are moreover paid a very slender pittance for their confinement and labour.

Highly favoured as great Britain is, she owes less to the bounty of nature, than to the genius and enterprise of her people, with the liberal support which they derive from the government, for her great commercial advantages. Her commerce is indebted for its principal support to her unrivalled excellence in arts and manufactures. Whence this superiority has been derived, would form an interesting subject of inquiry.

It has been asserted that England contains a sufficient quantity of arable land for the support of her inhabitants, so far as this depends upon the produce of the soil; but it is well known that a very considerable portion of that which is fertile, remains untilled; being reserved for parks and pleasure grounds. These greatly exceed in quantity what I had previously conceived; and when added to the extensive moors and commons in various parts of the kingdom, make a very large amount of uncultivated soil.

For the productions of the earth, with the best improvements in agriculture, it may therefore be said, that England contains an excess of population; and to this, in part, may be assigned, her vast superiority in the arts.—The earth does not yield food enough for the inhabitants: not because it is too sterile; but because too much of it is waste, and reserved for the pleasure of the nobles and the wealthy. Whether the general condition of the people be made better or worse by this unequal division of the soil, or whether national happiness and prosperity would not be more certainly promoted by its more general cultivation and equal distribution, is not an inquiry contemplated in these remarks. Monopolies are never productive of general good, and the vast acquisitions of landed property obtained by the comparatively few, is grievous and oppressive to the many.

The facts I have stated, pernicious as they are in some respects, have laid the foundation for the establishment, increase,

and wonderful perfection of the infinite variety of arts for which this country is so highly distinguished; and to which it is largely indebted for its present elevation, wealth, and power.

Luxury has followed in the train of wealth; and with its baleful influence on habits, has, however, been productive of some benefit. It offers to the ingenious artizan and the mechanic, an ample and liberal reward for the product of his labour, and the ever-varying forms of fashion, hold out an incessant temptation to new discoveries and improvements.

Admitting that England derives the most important benefits from her manufactures, that they are to her a source of national wealth, and that they minister in a very high degree to the comforts and conveniences of the people; and admitting also, that the country participates indirectly in the advantages which the former derives;—that they bring into the kingdom a flood of wealth, and give employment to tens of thousands; still I do not wish to see such established in the United States.—

Manufactures, when conducted in the manner to which I have several times alluded, are not favourable to the growth of good morals, or useful domestic habits: they are not nurseries of virtue, or calculated to make good or enlightened citizens; but as hot beds of all the vicious propensities, they prepare the young mind for the worst of crimes, and contribute to the utmost profligacy in society.

In my remarks on Manchester, I had occasion to notice the state of the manufacturing people; and observations made subsequent to the time of my leaving that place, have not induced me to change my opinion on the subject. In Leeds and Sheffield, I think their situation less pitiable than in Manchester. There is a less number herded together in extensive buildings; and many of the articles which ultimately find their way to the market towns, are made in families throughout the country, and in the small villages—manufactured in this way, the same injurious effects on health and morals do not supervene as generally as where a hundred or more persons are confined in a close room, the air of which is filled with the exhalations from their own lungs, the effluvia from various metallic substances, or particles of wool, cotton and flax, which are floating in it, in an invisible form.

To all these sources of impurity must be added the use of lamps at night, which not only consume much of the pure air, but they taint the balance.

Any one, who will for a moment reason on the physical effects which must result from such a combination, will declare, that extensive manufacturing systems are unfavourable to health and longevity. That they are inimical to morals will be conceded by all who have had an opportunity of judging. Let all such unite with us in prayer to exempt our country from such evils.\*

The picture which is presented from a survey of Birmingham, when deprived of the tinsel and glitter of its arts, is frightful and deformed.—It is not so much in the work-shops as in the private abodes of the artizans, that the multiplied scenes of distress, disorder, and depravity are to be witnessed. While engaged at their several employments the manufacturers are compelled to obey certain rules or laws, which check the natural bias of their minds; and this being removed the moment they leave the threshold of their work-shops, they seem to think themselves licensed to riot on society in every form and feature of vice.

This is a fruitful and interesting subject, and in my observations on Birmingham, I shall hereafter discuss it more particularly.

I have again and again lamented the establishment and increase of such manufactures in the United States, as require the indiscriminate assemblage of men and women, boys and girls, in the same apartment.—Labour being the only object in view, all other considerations are absorbed in it; and what by the artisans are deemed of minor importance—education, health, decorum, and good morals—are totally forgotten or neglected. The children who are to be taught, at the same time imbibe the habits and adopt the language of those around them: in acquiring a knowledge of the business to which they are devoted, they become equally versed in the gross indecencies and im-

\* A late and respectable writer in speaking of Birmingham, has adopted this forcible language. That in great manufactories, human corruption, accumulated in large masses, seems to undergo a kind of fermentation, which sublimates it to a degree of malignity not to be exceeded out of Hell.

moralties of the work-shops.—They seem to be inseparably connected; and is this a fit nursery for the youth of our country? Is such a seminary fitted to make good members of society? Are such employments calculated to rear young minds to usefulness in the domestic circle, or at their homes? No. Parents who are employed in the manufactories, neglect the early education of their offspring; and these being left without a guide, “run riot” in the licentious habits which spring from idleness.

With a conviction that the evils I have enumerated as the consequence of extensive manufactories, are not of the imagination, but invariably follow in their train, sooner or later, or in a greater or less degree, I deprecate them most fervently: I do it from a further consideration, that they militate against the best interests of the people; that they are ill-suited to our republican form of government, and that, as already remarked, they are opposed to the cultivation of virtuous habits, and the increase of longevity. Blessed as our country is with every diversity of climate and of soil, abounding with almost all the productions of nature, and capable of yielding an abundant and a various supply from cultivation, we should rather follow the plough and the harrow, than encourage the spindle and the shuttle. Adopting the idea of a valued correspondent in Leeds, I say, it is better to make our citizens agriculturists than manufacturers. I wish to be distinctly understood, and that in expressing opinions that are averse to the increase of manufactures in my own country, I do not mean to apply them to those more strictly called domestic or which are confined to families, but to the establishment of such as have given to England a far-famed celebrity, and stamped a character upon the people who are engaged in them, which my countrymen *should not envy*. I would go a little farther: the importation of certain articles should not be encouraged, the duties and freight of which are equal or more than equal to the first cost—consequently enhancing the price to the purchaser in a double ratio, and the raw materials for which can be had with facility and at a cheaper rate in our own country. Such form an amount, by no means inconsiderable in the annual exportations from Great Britain.

I am not, I repeat, opposed to the *limited* establishment or encouragement of manufactures, but, in the present situation of the United States, not as relates to war, but as it regards their population, I think every effort that is made to *force* them is injudicious and impolitic. It is moreover, I say totally impracticable, at this time to come into competition with the manufactures of Great Britain in all the articles in which the principal value arises from the labour bestowed on them. On the ground of good policy, the security of good habits, and the preservation of health, I must express my decided opposition to all manufactures which require a high degree of manual labour, the employment of immense capitals, and the youth of both sexes. However unfriendly these opinions may seem to the growing state of our manufactures, it is a consoling circumstance to know that I am supported in them by some of the most enlightened men of the kingdom. They speak with admiration and praise of the ingenuity of their countrymen; but when they reverse the picture or examine it more minutely, what is the result? The character of the mass of the people in all the large manufacturing towns, declare in strong language the invariable consequences which follow in the train of overgrown establishments requiring a great subdivision of labour.

Our country is not ripe for an extension of its manufactures to supply all the wants of the people, nor has time been given for perfecting them. Diffused, as they are, over a vast extent of territory, many parts of which are scarcely cleared of their native forests, or rid from its savage beasts; the first object to which necessity urges their attention, is to reduce the soil to a state fit for cultivation, and to ensure the means of comfort and support.—In many places, this has not yet been done. The cultivation of the sciences and the encouragement of the arts, become of secondary or minor consideration. Where labour is high, the latter cannot be effected with profit or advantage, except in time of war, or under other circumstances preventing an intercourse with those countries from which manufactured articles could be had at a cheaper rate. Even in our own markets we are undersold in all the finer and many of the coarser fabrics of wool, cotton, linen, silk, and steel. Of this fact every

man may convince himself. While the merchant can export the raw material, receive in return the productions of a foreign country, and afford to sell them at a less price than they can be made for in his own, it is not reasonable to imagine the purchaser, with all his amor patriæ, will give a preference to the latter. Patriotism will waver under such circumstances, and domestic manufactures will be laid aside for those which are imported.\*

\* There is much diversity of opinion on this matter; and the patriotic sentiments of many Americans, it has been said, would induce them to prefer articles of American growth or fabrication, at equal or even higher prices, to those of any foreign country. But while I would give to such, that portion of praise which their patriotic zeal demands, I am still inclined to think, a more comprehensive view of the subject would effect a change of opinion. An accurate survey of the state and condition of by far the greatest portion of the manufacturing classes in this country, would dissolve the charms which bind them to their favourite system. They would extend their view from the present to the future, and in the prospect, they would foresee the consequences of increasing and multiplying manufactures. The evil, for such it is, would be contemplated in its progressive growth, and dreaded as a monster that would prey upon the vital interests of a people, abrogating all those laws which bind society together, interrupting social harmony and order; increasing the sum of human wretchedness, filling the work-houses and jails, and thus furnishing victims to the laws, enacted to counteract the numerous crimes, created by the very state of things they were intended to obviate.

An argument offered by the advocates for domestic manufactures, and which is of no little force, is founded on the peculiar form of the American government; which, as creating fewer distinctions among the people, secures to all who have virtue, talents, and industry, a fair and equal chance of attaining wealth, influence, and respectability. This political equality, or correct appreciation of the moral and intellectual excellencies, (which are the only *just criteria* of distinction) say they, will not permit the affluent to oppress the indigent, or the man vested with power to exercise tyrannical sway over any part of the community. To this valuable quality in the composition for a nation's independence and happiness, may be added the more general diffusion of learning, which, with a native freedom of soul, are powerful barriers on the one hand to abasement, while on the other, they give to each individual, a just notion of his own importance. Dissatisfied then, with the situation in which he may have been placed by nature or fortuitous circumstances, he is ever looking forward to a better station in society; and if he fails to rise, the cause must generally rest with himself. Such

The manners and habits of the people of Sheffield are not of that highly polished kind, which a traveller would expect to find among the nobility and gentry of this country; but with their plainness they combine a frankness, which stamps upon them an intrinsic value.—I received much kindness during my short stay; and indeed, I witnessed the same hospitality that had been offered to me in my tour through the other parts of Yorkshire, on the borders of which I had now arrived.

At the house of an acquaintance, and in a very large party, I was so fortunate as to meet with Mr. James Montgomery,—the well known and respectable author of the *Wanderer of Switzerland*, with several other poems.—He has lately been engaged, in conjunction with Mrs. Binger and Mr. Graham, in the composition of a poem, in a splendid form, on the abolition of the slave-trade.—This work has just issued from the press, and is beautifully embellished with emblematic engravings.—Mr. M. is at present the editor of a news-paper in Sheffield, which was formerly under the direction of Mr. Gales, now of

are some of the principal arguments urged by the advocates for the establishment of manufactures in this country. It should be recollected, however, that circumstances, *invariably connected* with an extensive manufacturing system, even under a republican form of government so well calculated to encourage the native energies of the mind, and the soul's best principles, may ultimately produce that licentious and abased character and condition, which is incompatible with freedom, and the true dignity of man.

In this very general view, I would still make a distinction on the propriety of erecting or establishing manufactures; for while certain sections of our country are better adapted for them, from the excess of population, sterility of soil, and cheapness of labour; others again, from opposite circumstances, will not, for a long while, offer any inducement to the adventurer or capitalist.

Hence, the New-England States; the western part of Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia; with the States of Ohio, Tennessee, and Kentucky, are most likely to become the seats of extensive manufactures; while the Atlantic States, or that portion of them geographically connected with the seacoast, will feel most interest in commerce. The position of each, together with the habits of the people, have created a necessary division in views and interests, and so long as we are at peace, will continue to preserve that distinction.



Raleigh in North Carolina. His countenance is characteristic of great mildness and diffidence, and with both, he is disposed to silence; but when engaged in conversation, is animated and interesting.

The following are the concluding remarks of a biographical sketch of Mr. Montgomery, presented to me by the author.

"Such are the principal events of the first thirty-five years of the life of James Montgomery, of whom it may be said, nature never infused into a human composition, a greater portion of kindness and genuine philanthropy: a heart more sensibly alive to every better as well as every finer feeling never beat in a human breast; perhaps no two individuals, in manners, pursuits, character and composition, ever more exactly corresponded with each other, than the subject of this memoir, and the late Mr. Cowper, the Olney poet. The same benevolence of heart, the same modesty of deportment, the same purity of life, the same attachment to literary pursuits, the same fondness for solitude and retirement from the public haunts of men; and to complete the picture, the same ardent feeling in the cause of religion, and the same constitutional gloom and melancholy.

"One who has been honoured with his confidence and esteem,\* and who, with very few exceptions, has passed hours with him daily, for the last fourteen years, may surely be permitted to bear testimony to his steady attachment as a friend, and his excellence as an associate. Little known even by his townsmen, he has been erroneously supposed to have a strong predilection in favour of politics, which though in some measure connected with his business, are but rarely permitted to interfere with his studies, or mingle with his amusements. His person, which is rather below the middle stature, is neatly formed, his features have the general expression of simplicity and benevolence; rendered more interesting by a hue of melancholy that pervades them. When animated by conversation, his eye is uncommonly brilliant, and his whole countenance is full of intelligence; he possesses great command of language; his observations are those of an acute and penetrating mind, and his expressions are

\* Mr. Rhodes, the writer of the above, a citizen of Sheffield.

frequently strikingly metaphorical and eloquent. By all who see and converse with him, he is esteemed; by all who know him, he is beloved."

Mr. Montgomery was born in Scotland, at Irvine, in Ayrshire, November 4, 1771; and was educated at Fulneck, near Leeds, in Yorkshire. The first thirty-five years of his life have been marked with many vicissitudes; and he may with great propriety be said to have been the sport of caprice and misfortune. Fortune seems to have frowned on his humble birth; and to have marked him as the victim of her cruelties. Now, in the esteem of his fellow-citizens, and beloved by his friends, may he close his days in tranquillity and happiness;—the reward of a life devoted to the muses, and marked by a steady course in the path of virtue.

*Savannah, Georgia, June, 1814.*

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#### CRITICISM.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

An Essay on the causes of the Variety of Complexion and Figure in the Human Species, &c. By Samuel Stanhope Smith, D. D. L. L. D. &c.

(Concluded from page 382.)

WE had prepared, as a suitable conclusion to this article, a brief view of a number of other striking points of difference in the form and structure of the several races of men, with which Dr. Smith appears to be unacquainted; or, if apprised of their existence, has deemed it inexpedient to notice them in his essay. A simple statement of these points, independently of all further reasoning on the subject, would operate of itself, we think, as an insuperable objection to the soundness of the hypothesis which the doctor has so zealously laboured to maintain—it would prove to the conviction of every one, that the mutations necessary to convert an African into a European, or a European into an African, a Laplander into a German, or the reverse, are such as, under the present system of nature, can never be effected by the influence of climate, the state of society, and the manner of living.

But conceiving the facts and arguments we have already advanced to be sufficient not only to invalidate the reasonings of our author, but to prove that even his principles are destitute of all foundation in truth, we shall reserve such further statements as we are prepared to make till our reply, should it be deemed necessary, to a defence of Dr. Smith's essay, which we understand may shortly be expected from the pen of a distinguished scholar and divine. In the mean time, as our only object is the establishment of truth, we frankly, though not in the way of challenge or bravado, invite the defence, and will welcome it to a place in the pages of the Port Folio.      Ed.

In sketching the outline of the *countenance* of the negro, Dr. Smith has omitted some of the most important marks by which it is characterized. His picture of it, therefore, is eminently defective. Yet partial and imperfect as it is, he acknowledges his inability to account for it to his own satisfaction on the principles of his hypothesis. "It is difficult, he says, indeed, precisely to point out those physical influences on which these several effects (*the peculiarities of the African countenance*) respectively depend." This is an instance of candour which merits our applause. We cannot, however, regard it, in our author, as by any means amounting to an acknowledgment of his ignorance. Nor would such an acknowledgment be either candid or just. In relation to the present subject few men living are so extensively informed. His theory, in all its principles, bearings and tendencies, is perfectly known to him. He can ably apply it to wherever it is applicable to, and effect with it every explanation to which it is competent. The preceding quotation, then, we consider as tantamount to an avowal, that this theory is insufficient to account for the peculiarities of the African countenance. To its insufficiency alone can its failure be attributed in the hands of so able and enlightened a logician.

Previously to a dismission of the subject we deem it proper to lay before our readers the imperfect outline of the negro countenance which our author has drawn, subjoining ourselves some of the principal of those characteristic marks which he has omitted.

"The African face, says he, confining that designation of countenance chiefly to the torrid zone of western Africa, is distinguished by the depression of the nostrils, and the thickness of the lips, accompanied by a peculiar projection of the fore teeth arising from their oblique insertion into their sockets. The forehead is narrow and generally wrinkled; while the eyes and brows suffer a remarkable contraction."

To this we would subjoin, that, in the negro, the forehead reclines very considerably from a perpendicular line, the lower jaw is longer and more projecting than in the European, and the chin shorter and more receding. Between the nostrils and the fore teeth the upper jaw is wider and consequently the upper lip longer in the negro, and the lower jaw narrower and the lip shorter between the teeth and the chin. The bone of the lower jaw being also thicker and stronger, and the muscles which move it possessed of greater force, the apparatus for masticating is more powerful in the African race. The power of this apparatus is still further increased by a peculiarity in the angle of the lower maxillary bone. Hence it is, that the bite of a negro is more to be dreaded than that of a white man.—In our view of the subject, so utterly disconnected are these peculiarities from the influence of climate, the state of society, and the manner of living, that we shall not without difficulty, be induced to consider our author serious, should he hereafter attempt their explanation from that source. Whatever power those causes may possess over the *surface* of the body, and whatever mutations they may be supposed capable of producing there, they cannot, we think, penetrate to the bones of the face, and so far transform them from the size and figure they originally received from the hand of their Creator.

From the *countenance* of the negro we proceed to an analysis of our author's explanation of the peculiarities which present themselves in the figure and proportions of his *lower extremities*.

"That deformity of the leg, says he, which has attracted the greatest attention of naturalists, and is thought to depart farthest from the beautiful proportions of the human frame, is the curve projecting forwards, which is seen in most of the natives of the western coast of Africa, *especially among the lowest orders of*

*the people.*" In explication of this peculiarity, he goes on to say, that in consequence of the warmth and fertility of her native climate and country, "The African mother is not under an absolute necessity of being perpetually solicitous for the safety and subsistence of her infant; nor does she feel any very strong motives to exercise a constant and minute attention to preserve the erectness and activity of its person.—While occupied, therefore, in cultivating the small spot of earth about her hut, or in other domestic cares, she often leaves even her youngest children for a long time together, wholly to their own management.—Children thus left, he continues, while their bones are yet in a soft and almost gristly state, will be liable to many accidents, that may distort the figure of their limbs, in their frequent struggles with their natural imbecilities, in endeavouring to move from place to place." He proceeds to observe, that "In their first efforts, especially to creep upon their hands and feet, *the weight of the body pressing upon the tender bones of the thighs and legs in an oblique position, must tend to give them that gibbous form which is thought to be peculiar to the African race, but which is often seen among the poorest classes in other countries.* But I must remark here, continues he, as I have already done concerning other characteristics of this race, that whether the causes which have produced them be justly assigned or not, certain it is, that *in the United States, they are gradually throwing off this gibbous deformity of the leg.*"

In this quotation, limited as it is, we discover, as we conceive, inaccuracy and error to an unusual amount. The inaccuracy consists in our author's not having given a view of the whole deformity which marks the lower extremity of the negro. He has spoken of this phenomenon as if it arose exclusively from the curved or gibbous shape of the bones; whereas, in reality, it depends if not in an equal, at least in no inconsiderable degree, on the form and dimensions of the muscles.

The errors are to be regarded in a twofold point of view—as bearing an equal relation to history and philosophy—to the statement of facts and the mode of explaining them.

Our author would persuade us that it is principally if not exclusively among the "lowest orders" of the negroes, that the

gibbous and disproportioned form of the leg prevails; and that, consequently, among the highest orders, that member is free from deformity. This we reluctantly pronounce to be a mistake. The form of the leg of which we are treating, marks, in a higher or lower degree, every full-blooded individual of the negro race, whether he be nobly or ignobly descended. We have seen slaves from Africa who were believed to be of noble if not princely parentage. Although these individuals exhibited in their air and deportment more dignity and elevation than their humble companions; yet still were their lower extremities gibbous and misshapen, and in no instance possessed of European symmetry. Among negroes of legitimate and unsuspected descent, the appearance of the leg now under consideration, obtains as uniformly as a black complexion or frizzled hair. Nor is it a fact, that this phenomenon is disappearing in the descendants of Africans in the United States. In cases where there is no admixture of European blood, it still marks the fifth generation of American descent no less distinctly than it did the first. In domestic servants who live at their ease, fare plentifully, and become fat, the disproportion and curvature of the leg *may, perhaps*, be less striking, in consequence of the fullness of the habit, and the swell of the muscles. Still, however, they are not actually removed, but continue ready to show themselves in their full extent, as soon as the habit is sufficiently reduced by age, disease, or a scantier subsistence.

Our author contends that the gibbosity in question is not peculiar to the Africans and their descendants, but "is often seen among the poorest classes in other countries."—It is not without sincere regret that we find ourselves constrained, in so many instances, to dissent from Dr. Smith in relation to facts. Painful, however, as is the task of such repeated contradictions and detections in error, when duty gives the summons it must be obeyed. That deformities of the lower extremities do frequently exist among the "poorest" and sometimes also among the richer classes of Europeans, as well as their descendants in the United States, is a truth which must not be denied. We do, however, unequivocally deny, that these deformities bear any affinity to the gibbosity which characterizes the limbs of the

**negroes.** The distortions which affect the legs and thighs of the whites, being the result of accident, rickets or some other species of constitutional debility, are various and irregular—they are characterized by no uniformity in their appearance. Examine them with the utmost attention, and you will scarcely find between any two of them an actual resemblance. Nor will they, perhaps, in a single instance, resemble the defective symmetry of the African. These circumstances speak a language which cannot be misunderstood. They demonstratively show that the deformities which mark the limbs of the whites are not the result of any immutable law of nature.

Very different, however, is the case with regard to the gibbosity of the lower extremities of the negro. Allowing for the different degrees in which it marks the limbs of different individuals, that phenomenon exhibits a character of great uniformity. It is entirely exempt from the variety and mutability attendant on the operation of accident and disease. The steadiness and unity of its appearance constitute a point of unequivocal distinction between it and the multiplicity of ever varying deformities with which it is so mistakenly classed by our author. They must prove, we think, to the entire satisfaction of the unprejudiced and reflecting, that the former is the legitimate offspring of nature, while the latter are obviously the product of accident.

There is yet another circumstance, which, in our opinion, establishes, in a manner still more conclusive, the irreconcilable difference which exists between the phenomena under consideration—the gibbosity of the African and the accidental deformity of the European limb. The skeleton of the human leg is known to consist of two bones, the *tibia* and the *fibula*. In the casual distortions which the leg of the European sustains both these bones partake of the curvature: whereas in the natural gibbosity of the African leg, the deformity is confined to the *tibia alone*. If any difference exist, the fibula in the limb of the negro is, perhaps, even straighter than it is in that of the white man, when both are equally free from disease.

Dr. Smith's opinion as to the immediate cause of the gibbosity in the limbs of the African remains to be examined. "In

the first efforts of African children to creep upon their hands and feet, says the doctor, the weight of the body pressing upon the tender bones of the thighs and legs in an oblique position, must tend to give them that gibbous form, which is thought to be peculiar to the African race."

The sentiment here advanced acquires importance and is worthy of a reply, because it relates to an interesting question, and comes from the pen of a distinguished character. Devest it of these considerations, and but little remains to entitle it to our notice.

If the reader will examine for himself the attitude and movements of an infant when engaged in the act of crawling, he cannot, we think, fail to be convinced, that our author has here ascribed to them effects which they can never produce. In this examination he will discover, that the principal weight of the infant, when thus employed, is thrown, not on its *legs* and *thighs*, but on its *arms*. Such is the position and natural balance of the body, that this must, of necessity, be the case. Whence is it, then, that the bones of the arms, being weaker than those of the lower extremities, are not, from this cause, rendered equally gibbous? Wherefore is it that the former, which are most flexible, remain as straight as they are in the European, while the latter, which are comparatively firm and rigid, contract a striking and permanent curve? As they both sustain the action of the same cause, why do they not experience somewhat of the same effect? These are questions which we hold Dr. Smith bound to answer, or otherwise to acknowledge the insufficiency of his explanation.

This, however, is not the only objection which our author has to encounter on the present topic. Another which he will find it equally difficult to remove, is derived from the anatomical structure of the leg. The skeleton of this member, as has been already observed, consists of two bones, a larger and a smaller, the latter of which is at least as straight, we think straighter, in the African than it is in the European. These bones are so firmly attached to each other by articulation, muscles, and ligaments, that all their motions of any extent are necessarily in common. Whatever act of mechanical violence, therefore, in



its application to the whole leg, communicates a conspicuous curvature to the one, cannot possibly fail to produce somewhat of a corresponding effect on the other. At least the power which bends the firmer must, of necessity, be felt by the more flexible. Hence the palpable insufficiency of Dr. Smith's reasoning. Were the mechanical force impressed on the leg of an infant in the act of crawling sufficiently powerful to bend the Tibia, which is the larger and stronger bone, the Fibula, being the weaker, could not escape a similar distortion.

The structure and general appearance of the *foot* constitute another point in which the negro differs from the European. In the present investigation, our author's remarks on this subject must not be suffered to pass unnoticed. "Persons in the United States, says he, who pursue the labour of the field barefooted during the whole summer season, have their feet spread out to an extraordinary breadth, and proportionably extended in length. From a like cause, continues he, proceeds the large size of this member which is common to almost the whole African race. The foot of the African is never confined by a shoe, or any equivalent ligature; it, therefore, receives the full expansion which the whole weight of the body, continually pressing upon it in that state, can give."

In the present inquiry these remarks are without weight, because they are inapplicable to the difficulty in question. The difference between the African and the European foot does not consist so much in the superior size of the former, as in the peculiarity of its general figure and structure. The flatness or unarched form of this member in the negro has long been a matter of universal notoriety. So has the projection of the heel behind the leg—two properties which the mere practice of going barefooted cannot possibly impart. The foot of the Indian, although it never experiences the pressure of a shoe, and that of a soft, elastic moccasin during only a part of the year, is notwithstanding, small and beautifully arched. Nor is the foot of the white man of America, who, in the words of our author, "labours barefooted in the field during the whole summer season" deformed either by flatness or a projection of the heel. "The whole weight of the body, continually pressing upon it" in an un-

confined state, although it may add to its size, deprives it of none of its symmetry and elegance nor have we any reason to believe that the loose sandal of the ancients, covered a foot less beautifully proportioned than the tight shoe or boot of the moderns. The peculiarities in the skeleton or bony structure of the African foot, are circumstances known to anatomists alone. Nor can they be perfectly familiar even to them, unless they be somewhat versed in comparative anatomy. In the foot of the negro the *os calcis* differs not a little both in its size and figure, from the corresponding bone in the foot of the European. The same thing is true with regard to the *astragalus*, which is principally instrumental in forming the articulation between the foot and the leg. This bone in the foot of the African is strikingly dissimilar to that which performs the same office, and is, consequently, designated by the same name, in the foot of the European. With perfect truth might we subjoin similar remarks with respect to all the principal bones which enter into the composition of the skeleton of the foot, as well as in relation to the manner in which they are connected together. In the two races of men we are at present considering, those bones differ most substantially from each other, not only in their figure and articulation, but also in the fabric of skeleton which they form when united.

To be able to realize in their full extent the truth and force of these observations, the reader should avail himself of any opportunity that may occur to compare the skeleton of the African with that of the European foot. Such a comparison would, at once, disclose to him dissimilarities so numerous and important, as could not fail to convince him, that, from the sources to which Dr. Smith ascribes them they can never be derived.

Having accompanied our author on his interesting tour through various nations, sustaining the fervours of a tropical sky, it was not our intention to have deserted him here. Zealous to be instrumental in the detection of error and the establishment of truth, in any thing relating to the history of man, we had determined to tread by his side the snows of the American Siberia, of Lapland, and Kamtschatka, on a visit to the hardy inhabitants of the north. It was, in particular, our wish to have taken a view of the Arctic complexion, and to have examined with him

the features, and discussed the philosophy of the Tartar, the Samoide, and the Esquimaux countenance—subjects closely connected with the present inquiry, and rich in matter for interesting speculation. A want of leisure, however, in ourselves, and the tresspass which we fear we have already committed on the patience of our readers, forbid us to persist in the prosecution of our purpose. We regret this the more, in consideration of being obliged to leave unexposed a multiplicity of errors plausible and ingenious, in relation to the action of cold on the human system. On this subject, in general, Dr. Smith appears to be no less mistaken in his views than he is with regard to the operation of heat. If there be any difference, his opinions on the latter point appear even less exceptionable than they do on the former. His errors, too, in relation to both derive their origin from the same cause—a neglect to discriminate between the laws of living and of dead matter—a want of attention to that power of resistance and accommodation which is possessed and effectively exercised by the vital principle, as often as it is necessary to the well being of the system.

The effects of such a degree of cold as is consistent with life on the body of man, when in a healthy state, can be carried to a given pitch, but no further, owing to the insuperable resistance they encounter from the preservative reaction of the living principle. Nor can their utmost extent amount to a striking and permanent transmutation of the countenance and general system of man. Had we leisure to pursue the discussion, it would be easy to demonstrate, that, notwithstanding all Dr. Smith has said to the contrary, there exists between the Swedes and the Laplanders, and between the Canadian and Esquimaux savages, a personal dissimilarity much greater than is proportioned to the difference of their climates, their states of society, and their modes of life.

Were we inclined to be critically severe, we should find no difficulty in pointing out other errors in the Essay of Dr. Smith, no less palpable than those we have noticed. Being however, of a subordinate standing, and bearing but remotely on the main question, it might be deemed unnecessarily censorious in us, were we to undertake their exposure. They must, therefore,

for the present, be consigned to their fate, or left to the correction of some other physiologist, who, from examining the work in a more minute and circumstantial manner, may regard them as objects demanding attention.

## NOTE.

It was observed on a former occasion, that, in the southern states, the domestic servants who lead easy lives, fare plenteously, and are sheltered, like their superiors, from the inclemencies of the weather, have darker complexions than the field-slaves of the same blood, who, in the midst of hardships and a scantier fare, sustain the influence of the climate in its greatest force. To this should have been added, that a phenomenon perfectly analogous, obtains on the western coast of tropical Africa. In that country, as in most others, society is divided into a variety of casts. There are the princes, the nobles, the mere freemen, and the slaves. Of these, the two latter casts being obliged to labour for a subsistence, are exposed to all the fervours of the climate, and live on food that is coarse, and in every respect of an inferior quality. According, then, to the principles of our author's hypothesis, they ought to be marked by darker complexions, than the more opulent individuals of the higher casts. The very reverse of this, however, is known to be true. As in Europe and America, the fairest complexions are found in the higher classes of society, so, in Africa, the princes, nobles, and other persons of distinction, who are well clothed, lead lives of plenty and ease, and dwell in habitations comparatively comfortable, are proud of their national colour, and surpass very considerably in the depth of their complexion those of their countrymen, whose condition entails on them poverty and hardships, and exposes them unprotected to the influence of the seasons. An African princess is vain of the deep jet of her skin, and with all the solicitude of an European beauty, covers herself from the solar rays, which she knows will communicate to it a lighter shade and less glossy appearance. The same sunshine, then, which embrowns the white man renders the negro comparatively fair.

The Wanderer, or Female Difficulties. By Madame D'Arblay.

It is observed by Dr. Johnson that the task of the novel-writer requires "together with that learning which is to be gained from books, that experience which can never be obtained by solitary diligence, but must arise from general converse and accurate observations of the living world." If with a view to try them by this test we look through the catalogue of novel-

writers, who have occupied so much of the labours of the press, and so deeply engaged the attention of what is called the public, from the days of Fielding and Smollett, we shall be provoked to exclaim with surprise, and to ask by what perverse destiny, persons so entirely unqualified were compelled to undertake a task, for the reputable performance of which it is evident they could not possess any one of those requisites, much less such an assemblage of them, as rarely falls to the lot of any one individual. If, leaving those authors themselves we go to their productions, what do we find there?—Do we find any thing like an exhibition of the natural working of the human heart?—Do we find the joys and miseries, the hopes and apprehensions which agitate mankind in the diversified scenes of private life, portrayed with any reasonable degree of similitude?—Do we find our minds enlarged by any new but yet natural combination of character, or our hearts interested by a display of incidents, not invented, but judiciously culled from the general miscellany of life? Do we find what Johnson ascribes to Shakspeare as the great perfection of his writings, “human sentiments expressed in human language—scenes from which a hermit might estimate the transactions of the world, and a confessor predict the progress of the passions?”—No! but in their place a detail of the frivolous pursuits and dull monotonous habitudes of what is called fashionable life—a life which declines all connection with nature in any of her plans or arrangements, and effaces all the moral lineaments that diversify the species, disguising them under one uniform coat of artificial colouring, and reducing every size of understanding, every class and quality of genius and every variety of temper and disposition to one standard of dull insipid conformity.

Miss Burney, now madame D'Arblay, was not the first who introduced this kind of novels, but she, more than all others, contributed to give circulation to that false taste. The high standing of her father and his influence in the world of letters—the extensive interest she derived from her intimacy with the highest fashionable circles, from the patronage of the queen and the favours of the royal family, both of which were unsparingly ex-

exercised in promoting the circulation of her first novels—the intrinsic merit of the works themselves, and the fascination naturally produced upon the female world by descriptions of high life coming forth fresh from the mint and bearing the direct pressure of *THE COURT*\*—and the subsequent unequivocal stamp which came home to every bosom more closely than all the rest, to wit, her receiving from a bookseller one thousand pounds for one novel, made such an impression on the whole tribe of novel writers in England that from that time forth, the public were condemned to have no fare served up to them in that description of books, but what the author of the *Vicar of Wakefield* so humorously describes as the constant conversation of lady Carolina Withelmina Amelia Skeggs—namely “high life and high-lived company with pictures, taste, Shakspeare, and the musical glasses.”—The mighty magician of Udolpho† took a moral station far above fashionable life from which she never descended, and her imitators could only mimic her defects—but none after those two examples of success would condescend to sink to the level of natural or general life. And now not the lowest author of Grub-street—not even the jaunty seamstress who devotes the few hours she can borrow from her needle, to the plague of the public in the composition of novels, can bend their genius to strike at any object below “High life and high-lived company,” so that the hermit who should according to Johnson, attempt to estimate the transactions of the world by such works as theirs, must imagine that it was peopled with only lords, ladies, dukes, dutchesses, marchionesses, earls, or at the very lowest baronets, field-marshal, and admirals—and that all other classes of people were struck out of existence.

The mischiefs arising from the present unlimited circulation of this description of novels is greater than superficial observers imagine. False conceptions of the living world are generated by their perusal—the most absurd conclusions are drawn from them—and the whole scheme of real social existence is as different from the picture of it, etched out on the imaginations of incon-

\* Miss B. was one of the queen's attendants commonly called maids of honor.

† So the author of the *Pursuits of Literature* calls Mrs. Radcliffe.

siderate readers by that vapid nonsense, as the images on a China tea-cup are from the human face and person divine. By continually dwelling on those pompous scenes of fictitious finery, an inordinate relish for the "shallow fopperies" of fashionable life is excited in those classes of life whose days by the very conditions on which they hold the tenure of existence, are appointed to industry. They whose pecuniary circumstances can afford to indulge in the mimicry of high life, taking their conceptions of it from grossly exaggerated misrepresentations, and borrowing much of their manners from spurious descriptions of those of the highest ranks in Europe, exhibit the most ridiculous airs and disgusting apishness imaginable; and, when most triumphantly playing off the man and woman of fashion, are then acting in a manner which the legitimate sons and daughters of high life would pronounce most awkward, most affected, and most inelegant. Many of our gorgeous houses on this side of the Atlantic, smack woefully of the novel-shop, and their overloaded embellishments much more of what Miss Burney's imitators have described, than of what Miss Burney herself was accustomed to see, moving as she did, in the very first circles of the fashionable world.

This topic might be urged to a much greater extent—but we are writing a criticism on a book, and not an essay on morals. However we cannot release the subject from our possession, without declaring it to be our unalterable persuasions that much of the tawdry disproportioned vanity which pervades the lower conditions of life—much of the detestable pride, the ludicrous ostentation the pernicious luxury, and all the miseries attendant upon expenditure beyond income, which distinguish the great commercial cities of the Union, may be ascribed to the influence of those fashionable life novels upon our young folks and females.

The writer of a novel ought to present to his readers character worthy of imitation and scenes replete with animating instruction. The drawing room is in general the most insipid and uninteresting of all scenes, and its inhabitants are not always well worth imitation. But, if they were models to be imitated, ninety-nine in a hundred of those who describe have never seen them,

and in fact know no more about them than the poor little milliner whose weak brain and simple heart are disturbed by the perusal of their inflammatory trash.—In the meantime the public attention is withdrawn by them from the contemplation of that great stock of society from the study of which alone any improvement or in truth, any legitimate pleasure can be derived.

For the works of madame D'Arblay, however, this may be said, that that which she describes of the fashionable world she has actually seen; indeed she lived her whole life exclusively in them; so that the fidelity of her pictures are not to be suspected, unless where she condescends to employ her pencil upon those humbler departments of life, which can only be known by descending from the coach, and deserting the forte-piano, and with which she is so little conversant that most of her descriptions in that kind might be struck out without the least injury either to her works or to her fame as an author. She indeed makes almost as sorry a hand of those scenes of middle life in which the best affections of the heart, and the more refined natural feeling are disclosed, and of those in lower life, in which humour—the heart of man in its most undisguised state, and coarse homespun nature are to be found, as her wretched imitators make of those caricatures which they pass upon the ignorant and unsuspecting multitude as pictures of highly polished society, and which really “look like Tom Errand dressed in Chircher's clothes.”

In the novel now under consideration, the author has collected together a motley assemblage of characters—combined a succession of strange incidents, and with them for her materials, sketched off a picture which speaks much more in favour of her invention than of her knowledge of life or her insight into human nature. She enters into her old territory the fashionable world, as hostile armies march into a country, to take possession of the strong holds, and turn the guns upon the inhabitants—and on the whole offers so very unfavourable a picture, that we should suspect her of drawing some parts of it rather from the suggestions of some recent mortification, than from anything in real life. Those readers who know the living world will agree with us that it would be difficult to find human creatures in the classes she describes



either so bad or so good as they are represented in this her last work.

The fable of the wanderer is briefly this. *Lord Granville*, the only son of *earl Melbury* had early in life fallen in love with a *Miss Powell*, and prevailed upon her to marry him privately. Her father had been an insolvent man of business; but she possessed so many perfections that the young lord, who was highly gifted by nature thought he best consulted his happiness for life by taking her, though destitute, in wedlock. From fear of the inflexible character of the old earl his father, the marriage was kept concealed from him; and the death of the concealed wife some months after her having a daughter, decided the young widower to guard the secret till the child should be grown up; or he become his own master.—In the meantime the little girl was consigned to the care of her maternal grandmother *Mrs. Powell*, who, satisfied of the legality of the marriage agreed to its being kept secret.

To conceal his grief for the loss of his wife lord Granville went, under pretence of changing air for the recovery of his health, to *Montpelier*, then the residence of the bishop of ——— with whom he formed a friendship that even death could not diminish, and to whom he confided his secret.—Being called home by his father and prevailed upon to marry a lady of quality and large fortune, he deposited in the hands of old *Mrs. Powell* the certificate of his first marriage, with a deed declaring *Julieta Granville* to be his lawful daughter by his first marriage with *Julieta Powell*, and as such bequeathed to her the same portion at his death, that should be settled upon any other daughter he might have by any subsequent marriage. The impossibility of procuring for his child in a retired part of *Yorkshire* where old *Mrs. Powell* resided, an education suitable to her future expectations determined him to have her conveyed to *France*, whither the grandmother having no other tie, but a son who was settled in the *East-Indies*, accompanied her little darling; and the bishop took them under his immediate care, and placed her in a convent where his sister, the marchioness of ——— had settled his niece, and where *Julieta* was known as a young English lady of fortune. *Mrs. Powell* dying and the marriage

of the bishop's niece (Gabriella) with a nobleman being about to take place, Juliett was invited to remain with him till she should be called to England.—Lord Granville acceded to it, and proposed to make a public acknowledgment of his daughter in the ensuing summer.—But before that time arrived was killed by a fall from his horse, and the bishop who was entrusted by Mrs. Powell with the certificate and deed become the guardian and protector of the young orphan, and lost no time to state the affair to lord *Denmeath* the brother of lord Granville's second wife, and guardian of his son and a daughter (young lord *Melbury* and lady *Aurora*) by a second marriage. The coolness of lord Denmeath on the occasion, animated the bishop the more, and he sent his lordship copies of the deed and certificate, and of all the papers. Lord Denmeath proposed a compromise provided Juliett could be so settled in France as not to disturb the family with such a strange tale. The bishop declined all compromise and made known the whole affair to the old peer. After much proud chicane, and dignified shuffling on the part of the English nobleman, the bishop proposed to pass over himself with his ward to England, which occasioned an alarm that produced milder letters; but all the bishop could still obtain was a promissary note of six thousand pounds sterling for the portion of an unknown female, to be paid to her on the day of her marriage to a native of France resident in that country—the bishop insisted on his ward being recognized as the honourable Miss Granville and sharing an equal portion with her half-sister Aurora. This being refused, he prepared to go to England when at that very crisis the French revolution broke out.—The bishop's family chateau was burnt by the mob, and Juliett's papers shared the fate of the other records of the house. The promissary note alone remained; the unsuspecting bishop informed lord Denmeath of this disaster, and in answer received an account of the death of the old earl, and a reclamation of the promissary note—merely for revival: but this was of course refused. At the commencement of the reign of Robespierre Gabriella was obliged with her husband and child, to emigrate, but Juliett remained with the marchioness. After a few months the latter having received information that Gabriella wanted consolation in conse-

quence of the sickness of her child, prevailed on Juliett to go over to her, accompanied by an ancient servant named Ambroise on whose fidelity she could rely—a pass-port being unattainable, Ambroise contrived by means of a smuggler to send letters to Gabriella, and got information of a select party that were preparing to escape. They were waiting for the word to set off when a commissary from the convention arrived to *purify* and new *organize* the towns.—The bishop was seized, Juliett's promissary note was found, and she was ordered to attend the commissary to the mayoralty in order to his obtaining a title to the six thousand pounds, by a marriage with her. She resolutely declared she would suffer death first. But the bishop being brought under the guillotine, and presented to the marchioness and Juliett bound for execution, with no other hope of being saved than Juliett's compliance—she gave herself up the victim of her guardian's safety and was married to the commissary who was immediately called away from the ceremony to quell an insurrection in another town, and gave orders that Juliett should join him; but with the aid of Ambroise she made her escape in disguise, staining her skin, patching her face and bandaging her head in the worst garb of poverty, and reached the sea side where she got into an open boat with a company of passengers who in dead silence and in the darkness of the night sailed for England.

Here it is that the novel opens, and the motley set of gentry and grandees (fugitives from Robespierre's guillotine) who compose the company in the boat, affords the author ample materials for dilating in that which ever was the chief characteristic of her writings, and for which, she takes care in the preface to this novel to inform her readers, she was greatly praised by Dr. Johnson—namely, drawing of characters. The whole novel is taken up with the sufferings of the heroine Juliett—who like all heroines is extravagantly beautiful, good, in every respect excellent; stoically unbending under circumstances that would depress any human heart, and who after a variety of adventures not only all highly improbable, but some of them to our dim sight nearly impossible, arrives at the consummation of all earthly happiness. Exposed to the greatest dangers, to insult, reproach and the suspicion of being an impostor, when by a discovery of

her real character and connexions she could have avoided them all, she obstinately refuses to do so, because she had promised the marchioness not to tell her name till she should receive information that the bishop was safe: The bishop himself arrives in England, the commissary (her husband) is guillotined.—She is married to her perfect satisfaction and restored to her family who are all proud of her superior endowments.

The incidents in this novel are forced, improbable, and some indeed extravagant.—The characters are drawn with a vigorous pencil, but in some instances rather outrage probability; and in others are such as we do not meet any resemblance of at all in real life. She violates the laws of England with as little remorse as she violates probability, and in a word, may be said, so far at least to resemble Shakspeare that when she has a point to carry for her heroine or her plot, improbability, nay impossibility itself vanish before her poetic fury.

In a moral view many parts are highly praise-worthy, and none censurable.—The dreadful effects of disorganization and disorder in a state, are very finely pictured, and the pernicious influence of the new philosophy and irreligion, is tremendously delineated in the character of a young lady in other respects of good disposition (Elinor) who giving herself up entirely to the dominion of jacobinism and infidelity, makes an abortive attempt at suicide and perseveres in her persuasion of its rectitude.

The greatest exertion of human wisdom and firmness, is to know when and where to stop in the pursuit of fame or fortune—and when known to execute it.—Madame D'Arblay had much to lose and little to gain in either by new adventures. She may perhaps have added something to the latter, but we venture to affirm, that if she has not impaired, she has by no means increased the former by her novel of the Wanderer.

FOR THE FORT FOLIO.

## PHILADELPHIA UNROOFED.

*A story in imitation of Le Sage's "Diable Boiteux."*

"No heaven'd stalice  
Infects one comma in the course I hold."

*(Continued from p. 409.)*

THAT old gentleman on her right is a native of Philadelphia. During your revolutionary troubles he became obnoxious to the government, and left America for the island of Antigua, where he married, and the war with its animosities being at an end, sent his son to be educated here, under the guardianship of a Mr. Winslow. The young lad, who is the same you see behind the lady in white, gave great satisfaction lately at Princeton college, dividing his time between his books at that village, and the innocent gayeties of polished society in Philadelphia; of both which he partook with sufficient zeal and zest to make him at once a good scholar and an accomplished gentleman. His guardian died a few months ago, and his father, whose name is Williams, feeling a great desire to see his son, yet not daring to invite him to the sickly climate of the Antilles, ventured to return hither himself. Before he left home he wrote to his old friend and correspondent in Charleston, a Mr. Bentley, proposing to meet him in Philadelphia, and to arrange, if practicable, a match between this son and that gentleman's daughter. Now Bentley's beautiful child, who is as amiable as fair, had left Carolina with her father before this letter reached America, for the purpose of spending the summer in the temperate regions of the north. Young Williams, always liberally supplied with money, had himself visited the various places to which the sick and idle resort during the hot months, and returned here about ten days since, where he put up, not altogether by chance, at the same house in which Mr. and Miss Bentley lodged. He had met them often in his travels, and had been sensibly touched by the engaging conversation and sweet disposition of this young lady, who, on her part, was by no means indifferent to the at-

complishments of Edward. Mr. Bentley perceived with anxiety their mutual and increasing partiality; for he did not know that Williams was the son of his Antigua friend. His solicitude for his child obliged him to caution her against strangers, and to desire her particularly to reject the attentions of her young suitor.—It was too late—vows had been already exchanged, and Edward was master of Sophia's heart.

About that time his father arrived from the West-Indies; and almost at the same hour the letter which he had written to Mr. Bentley, previously to his leaving home, was received by that gentleman. The Carolinian relished his old friend's proposal, as he knew him to be in affluent circumstances. Sophia was forthwith informed of this arrangement, which she strongly opposed, and ended by telling her father that her affections were already engaged. Bentley was inexorable and bade her prepare to submit to his wishes. She burst into tears at this command, and promised to obey if she could. Sincerity and candour are the prominent virtues in this sweet girl's character.—In a few moments after leaving Mr. Bentley she met with her lover. "Mr. Williams, said she, we must think no more of each other. I cannot be an undutiful child.—I am destined for the son of my father's friend. I own to you, added she, while tears again moistened her crimson cheeks, that the sacrifice is great;—I hope I have courage to make it, yes, to offer myself up a victim to my parent's commands."

"No, Sophia, never, cried Edward, never will I relinquish the claim which your sighs, your own confessions and those precious tears now give me to your love! Do not expect—do not wish it."

"Whatever my wishes may be, replied Sophia, it is the desire of my father and he expects it—Another"—

"What other? eagerly interrupted Edward. Who is it presumes to disunite hearts formed for mutual love? I too have a father; he is generous—he is rich. Ah, continued he, kneeling to Sophia, second my entreaties with Mr. Bentley:—we will throw ourselves at his feet:—we will change his purpose: he is a tender parent, and will not rob his darling daughter of all happiness to gratify any friend—any stranger."

Edward remained in a supplicating posture with Sophia's hand in his, while she, though extremely agitated, spoke not a word. A powerful conflict of sentiment convulsed her bosom. She hesitated between her lover and her parent. The contest was short:—a few moments gave the victory to filial duty. Withdrawing her hand, she begged Edward to rise, and with an air and voice mingled with dignity and softness, she addressed him, as she said, for the last time; she entreated him to forget her, hoped he might transfer his affections to some one worthy of them, and where they would meet with no disappointment, and added, that it would be useless to press the subject further with Mr. Bentley, to whom she had already urged all that was proper to be said upon it. Edward rose at her request, but attempted to detain her as she turned to leave the parlour, when the door opened, and her father entered, accompanied by a stranger. Sophia curtsied and was passing by, but Bentley stopt her to introduce her to the father of the young gentleman he had selected for her husband. Edward unable to command himself, accosted him as he held his daughter's trembling hand, and spoke to him thus: "Sir, forgive my impetuosity—pardon my emotion. Look on your Sophia; behold her whose personal and mental charms have enslaved me. She deigns to view me with a favourable eye, ah, do not then foredoom us to misery! wherefore should you force a companion upon your daughter, without stopping to inquire who I am, what are my circumstances, or what my expectations? Hear me, Mr. Bentley"—"No, no," interrupted the Carolinian, "it were vain to importune me further; I am pledged to another, and if my daughter, rebellious to my wishes, should desert her father"—"Oh my God!" exclaimed Sophia, "desert you! never, never. Mr. Williams, sir, does not expect it. A few moments will separate us forever, and then I may hope that my dear father will not force me to"—

"Do not mistake me," resumed Mr. Bentley, "I shall insist on your marrying the son of my friend."

The Carolinian stopt, and stretching out his hand to Edward, led him to the West-Indian, who stood an anxious spectator of this interesting scene; for he had discovered a few mo-

ments before that his son from whom he had been so long separated was in the very house he occupied. "Embrace," said Mr. Bentley, "the parent of my Sophia's destined husband:—embrace your own fond father." "Come, come, exclaimed old Williams to the astonished Edward, come to these arms my beloved boy." Sophia's gloom fled from her face; her bright eyes twinkled with happy surprise. The West-Indian joined his son's hand to hers, and heard the reciprocation of those vows which were more solemnly pronounced a few days ago at the altar.

The student viewed the young bride with increased interest, when Asmodia had finished her story, and having thanked him, pointed from the third box from Sophia's. "Yonder," said he, "sits a youthful person in a velvet dress: by her florid complexion I should judge her possessed of both health and happiness: who is she praying?" "I perceive who you mean," replied the demon. "That lady in the Spanish cloak and shade is on the verge of fifty; her face is a compound of cosmetic paints, and her gray hairs are covered by an auburn wig. She is a rich shop keeper, lately re-united to the person you see by her side. About a month ago he returned from Europe after an unusual absence, during which the rosy lady not hearing from him, listened to the vows of a lusty young Irishman, whom she married after a short courtship. Scarcely, however, had she revelled out her honey moon, when her first husband appeared and claimed her. The son of Erin was determined not to relinquish his prize without a valuable consideration, which after some altercation was fixed at two thousand dollars, and for that sum her first help-mate fairly purchased back his quondam spouse. Grateful for this mark of generous constancy, the lady contrives to cheat the eye and prolong the appearance of youth by the aid of waters, washes, têtes, and ribands."

The scholar raised his hands in amazement. "Well, sir knight," said he "the lady directly opposite, with that fine Grecian profile, those blue eyes, those ivory teeth; she has a face dressed by nature's hand: no art could mingle thus the lily and the rose. See what mellow lips, how moist and round! the vermeil of her cheek is too exquisite to be counterfeit. How grace-



fully she moves that damask shawl from her breast! Heavens, what a neck! Ah, she turns to speak. Tell me, if you please, who she is?" "Her name," replied the imp, "is Charlotte Duval. Her's is the genuine hue of health. A stranger to Philadelphia, although a daughter of Oolumbia, she is destined shortly to experience great misfortunes. She will encounter them with fortitude; yet, in the trial, those dimpled cheeks, now decked in smiles, will lose their bloom, and sorrow shall sicken her innocent heart." "Oh, say not so," cried the student as he heaved a sigh, "cannot you prevent these threatened disasters?" "No," said Asmodia, "perhaps I can soften them: but no more of her at present." Frederick reluctantly withdrew his eyes from her fascinating form, and glancing at a multitude of half veiled belles below, and pert abigails above, fixed them on a tall lady, from whose neck a small eye-glass was suspended by a golden chain. "Who is she?" inquired he, as he pointed to her seat. "She is aunt to the slim and elegant attired lady who sits beside her. Observe her peeping through the end of her folded fan. A French milliner imports these parisian baubles for five dollars, and sells them as opera glasses for thirty. I am not astonished at the assurance of the seller, but I am at the folly of the purchaser. These ladies suppose their optic-fans can magnify the tragic talents of *Dormio*: They had better invert their glasses and lessen his faults."

"God help me," cried Frederick rubbing his eyes, "do I see straight! does not that young man, who chats so much at his ease with the lady leaning against the pillar, hold a comb in his hand? and may I die if he does not dress his hair with it before her face!"

"To be sure he does," said the demon; "those sprigs of fashion carry their tooth-pick, comb-case and cigar-box in the same pocket, and if peradventure one of them does not chew tobacco, he is less accomplished than those who do."

"Is it possible!" exclaimed Frederick; "and can those delicate creatures, so lovely, so beautiful, suffer such unpolished boors in their society?"

"These or none," replied Asmodia; "the education of the young men of this hemisphere, with some exceptions however,

is destitute of that drawing-room tuition, of those graces, that amenity, that pleasing softness of manners, so suitable for feminine intercourse; and while the women are singularly urbane, polite, spiritual—tasteful in dress and graceful in deportment, the men”——He would have proceeded, but the loud and indecent cries of the audience interrupted him. The curtain had dropped, and the musicians were playing one tune whilst the populace were calling for another. The demon, whose voice was drowned by the noise, took his pupil to the farther end of the house. “That disorderly rabble in the gallery, said he, have adopted from the British the custom of insulting the ears of delicacy, and disturbing the quiet of the friends of the drama. In America you have, even with less subordination, most of the rude habits of the lower orders of the English; for here the manners of the choleric German, indocile Irish, and plain Quaker unite to banish from the working classes almost every thing like good breeding. It is rather surprising, when this combination of rudeness is considered, that the multitude suffer any restraint at all. The English of the higher ranks, finding the evil incurable, affect to boast of these disorders, as the proud effusion of liberty. Better, say they, to have one to two men’s heads broken by a porter bottle, than to have a grenadier parading to keep peace. Those French slaves, they exclaim, can be bayoneted into silence, but our free born sons of England, and you may add their descendants in America, are licensed by habit to disturb the finished scenes of your Shakspeares, your Addisons, and the many other able dramatists of the English stage. But enough of these rioters and their apologists,” continued Asmodia.—“Let us visit a neighbouring square or two while your supper is preparing; for we have many other *spectacles* to contemplate, and time presses.”

“With whom are we to sup?” asked the scholar. “I hope you do not intend to drop me at my inn and leave my curiosity unsatisfied, after having so sensibly excited it?”

“No, my young friend” said the demon, “it is my intention to keep you busy for many hours yet: the supper I shall treat you to, will be free of cost to both of us, and it shall be in the midst of a knot of politicians.” So saying he bade young Fre-

derick mind his seat, and passing over some twenty houses, stopt on a lofty building not far from Fifth street. "Here," continued Asmodia, "is a company of singers. You may see them drinking usquebaugh punch in that large room on the right: In the one directly opposite sit a dozen young clerks, watching the turn of a card. The Italian who holds the pack is the owner of a faro bank, and the adventurers by whom he is surrounded, are writers and apprentices in merchant's counting-houses:—the money they sport belongs to their masters. Immediately above you may observe an older party. They play at 'loo. One of the four has lost this evening a small estate in this neighbourhood, on which his wife and children reside, and he is now staking the stock and furniture. This will make some noise in the city to-morrow. The house in front contains a community of the friends of the people,—who volunteer their services in the direction of elections, town and tavern meetings, &c. Those two with florid faces, and who seem to lead the conversation, were this day enlarged from jail, where they have been confined as libellers."

"How," cried the scholar, "men just returned from prison in such high health!"

"Yes," said the imp, "these men have no consciences, and worse devils than my co-mates, they thrive most on mischief: besides they have been fattening on a subscription during their confinement: but we shall see them at supper presently. In the very next house lies a young man with his head on the chimney hearth. He put an end to himself this afternoon with the pistol that you see in his hand. The family have not yet discovered this disaster. He is a stranger here and died a victim to his own mother's hatred. His story is interesting but too long. Turn your eyes from this unhappy youth to the beautiful room beneath us. See that dying maid frantic and feverish. She is given over by her physician, and her afflicted mother hangs in tears over her pillow. At the other end of the bed a young woman bathes her feet with wet flannels: she is her worst enemy, and indirectly the cause of her death; for, entertaining the most unjust suspicions of the sick lady's partiality for her husband, she induced her to leave a house where they happened to meet,

and to expose herself to inclement weather, which caused this fatal malady: but Providence has brought them again together at this awful moment, and as some small atonement for her injurious jealousy, imposes upon her the offices of a friend. Look into that cellar under the three-story house at the corner. Those jolly fellows are the servants of a sharper who trades to fail, and failing becomes rich. No vault is better stored than his, and these his valets are enjoying in detail some choice madeira, which their master steals in gross. But see up stairs in that very house, what sad confusion a termagant woman creates. Her husband has just crept into bed, and this fury is throwing the contents of her dressing box at his head. Thou art not to be pitied, *Sebastian*; for when thou marriedst thine own Irish servant maid, thou must have expected her to exhibit her kitchen graces in the parlour."

"Who is that solitary man," asked Frederick, "near the roof of the next house but one? by the raptures of his countenance and the decay of his clothes I presume he is a poet."

"No, my friend," replied the demon: "a poet here cannot even exist in a garret. It is not in the midst of trade that the muses dwell: their haunts are far from the stir of commerce. This man who rubs his hands and smiles with inward joy, has perfected this evening a secret spring, which gives for a time the appearance of perpetual motion to that horizontal wheel you see in the corner. For a few weeks this thing will produce a great sensation upon the public mind, and what is better for the knave who contrives it, and who seems indeed to need it, will fill his purse to overflowing. Below, on the second floor, you may observe six women, with a man in the midst of them. That is monsieur Eventail, a fashionable French milliner, surrounded by his family. They are at work at this late hour upon some fancy objects in his line, which he means to exhibit to-morrow as newly arrived from Paris: for although they are made by the fair manufacturers who are now engaged about them, he boldly advertises them as coming from France: as such they will be sought after with eagerness: If his secret were known they would be despised. Should you incline to be at the squeeze to-morrow at eleven o'clock, I will take you there."

"Most willingly," replied Frederick: "but near the looking-glass I perceive a little baby figure in full dress: pray what's the use of it?"

"That doll," said Asmodia, "exhibits the fashion of a French morning costume, and is in truth the only thing there of foreign workmanship: it serves as a model to these impostors; but let us leave those who deceive only the imagination to view others employed in poisoning the stomach."

"How!" exclaimed the scholar with astonishment.

"Yes," continued the knight "that wine merchant whom you see engaged with his black servant, is working upon the impurities of European cellars. His merchandize is bad enough when it reaches your shores; what then must it be when it goes out of this man's hands, discoloured by dyes, weakened by water, heated by whiskey, sweetened with cyder, and mixed with other ingredients, which, as a friend to roguery, it is not my interest to divulge.—These are secrets of the trade: you have currants and grapes of your own in America: the only sure way of drinking pure wine is to make it yourself."

"I thank you for the hint," said Frederick; "but pray have the goodness to tell me what that man can be so busy about: he in the house at the corner of that unpaid alley? I am too far off to follow his motions exactly, but he appears to be cooking over a small fire."

"That man," replied the imp, "is a celebrated writer of travels. He lived some time among the Turks, and now affects to think that no coffee is drinkable, but such as is made by himself: he is at this moment boiling a potful after the Egyptian method, to be drank potently strong and without sugar. This is one of the advantages of travelling: you create new wants, and shift to your own shoulders the cares and duties of others; turning with disgust from those homespun comforts which were wont to charm you, to adopt the fastidious habits of the people you have visited.—But let me give you a closer view of this man, of whom you will hear something in a few months, as he is writing his travels through this country, and designs to publish them on his return to France." Upon saying this, the demon cautioned our young hero to be on his guard, and flew with him to the roof of the house by the alley.

"You see now before you," continued the imp, "the noted French author *Nolupé*. On that table near his bed, I can easily distinguish the last page of his journal; and as it relates to Philadelphia, I will read it to you, that you may judge of the verity of his other books, by this he is composing."

"You will do me a great favour indeed;" said the student, "for nothing is dearer to me than my country, and I shall rejoice to see its merits portrayed by his celebrated pen."

"Perhaps not," said Asmodia; "but as my eyes are keener than yours, I will give you in plain English a version of his evening's labour."

The scholar was all attention, and the demon began as follows: "These United States, of which Philadelphia seems the largest town, have no more economy in the disposal of their money; no more good faith in their foreign transactions; no more decency in their public manners; no more moderation in their political disputes, nor any more care in the education of their youth, than the old states of Europe; and whatever appears useful among them, or savours of civil liberty—of personal security, arises rather from the habits of the people—the necessity of labouring—and the high price of labour, than from the talents, wisdom or policy of the government.

"The physiognomy of the United States, geographically speaking, is that of a universal forest: five large lakes to the north: to the west meadows: in the centre mountains: a few towns on the sea-board, having each a vicinage of log-houses, surrounded by fields of wheat, tobacco, and Indian corn, filled with the stumps of trees, whose untrimmed branches form a rude and insecure fence: add to these a morose and capricious sky, an atmosphere alternately dry and damp, sometimes excessively hot, sometimes excessively cold—so changeable, that the same day gives you the extremes of the four seasons of the year, and you have the physical picture of America.

"In summer the weather is so hot in Philadelphia, that all the people go to bed after dinner, except a few who are obliged to paddle up and down the stagnant canals that offend the eye and nose in each street. These unhappy beings, more unfortunate than our colonial slaves, transport upon these corrupted

waters, a water scarcely more pure, which is left at the silent door-way of each house, for the use of the family, when driven towards dark from their afternoon's slumbers, by swarms of mosquitoes.

"Asmodia stopt," and turning to the scholar, "asked him what he thought of this small sample of the Gallick traveller."

"Can this be true of Philadelphia," inquired Frederick?

"Nothing less so," replied Asmodia. "The whole or nearly the whole of all the books he has written, is a collection of false representations, fanciful theories, contradictions, prejudice and pride. Oh, for an emperor or king to make all your long-bow tourists senators or knights, then would ye find *Carrs* and *Valneys* on every shelf!"

"Sir demon," replied the scholar, "I should have preferred hearing you read the notes of *Nolupé* in his own words: but pray tell me how you became acquainted with the French language? you have quoted from the British poets without my presuming to interrupt you to inquire at what leisure moments you had read them, yet I cannot now refrain from asking you where you learned to read French so well?"

"Once for all, replied Asmodia," let it be understood that every language and every book is well known to me, and more especially the mother tongue of this veridical traveller, in whose country I have often had business, from the days of the Druids to the gallant reign of the fourth Henry. That kind of love which is under my particular care, flourished much by the example of that sensitive monarch; nor has it been cooled by the few blasts of fanaticism and civil broils which have intervened between those days and the all chilling horrors of the great revolution. Then, indeed, soft murmuring love, was hushed; no sighs were heard to make their way with speechless eloquence, from soul to soul, "and breathe their soft infection." Tumult, uproar and mad anarchy had usurped its mild dominion. Hell was emptied of its thousand sprites, who winged their way towards that devoted land, to vex with

"Devilish machination,  
Like instruments of plague, these sons of France,  
For Sin, and War on mutual slaughter bent:—

Finding every nook and corner occupied by my brethren, I was obliged to turn politician for want of other employment, and when citizen *Genet* was preparing to come hither, I readily accepted the invitation he gave me to accompany him. He presented me with this red cap, which he called the *bonnet de la liberté*, telling me that there were but few devils in America, and giving me every assurance of success in my way, under his auspices. This country, indeed, had not many imps in it then, and for some time I had an opportunity of playing the devil without rivalry in the few departments of vice then existing; but so much have your compatriots improved, since that able minister arrived amongst you, that incorporeal functionaries have been selected from my infernal brotherhood in numbers sufficiently great to furnish each folly, fault or crime with a special superintendent.

"Alas! said the student, I plainly perceive that the agents of hell have been but too diligent in this my native country, by scattering through it so many of the discontented spirits of Europe, who, after stifling virtue's voice—religion's hope—have despoiled this once innocent land of ———"

The student would have continued, but recollecting the company he was in, prudently checked himself, and looked towards a room at which Asmodia was pointing.

"See, said the demon, see where that lamp stands: don't you perceive in the back chamber of the house opposite to it, three young men with their shirt sleeves rolled up to their shoulders?"

"I do indeed, exclaimed the scholar with great eagerness. Their hands are stained with blood, and each one holds a knife! merciful God! they are murderers, for they plunge one into the body of a man! alarm the watch! save his life if it be not too late!"

"But it is too late," replied the imp with calmness; "that man died in course of nature, three days ago, and was stolen from his grave this night by those young physicians, who are now studying, on his inanimate body the wonderful anatomy of the human frame. The populace, by their idle prejudices, cause these useful, though disgusting and labourious inquiries, to be



made in this clandestine way. Deeds that are intended for the benefit of mankind are often obliged to be hidden from the chilling stare of ignorance, or mad persecution of prejudice, and the bulk of all the good and useful things that philanthropic or superior minds have offered to your species, have been adopted either with reluctance or by force. It was never the spontaneous wish of your simple brothers to sail on canals, or travel on turnpikes—to lessen the evils of a destructive plague by inoculation, or avert the lightning of heaven by the means of an iron conductor:—No, no, the strong arm of power has been stretched forth to coerce you into your own good, and save you from your own inveterate folly:—and yet ye talk of devils! ye are worse than any of my fraternity.”

Asmodia must have been offended, no doubt, at the liberty the scholar had just taken with the fiends of darkness, or else he could never have been so unjust towards *the good people*—the immaculate race of harmless, unspotted republicans of our dear America.

The scholar, who thought he perceived his anger, was not sorry to find himself again on the wing. His guide flitted through the air, and in half the time I can write it, removed to the balustrade of Christ church steeple.

“Here,” said the demon, “look at that unfurnished room in the upper story of the red painted house in front; do you observe a man eating something from a wooden platter? see, see, he dips his black crust into the oil that dripped from yonder lamp: yes in the centre of the most plentiful country in the world, he supports his wretched existence by this disgusting aliment.”

“Ah, poor unhappy creature!” cried the tender hearted Frederick “I did not think there had been such indigence in Pennsylvania! could you contrive, sir knight, to drop these few dollars into his hand? He needs clothes too:—for now I look again, he has not even a shirt under his ragged coat.”

“Keep your money,” said Asmodia, “and be not concerned for this man. *Sharpwell* is richer than most of your countrymen. He is without a fire as you see, and dries by the heat of his body the only shirt he owns. Sleep, the soft repose of sleep, with its oblivious calm, never visits his eyelids; forever anxious, forever

on the watch, he wastes the night in dread alarm of sudden conflagration that shall destroy his houses or the public banks; or in hopeless efforts to silence the upbraidings of a guilty conscience."——

"Ah," interrupted our hero, "I pray you to forgive me for cutting short the story of this miserly catiff, but tell me who is that beautiful young girl, stealing along the pavement with a man older by some years, as it would seem, and who carries a bundle for her? Hark! they knock at the third door from the church."

"My friend," replied the devil, "I pardon your rude interruption, in favour of the damnable deed that man has this night done: it is perfectly in my own way. He is a French man of some distinction, well practised in the art of seduction, and has just enticed that half-blown bud of innocence from her parental roof:—before morning it will be polluted, faded, ruined."——

"And cannot I snatch her from the villain's hand," eagerly asked the student?"

"No," said the demon; "I have not brought you here to destroy my own works: suffice it for you that I extract from these examples, as the physician does from mineral and vegetable poison, such medicinal good as will guard you against such evil propensities. To resume then: that covetous creature is musing over his nauseous meal, upon some political events which he fears may weaken the means of government and shake its credit. If, says he, I sell my stocks, my money will be unemployed: If I put it all into the banks it may be taxed, burnt, robbed: If I keep it all at home, I myself may be pilfered and murdered. What—what shall I do, unhappy wretch that I am! So, continued Asmodia, his pleasure was to amass riches, and you see the dole of contentment they yield. These are the *effects* of what he has been labouring to make the *cause* of his delight. —Look directly opposite—observe those printers, justly denominated *devils*: they are mixing up the deleterious effusions of an unprincipled demagogue. Those sheets will reach every quarter of your state, and the deluded multitude, who so often read without reflection, will believe their monstrous falsehoods. To-night you shall see the author. In the very next house, continued Asmodia, you may perceive a party of workmen of

the same profession. Their labours are pleasing and serviceable: they are striking off the *monthly* impression of an excellent repository of the useful, entertaining and instructive, both in verse and prose. Under the guidance of an accomplished scholar, whose various and brilliant talents are seconded by taste, judgment and unwearied application, it feeds the minds of the select few with rational knowledge and profitable criticism, without attempting to pervert the opinions of the mass of the community, by whom indeed, this performance is seldom read. Observe the house adjoining that into which the depraved Frenchman led his victim; you see the street door opening, and a well dressed man coming out; he is equipt for a journey, and is returning to his home in Virginia, loaded with the spoils of the hazard table. All summer he has been at the watering places, with marked cards and false dice, plundering the unwary. He has enough with him now to support his extravagance through the winter, and is on his way to the stage-office, carrying with him, *by mistake* as he will pretend, if detected, a new surtout belonging to that lodger who sleeps so comfortably in the front room on the third story. But yonder a grave looking man stops at the door of the house on the right of the tavern: he is a physician sent for in great haste, and by casting your eyes to the room immediately over the passage way, you will see the strange catastrophe that brings him here.

(*To be continued.*)

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#### ON THE IRISH LANGUAGE.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

(*Concluded from page 418.*)

I proceed now to give the argument of the play in which this famous, because unique passage in the Punic language is found.

A young Carthaginian stolen away while a child, is carried into Calydonia and there sold to an aged citizen of the place, who adopts the young man as his son, and dying leaves him his heir. The young man is in love with a girl, a relation to him, but of

which he is ignorant, being the daughter of his uncle, one of two female children who, together with their nurse, were stolen and sold to a procuror or pimp.

The young man being unable to prevail upon this pander by fair means, lays a plan to have him convicted of theft. In the mean time, circumstances arise to show that these young girls, are of reputable connections at Carthage. In this conjuncture, their father Hanno, who had travelled about to many places in search of them, happens to arrive, discovers and acknowledges them, and gives the eldest in marriage to the young man her lover.

The dramatis personæ are:

Agarastocles,	the young Carthaginian,
Milphio,	his servant.
Adelphasium,	{ two Carthaginian young women purchased and maintained by Lycus.
Anterastilis,	
Lycus,	Agarastocles being in love with Anterastilia.
Apthemonides,	the Pander.
Hanno,	a soldier.
Giddeneme,	a Carthaginian.
	the nurse.

The scene is laid where Hanno, having arrived in the town, finds out where Agarastocles lives, whom he has been informed is the son of his brother. Hanno on coming to the place, puts a prayer in the Punic language to the deity of the country, that he may succeed in discovering his lost daughters. That prayer translated out of Bochart's Hebrew transformation of the passage is as follows:

The Hebrew of Bochart, and the Latin version I have already given.

I beseech the Gods and Goddesses, who protect this land,  
That my designs may be accomplished, and that through their influence, my  
pursuit may succeed.

To deliver my son from the power of the robber who stole him, and to set  
free my daughters.

O Deities, who dwell here by spiritual influence, and by your providence.  
Before his departure Antidamarchus used to lodge with me.

I knew him well: but he now has joined that society, whose habitation is in  
darkness.

There is a constant rumour that his son Agarsstockes, has settled here; My seal of hospitality, is an engraved tablet, bearing the similitude of my deity. I carry that.

A person who knew it, told me he resided in these parts.

Some one comes through that doorway. It is he: I will ask if he knows the name.

It must be observed, that owing to the ignorance of the transcribers of the meaning of the passage, and owing also to the Phœnician or Punic being like the ancient Hebrew written without points, almost every edition of Plautus varies in the division of the words of this Punic address. I have before me, Elzevir's edition 1652; Simon Carpenter's, Paris 1513, and Vallancey's copy from the edition of Mocinegus already cited, but they all vary in the circumstance I mention. I shall, as I have begun with it, follow Mocinegus, more especially as alterations in a passage which those who alter it, do not pretend to understand, must be for the worse.

In what follows, I have set down the Punic of Plautus, the corresponding Irish, and the literal English version of the Irish alternately.

Nyth al o nim ua lonuth sicora thissi me com syth, . . . . . *Plautus.*  
N'iaith all o nimh uath lonnaithe! socruidhve me com aith, . . . . . *Irish.*

\* *O mighty deity of this country, powerful, terrible quiet me with rest.—Literal.*  
*English version.*

Chim lach chunyth mum ys tyal mycthi barii im schi, . . . . . *Plautus.*  
Chimi lach chujnigh! muini is toil, miocht beiridh iar mo scith. . . . . *Irish.*

*Support of weak captives deign to instruct me to obtain my children after my fatigue.* . . . . . *English.*

Lipho can ethyth by mithii ad eadan binuthii. . . . . *Plautus.*  
Liomh tha can ati bi mitche ad eadan beannaithe. . . . . *Irish.*

*Let it be, that my earnest prayers are blessed before thee.* . . . . . *English.*

Byr nar ob syllo pomal o nini! ubymis isyrthoho. . . . . *Plautus.*  
Bior nar ob siladh umbal-o nimh! ibhim a frothai! . . . . . *Irish.*

*A fountain not denied to drop for the humble, O deity let me drink of its streams!* . . . . . *English.*

\* Vallancey gives first a free English translation, and then a version verbum verbo of the Irish. I have thought it enough to give the latter, without transposing the Irish words, so as to put each English word under each Irish. Vallancey gives his authorities for his translation, from Lhwyd and O'Brien's dictionaries of the Irish language.

- Byth, lym mo thym noctothii nelech an ti daise machon, . . . *Plautus.*  
 Beith liom! mo thime noctaithe, nial ach an ti daisic mac ooinne. *Irish.*  
*Be with me; my fears disclosed, I have no design but to recover my*  
*daughters.* . . . *English.*  
 Ys i de lebrim thyfe lyth chy lys chon templyph ula. . . . *Plautus.*  
 Is i de leabhraim tafach leith, chi lis con teamluibh ulla. . . *Irish.*  
*This was the sole request I made, bewailing their misfortunes in (thy)*  
*sacred temples.* . . . *English.*  
 Uth bynim ys diburt hyan ocuthnu Agorastocles. . . . *Plautus.*  
 Uch-fin nima, i is de biait imm a ccomhnaith Agorastocles! . . *Irish.*  
*O sweet Deity! it is said, in this place dwells Agorastocles!* . . *English.*  
 Ythe man eth iychirsa lycoth sith nasa. . . . *Plautus.*  
 Itche mana ith a chithirsi; leicceath sith nasa! . . . *Irish.*  
*If the cause of my request should seem to you just, now grant me rest*  
*(peace.)* . . . *English.*  
 Buini id chillu ili guby lim la si bithym. . . . *Plautus.*  
 Buaine na iad cheile de; gabh liom an la so bithim! . . . *Irish.*  
*Do not always conceal them: O may I find my daughters this day!* . *English.*  
 Bo dyalytha synnyn mysly mepo chetl us im. . . . *Plautus.*  
 Bo dileachtach nionath n'ishe, mona cothoil us im. . . . *Irish.*  
*Being orphans, they will be the prey of the dregs of mankind, unless it*  
*be thy will (to vouchsafe) tidings concerning them.* . . . *English.*  
 Ecanolim uo lanus succur ratim misti atticum esse. . . . *Plautus*  
 Ece allo nim uath lonnaithe! socair-ratai mitche aiticimse. . . *Irish.*  
*O great deity, powerful, terrible, behold! grant success to the petition*  
*I make.* . . . *English.*  
 Concubitu mabel lo cutin bean tha lacant ehona enuses. . . . *Plautus.*  
 Concuibet meabail le cuta bean, thait lecairt con inisia, . . . *Irish.*  
*Without deceit or effeminate anger, in humble speech I have told my*  
*meaning* . . . *English.*  
 Huie esi lec pan esse, athi don as con alem in dubart felo no both ame, *Plautus*  
 Huch! eaisi leice pian esse athi dam, as con ailim in dubart felo no  
 both ame. . . . *Irish.*  
*Alas! the neglect of the cause I have set before thee, would be the pains*  
*of death to me, let me not meet any secret mischief.* . . . *English.*  
 Celt um co mu cro lueni! ateni mauo suber r benthayach Agoras-  
 toctlem. . . . *Plautus.*  
 Celt uaim c'a moco luani! athini me an subha ar beanuath Agorasto-  
 cles. . . . *Irish.*  
*Hide not from me the children of my loins, and grant me the pleasure*  
*of recovering Agorastocles.* . . . *English.*  
 Ex te se aneche na sotelia eli coa alem as dubert ar mi comps. . *Plautus.*  
 Ece te so a Neach na soichle uile cos ailum as dubart ar me compais. *Irish.*

*Behold O deity, this is every consideration of joy I earnestly pray for,*  
*take pity on me.* . . . . . *English.*  
*Uesptis aod eanec lie tor be desiussum him nim co lus.* . . . . . *Plautus.*  
*Is bidia aodh cineac lie Tor, ba desiughim le mo nimh co lus.* . . . . . *Irish.*  
*And there shall be grateful fires on stone towers, which I will prepare*  
*to burn to my Deity.* . . . . . *English.*

I have already observed, that the Phenician (and Punic or Carthaginian of course) like the Hebrew, was written without points. Hence, transcribers in copying this (to them) unintelligible passage, would be apt to run the words into each other confusedly. Major Vallancey, therefore, has taken the fair and reasonable liberty of dividing the words, so as to bring together the letters that form them, into their natural situation: but the reader who will take the trouble of comparing the lines, as they exist in Mocineg's edition of Plautus (above given) and the division of Vallancey, will plainly see that no force is used for the purpose, and that Vallancey's reading is in all probability the true one.

Some other Punic words occur in the second scene of the fifth act, which are in a similar manner explained; but as my meaning is, not to satisfy but to excite curiosity, I shall do no more than refer to Vallancey's explanation.

That the Punic would bear a similarity to the Hebrew, is in all respects probable, as the Israelites in Egypt must have spoken a language approaching to the Chaldee, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob living in the country watered by the Euphrates and its streams: and as the Israelites, from the time of their first incursion into Canaan, to the period of their first captivity, lived among, and intermingled with the Canaanites or Phenicians. That the similarity between the two languages would decrease after their two captivities and still more after the subsequent dispersion of this singular people, is also next to certain. Hence the Hebrew throws a gleam of light over this almost unintelligible passage, but from the extracts which I have presented to the reader, it must be evident, that the Irish has furnished a complete key to the hidden meaning, and brought the prayer of Hanno into full day.

The passage is too long, and the meaning too connected, to refer this to any accidental coincidence, and the conclusion seems

inevitable, that the Irish language is the same with the ancient Carthaginian.

I know not, that there are any written remains of the *Come-raig*, (Celtic) Gaelic, or *Erse*, either in Ireland or Scotland. No one has yet produced the original of *McPherson's Ossian*, although, there were probably some traditionary poems that furnished the ground work, orally known. But there are some ancient Irish records, which corroborate the general argument of this paper.

T. C.

*Carlisle. Aug. 1814.*

#### OBSERVATIONS ON CRYSTALLIZATION.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

THE efficacy of temperature in augmenting the solvent power of liquids, is laid down by most chemical writers. This is more especially the case with the class of salts; to which however some exceptions occur, as in muriat of soda, which is nearly equally soluble in boiling water, and in water at the common atmospheric temperature. There is nevertheless, something as yet not well understood, that appears to me operative in such cases, independent entirely of temperature, even in the instances of our most soluble salts, as Glauber's or the sulphat of soda and some others.

It is almost universally asserted by authors on the subject, that atmospheric pressure is essential to the crystallization of salts; and the proof advanced, is, that if a vial, nearly filled with a *boiling saturated* solution of Glauber's salt, be closely corked whilst filled with vapour, so as to exclude the atmospheric pressure; this solution will remain, even when cold, perfectly fluid, and may be shaken without becoming solid: But if the cork be withdrawn, the sudden impulse, from the air rushing into the vial, immediately induces the crystallization of the mass, with a sensible evolution of heat.

Now this beautiful and interesting experiment, which is usually shown in every course of chemical lectures, certainly at first sight appears to prove the position advanced.—There are however, numerous objections to its truth; yet so numerous are



the anomalies that present themselves in experimenting upon this subject, that I am unable to form any theory or speculation on their causes.

1. If the above position were true, then certainly, by a parity of reasoning, we should expect every other saline solution, in which a boiling heat is employed to promote its fullest state of saturation, to be affected in a similar way; but this is not the case as far as I have tried it. Nitrat of potash, and muriat of ammonia, both, nearly as soluble as Glauber's salt; *when secured from atmospheric pressure*, by *corking the vial or tying a bladder over the mouth*, precipitate in regular crystals as the solution cools. This fact alone is sufficient to overturn the theory advanced to explain the case stated of the Glauber's salt;—but,

2. A perfectly saturated solution of Glauber's salt, thus carefully corked at a boiling heat, has repeatedly crystallized throughout, *without any exposure to the atmospheric pressure*; whilst a solution of equal strength, and prepared and secured in every respect as the former, has, whilst standing beside it, remained perfectly fluid.

3. Saturated solutions of salts as above, *uncorked*, evince the same results.—I have kept some vessels thus exposed to the full atmospheric pressure for three days, without any consolidation; and others, during all the intermediate periods, with similar results. Sometimes one or more will crystallize, whilst others continue fluid. I have made these experiments in vials holding from two drachms to sixteen ounces; in receivers of a globular and oval shape, from half a pint to half a gallon; some with short and others with long necks; and in open glass jars of one to two inches diameter, and eight or nine long; so that the *form* of the vessel in no way appears to influence the result. Nor has the *quantity* of solution in the vessel any influence, since it is the same when filled to the top, or when only filled to one fourth or one fifth part. The result was the same, when I employed the common Glauber's salts of the shops; the *native*; or the *artificial*, made by the direct combination of the constituents. In one experiment made with the artificial sulphat I filled three equal vials; two were closely corked, the third remained open, and all were placed beside each other to cool. In

four hours, one of the *corked* solutions was regularly crystallized in solid transparent crystals, one fifth only of the mass being in a liquid state, which did not consolidate by shaking, or by withdrawing the cork. The contents of the *other corked*, and of the *uncorked* vial, both continued fluid; and *both* became solid by shaking, without withdrawing the cork of the closed one.

4. Solutions as above, after remaining exposed, have even not crystallized when briskly shaken; and sometime afterwards without any apparent cause, have assumed the solid form.

5. Solutions as above, and closely secured, have failed to become solid, when the cork has been drawn, or the bladder punctured, for some moments, and even minutes; and in a few cases when even agitation was employed in addition:—and these, in like manner, when least expected, have suddenly crystallized.

6. Solutions as above, both *corked* and *uncorked*, have gradually deposited regular *transparent firm* crystals,\* in some instances two inches in length; in others, in irregular masses, at the bottom of the vessel—the fluid above, in these cases, continuing clear and saturated, and when shaken, sometimes consolidating in the usual way.

7. Solutions as above, both *corked* and *uncorked*, after thus depositing these *regular* crystals at the bottom, have, without any apparent cause, become consolidated above them, whilst remaining untouched.

8. Solutions as above, (especially in a matrass with a neck nearly two feet long) have, after considerable exposure and frequent agitation, refused to crystallize, even although continued at intervals for more than an hour; yet by then *turning* the vessel, so as to pour out a little from the neck, the crystallization has immediately occurred.

9. The same solution in the matrass above mentioned, has frequently become completely crystallized when left uncorked; at other times, a large mass, equal to half the volume of the solution, has crystallized regularly, in hard transparent crystals; the remainder of the solution continuing fluid.

\* The crystals which form *suddenly* in these solutions, are always of a soft, spongy, silky, striated appearance, and do not exhibit the firm, transparent, glassy appearance of the common crystals of Glauber's salt.

10. Saturated *mixed* solutions of nitre and Glauber's salt, *corked* closely, have allowed the nitre to crystallize regularly at the bottom; whilst the Glauber's salt remained fluid, and on drawing the cork, became solid in the usual way.

11. Solutions, by *no means saturated*, evince similar results with the above fully saturated ones, although not in so strongly marked a manner.

12. One of the most singular and interesting facts connected with these experiments, is, that in those cases, in which, (*either in the corked or uncorked solutions*) regular, firm, *transparent* crystals form; so soon as the *residual* saturated solution above them, solidifies, either spontaneously, or by shaking, drawing the cork, &c. an immediate (or nearly so) opalescence, or loss of transparency ensues in those *first formed* crystals, which gradually increases to a beautiful porcelainous whiteness. This, I have almost invariably noticed under the above circumstances; I believe it arises from the gradual abstraction of the water of crystallization of the first formed regular crystals, by the mass of secondary crystals; for in one experiment made, I found the porcelainous mass when dissolved in water, and regularly recrystallized, afforded a quantity of transparent crystals, *superior in weight* to those I employed, which could only arise from their re-obtaining their thus lost water of crystallization.—How the secondary crystals operate in withdrawing this water from the first, I cannot form the most distant idea.

13. In those solutions in which spontaneous crystals have formed; in the course of a few days, if the secondary crystallization does not take place, a complete truncation of the summits of the crystals occurs, gradually forming a level of the whole; as in common cases; yet in several instances, the solution above, was sufficiently saturated to consolidate when shaken.

14. In one experiment two equal sized vials were filled to the top with saturated solutions; one was corked, the other was left open;—in two hours the uncorked one had consolidated; the other, was observed to have contracted above one-fourth of an inch and continued fluid; it crystallized however as usual, when briskly shaken, without withdrawing the cork.

It should perhaps be mentioned, that this sudden crystallization always commences at the surface.

I have put the solutions, both corked and uncorked, into cold water, as soon as made, in order to expedite their cooling; and have found the same results generally, as when suffered to cool gradually.—The solution in open vials, has sometimes cooled down to the temperature of the cold water (about forty degrees) and has then remained fluid in it for two or three hours; it has then sometimes crystallized in the soft spongy mass, at others in firm, well formed regular crystals.

15. Four or five vials have burst in which spontaneous regular crystals had formed; and over which, subsequently, a sudden consolidation of the residuary solution had taken place, after the change of colour was effected in the first crystals (as mentioned in No. 13), but whether from an expansion in the first or second crystals, I know not, as I was never present when this occurred.\*—I have never seen this fracture of the vial, when *only* the regular crystals had formed, nor when *only* the spontaneous solidification took place.—It is probably therefore some how connected with the abstraction of the water of crystallization from the regular, 'by the spontaneous spongy' mass.—In the above instances, the crystals which had formed regularly were perfectly white, and were readily separated from the superior spongy ones, by a little water gently poured over them; leaving them of the most perfect regularity, and forming a beautiful white crystalline preparation easily preserved, and not efflorescent as in common cases.

In all the cases thus enumerated, such are the anomalies presented, as to prevent my drawing one conclusion from them, which could give me any insight into the causes that produce them. In some cases, atmospheric pressure seems to operate, in others not; agitation sometimes, but not invariably. The whole series of experiments is so interesting, I trust this account may lead to further investigation, which may finally afford an explanation, and possibly lead to new views on the subject of crystallization generally.—I can only add, that I never

\* I apprehend it must occur during the abstraction of the water of crystallization, from the primary, by the secondary crystals, which must be accompanied by a correspondent expansion.

could promise myself, *a priori*, that any one case should certainly turn out, as I expected; it appeared a matter of chance in a great degree, whether this or the other result should ensue.\*

I have tried similar experiments with other salts, of which I shall barely state the outlines.—

1. Sulphat of magnesia.—Boiling saturated solutions of this salt, corked and uncorked, like the before mentioned ones, sometimes crystallize, and sometimes continue fluid; I have never

\* In speaking of the effect of atmospheric pressure on saturated solutions of salts, Dr. Higgins details an experiment which he made in a narrow-necked glass matrass of three gallons dimensions. It was fixed in a vessel filled with a saturated solution of sea salt: a solution of one hundred and forty-four ounces of Glauber's salts in ninety-six ounces of water, in a separate vessel, was filtered into the matrass, which was filled two-thirds by it, and the whole was made to boil so as to exclude the air, by the vapour formed. A strip of wet bladder secured the mouth of the matrass and sustained the atmospheric pressure.

Two matrasses were thus prepared.—They stood three days at a temperature between forty and fifty degrees, and were often shaken without crystallizing; as soon as the bladder was cut, a few small concentric spicular crystals formed, and shot rapidly through the liquor till it was almost solid; the caloric evolved, raised the temperature from sixty to ninety degrees, and in one experiment from forty to ninety degrees.

From this experiment connected with those above detailed, as also from many well known facts, I am unpelled to deny the perfection of Dr. Black's celebrated theory of latent heat. It will be observed that boiling saturated solutions of Glauber's salts, have repeatedly refused to crystallize, even when exposed to the full pressure of the air, and that for days;—now it is to be remembered that such solutions had cooled from at least two hundred and twelve degrees, to near the freezing point, and yet were enabled to hold that portion of salt in solution, which our theories presume to depend on the additional temperature.—What was it that thus enabled the water to maintain its fluidity and transparency, although charged with such a quantity of solid matter; in opposition to atmospheric pressure and a diminished temperature of at least one hundred and fifty degrees! Can it possibly have depended on a quantity of latent heat, only equal in the above experiment of Dr. Higgins to fifty degrees?—And is not the fact, that water itself has been cooled down to twenty or twenty-five degrees below the freezing point, without congealing, evidence, that *something more* than a certain quantum of latent heat is essential to the fluidity of water, &c.—Other objections to this theory present themselves, but this is not the place for considering them.

observed the beautiful satin-like crystallization perceptible in the sulphat of soda; but the crystals fall down in minute grains, like sand, diffused through the solution, gradually sinking to the bottom.

2. Alum, as above.—Crystals formed at the bottom; the remainder continued fluid, even when shaken; when the cork was withdrawn, shaking produced no effect for nearly a minute, when the same sand-like precipitation ensued commencing from the top.—When this ceased, it appeared nearly solid, but by standing for 24 hours, more than one half was fluid.

3. Sulphat of iron, exhibited an appearance nearly similar to that of alum.

4. Sulphat of copper—the same, with some occasional variation, even in the same solution.

5. Sulphat of zinc—remained fluid, for 24 hours, although a boiling saturated solution was employed, and frequent agitation.

6. Sub-carbonat of soda (sal soda) boiling and saturated. In one case (*corked*) it became nearly solid when cold, from the spontaneous crystallization.—The same solution, subsequently, deposited, whilst corked, a smaller quantity of spontaneous crystals, and after drawing the cork and shaking, small granular crystals speedily clouded the solution. The same resulted in uncorked solutions.

7. Muriat of lime—saturated and boiling, crystallized when *corked*, completely throughout; subsequently, dissolved by heat again, and corked, it remained fluid, *until shaken without uncorking*; when a crystallization as beautiful, and nearly resembling that of sulphat of soda took place, with an extrication of more caloric than in any of the preceding cases.

8. Muriat of ammonia—corked and uncorked; boiling saturated solutions became solid as they cooled, with a firm crystallization.

9. Nitre, deposits regular crystals at the bottom, both in corked and uncorked vials; but I never perceived any further result, except by the slow evaporation of the fluid.

I have tried a number of other salts, but the results are not worth repeating at present, as I have not extended my experiments on them sufficiently.

If what I have stated, should be sufficiently interesting, and at the same time compatible with the nature of your publication, I will thank you to give it an insertion.

I am, dear sir, very respectfully,

Your's, &c.

JOHN REDMAN COKE.

Philadelphia, July 27th, 1814.

#### NOTES OF A DESULTORY READER.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

WHETHER it be from its falling in with my habits and natural propensity to laziness, or that it proceeds from a correct way of thinking, I will neither undertake to investigate nor decide, but I have always been vastly pleased with Voltaire's exclamation of, "to be to the man who says all he can upon a subject!" Grateful, therefore, thrice grateful is the liberty I enjoy, in virtue of my investiture in the right, now established by prescription, though obtained, perhaps, like other usurpations, by encroachment, of communicating the fruits of my desultory reading in my own desultory manner. All I ask of the gentle reader, is, that when he finds me abrupt or superficial, he will be kind enough to suppose, I could have said a great deal more, and, that more in fact is meant than meets the ear—or eye, if the precision of the times, which requires us to "speak by the card, as we would avoid being undone by equivocation," to say, for instance, *over* a signature instead of *under* one, will have it so. Considering, as I do, my effusions, a kind of Montaigneana, in which, my excursive fancy may rove without restraint, "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," and descant with perfect freedom upon the *quicquid agunt homines* whether in great or small concerns, or relating to myself or others, I shall ever, unhesitatingly, as heretofore, indulge myself in the use of the pronoun I, and under the sanction of that assumption, gambol in all the delight-

ful immunities of egotism; undissembled by a sheepish resort to the third person, after the manner of a Cæsar or a Frederick. These preliminaries being once for all adjusted, though not quite so early, perhaps, as strict propriety might demand, I fearlessly proceed in my annotations.

And first as to a jurymen's oath in Pennsylvania, amended by the honourable the Legislature thereof, by the superaddition of the words, "unless dismissed by the court, or the cause be withdrawn by the parties!" But why this? it may be asked. They cannot certainly try, unless there is something to be tried. Ay, there's the rub; there's the villany of the old oath, which we inconsiderately adopted from the law of England, and have used for a century perhaps, with what havoc to the immortal souls of the good people of this *quondam* province and now commonwealth, heaven only knows; or, peradventure, the opposite place. By the form of the oath, as it stood before the amendment, the jurors were sworn, to well and truly try the issue joined between the plaintiff and defendant, without any provision for the contingencies so wisely adverted to by our legislature; and it frequently happened, that after they were so sworn, the cause was dismissed or withdrawn in consequence of a compromise, or something else which left the jury nothing to do. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ.* Hence the crying mischief which bawled so loudly for remedy. I hope my statement is understood, and the sad dilemma perceived, in which jurymen were placed. But, as I still suspect, some are too dull of apprehension to see the propriety of the legislative alteration, it seems necessary to go a little into detail.

Be it known, then, that in the western parts of this great and enlightened commonwealth, there exists a people, numerous, wealthy, pious, republican, influential, vulgarly called the Scotch-Irish. In addition to a most rigid and scrupulous adherence to the letter of their religious duties, these good people always annex an emphasis and importance, inconceivable to those who are unacquainted in their dialect and idiom, to the auxiliary *will*: which word, be it observed, is one of the first in the aforesaid oath of a jurymen. Hence, by reason of the undue



degree of importance attached to this monosyllable; it happens that the words *well and truly*, which, in connexion with *try*, are, in fact, the *id.* of the oath, as a lawyer would say, are entirely overlooked by them; and they thence conceived, that when sworn in the old mode, their salvation depended upon their trying the cause in despite of the court, the lawyers, and the parties. And many a scene of deep distress, in the western law-tribunals was the consequence of this opinion. Whole arrays with everlasting damnation staring them in the face, long benches of justices impressed with the awfulness of their situation, yet without the power to absolve them from their oaths, or otherwise to relieve them than by a trial, in which neither lawyers nor parties were willing to indulge them, though Tophet, in their minds was gaping to receive them. Miserable predicament!

'Tis true, this construction of theirs was an unlucky one, and not such as every man would make; but who can blame the amiable refinements and sensibilities, which proceed from an exquisite tenderness of conscience! Our legislature did not, but most humanely interposed its authority for their relief; and therefore it is, that our statute-book exhibits a "heavy-headed" memorial "which makes us traduced and taxed of other states, who clepe us blockheads, and with swinish phrase soil our addition."

In early youth, the following beginning of a short poem or song entitled the Shepherd's Complaint, struck me as eminently beautiful and poetical; and, in fact, though not so highly appreciated by my present colder judgment, the images seem well selected, for accordance with the romantic melancholy of a desponding, unfortunate lover:

The night was still, the air serene,  
Fann'd by a southern breeze;  
The glimmering moon might just be seen,  
Reflecting through the trees.

The bubbling water's constant course  
From off the adjacent hill,  
Was mournful Echo's last resource  
All nature was so still.

Perhaps, indeed, the only objection to which the verses are liable, is the want of a metrical cadence, since, if deprived of their alternating chime, they would be nothing different from prose. This, however, would appear to be no fault, at the present day, being in coincidence with the fashionable style of poetry, which, from the shortness of the lines, admits of no modulation, and runs precisely on the same feet, or, in the bar-phrase, on all fours, with the doggerel of Hudibras. This is the case with the greater part of Scott's poetry, as well as with lord Byron's tales. An instance occurs from the *Bride of Abydos*, which, being at hand, I take without selection, the first two lines that meet my eye.

But Selim then must answer why  
We need so much of mystery.

Well rhymed, and the final y of old ballad-celebrity, well rung upon, it must be confessed! though not better than in Hudibras. For instance,

With that, the foe an egg let fly  
Which hit him plump upon the eye.

Or, if trisyllabled words are preferred, and supposed to close a couplet most gracefully, what are we to think of this in the same Hudibras:

Instead of kitchen-stuff, some cry  
A gospel-preaching ministry.

Or of this:

A plan more senseless than the Bog'ry  
Of old Aruspicy and Aug'ry.

Nor have Scott, Byron, or Southey ever surpassed the doggerel excellence of this conclusion of a learned harrangue of the same hero:

And can no more make bears of these,  
Than prove my horse is Socrates.

Who will now say that Butcher's metre is less musical than lord Byron's? If, however, in future, this is to be considered the true heroic measure, and Pope's, Dryden's and Milton's are

to be discarded as obsolete, we have only to lament, that it has been prostituted in the service of the burlesque epic, and that from the influence of that unlucky association, it is liable to degradation, however lofty in its own essence, it may be.

Still, in respect of those, who, rather pleased readers than blind idolaters, place Scott and his tribe where they ought to be, that is, as adepts in the new career of telling wild stories, or making novels in verse, it must be granted, that their numbers are not ill chosen, since, being rapid and animated, they are happily adapted to narration, where the subject is not over important, and of a kind to require the array of more sober and solemn decoration.

As to the hasty, injudicious decisions of juvenile taste, adverted to in the preceding note, and of which, in my own case, I recognise several instances, much indulgence is certainly due, when it is considered, that even the great Dryden, as he tells us himself, was highly delighted in his youth, with some turgid lines which spoke of "crystallizing the floods, and periwigging with snow the bald pate woods;" the latter line of which is little less ridiculous than the two instances of cold and false thoughts given by Boileau in the preface to his poems. The first of these, on Pyramus killing himself with a dagger, gives the dagger its own, in this truly laughable set-down, (spoken at it, as we say) from the mouth of the inconsolable Thibé:

Ah! voici le poignard, qui dusang de son maître,  
S'est souillé d'un sang si précieux. Il en rougit, le traître.

The other, on the very serious subject of the general deluge, observes; that

Dieu lava bien la tête à son image.

Which may be fairly translated: "God gave to the head of his own image a handsome washing, or ducking."

I am sorry to say, that the idea in the first example, has but too much resemblance of that passage in Shakspeare, where the blood of Julius Cæsar, in the play of that name, which had spouted from the stabs of his assassins, is represented as a porter, first communing with himself as to the identity of the per-

son rapping at the door, and finally "rushing out to be resolved, whether it was Brutus who so unkindly knocked or no." But what almost amounts to a justification of Shakspeare, is, that he has put the words into the mouth of Mark Antony addressing a Roman populace, upon whom both the thought and the image, however revolting to a correct taste, were well calculated for strong impression. Perhaps, as a *quidlibet audendi* is allowable to poets, so may a *quidlibet descendendi* be occasionally granted to orators.

In my last notes, I remarked as a grammatical error, the saying—*these* or *those* kind of things. I did not then know it had been observed upon, and reprehended in Lindley Murray's grammar; for it is certainly not my intention in these notes, however little may be their intrinsic worth, or claim to originality, to vent, as my own, the observations of others. The only instance, Murray says, in which this false, or rather want of concord is admitted, is in the phrase *this means*; which, from its general use by the best authors, is so entirely legitimated, as to render inelegant and inadmissible, the more strictly proper expression of *this mean*. The word, he seems to think, cannot, with propriety, be used in the singular.

It has been no less a matter of surprise than complaint, that Buttler, who so wittily supported the cause of church and king by his Hudibras, was nevertheless entirely neglected by Charles the second, and suffered to live and die in want. But, upon the supposition, that Charles was the pensioner and tool of the French court and had read Hudibras, might not the following observation, in some degree, account for the neglect?

And as the French we conquered once,  
Now give us laws for pantaloons,  
The length of breeches and the ga'thers  
Port-cannons, perriwigs and feathers.

By the by, a fancy seizes me to alter the passage as follows, 'Tis a mere whim, to be sure; but it would certainly help the rhyme; which is lame, and not hurt the sense, in the eyes of the present generation:

And as the French, by way of boons,  
 Late gave us laws and pantalons,  
 Decrees and wars, and trading tethers,  
 Sea-bonfires, chapeaux-bras, and feathers:

We are told somewhere, probably by Boswell in his *Life of Johnson*, that the doctor once asked, without desiring or expecting an answer, perhaps, what Pope meant by saying,

Let modest Foster, if he will, excel  
 Ten Metropolitans in preaching well.

I should suppose he simply meant, that although Foster was a dissenter, he did actually outpreach the generality, if not the whole of the regular clergy; and that he, Pope, had so little of the episcopalian spirit in him, as to care not a farthing about it, if, indeed, he was not pleased at it. Pope, perhaps, had reason to be somewhat malecontent. He tells us, that his father,

Though double tax'd and fin'd  
 Still stuck to poverty with peace of mind.

And was not he himself refused a degree, or at least not complimented with one, at the university of Oxford?

Among the lighter poems of Statius, there is one upon the death of the tame lion of Domitian, killed by a tyger (*fugientē fera*) in the amphitheatre. As the subject is not without interest, and appears to me to have been touched with skill and spirit, I have amused myself with the attempt of putting it into English prose.

The original begins,

*Quid tibi constrata mansuiscere profuit irā?  
 Quid scelus, humanasque animo dediscere cædes,  
 Imperiumque pati, et domino parere minori?*

“Was it for this, thou laid'st aside thy wonted fierceness, thy propensity to human carnage, and reckless of superior strength became obedient to thy weaker lord! For this, that harmlessly thou walked abroad, and returned again spontaneously to thy cell; that generously thou spared the captive prey, and suffered the confiding hand within thy jaws, to be withdrawn uninjured?

Dexterous destroyer of the lofty beasts who braved thy prowess, thou art prostrated in thy turn! Not by the toils of the Massylian hunters, by being forced into the ambushed thicket by their spears, or by being deceived by the insidious cover of the yawning pit. It is thy lot to have fallen by the unheeded onset of a flying beast.

Dreary, on outspread hinges, stands the door of thy forsaken den; whilst those of thy astonished species, on all sides closed, seem to announce their terror, lest a like unlooked for blow might fall upon themselves. Downcast and humbled by the too well attested fact, drooping, they hang their manes, and hide their faces from the eye of day.

But yet thou sunk not heartless, beneath the first unlucky blow. Thy soul was unsubdued, thy spirits rallied, and in the moment of death, thou mad'st head against thine adversary. As the bleeding soldier, who, though conscious of a mortal wound, still faces him who gave it, and with uplifted, feeble arm, still brandishes his spear, so thou, with slow but steady step, and wide-extended jaws, though despoiled of thy glory, fixed thine eye upon the foe, and dared the deathful stroke about to be inflicted.

Still, in thy inglorious end, be this thy consolation, that, like a favourite gladiator falling in the arena, thou carriest with thee the regrets, not only of the fathers and the people, but of the emperor himself; who, though regarding with indifference the destruction of whole tribes of vulgar lions, whether of Scythian, Lybian, or Pharian breed, was yet touched with pity for the loss of thee.

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#### THE ADVERSARIA.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

WIGS.—The old French poets used to give wigs to those gods and heroes on whom we bestow golden locks. The sun was called, *le Dieu Perruquier*, or the god Wigmaker. The curls of Apollo's wig often flowed in verse; and Hecuba, speaking of the manner in which Pyrrhus slew Priam, says,

*Le bonx homme il tira par sa perruque grise.*

He took the good man by his wig so gray.

IT IS ONLY POISON —Sophonisbe, in the French tragedy so called, thus addresses herself, when the poison is presented to her:

Sophonisbe, tu crains! ta face devient pale!

Ce n'est qu'un poison—bon cœur, avale, avale.

Sophonisbe, thou fearest! thy face will be fallow

'Tis nothing but poison—good heart, swallow, swallow.

—  
HYPERBOLES.—The following is a fine definition of the legitimate *hyperbole*, translated from the Latin: although every hyperbole exceeds credit, it ought never to surpass moderation. The lamentation of the shepherd in Virgil,

Crudelis mater magis, an puer improbus ille!

Improbus ille puer, crudelis tu quoque mater,

has been thus humorously turned into English:

Whether the worst, the child accurst, or else the cruel mother,

The mother worst, the child accurst, as bad the one as t'other.

—  
BONIFACE VIII, is said to have frightened his predecessor Celestine, into a resignation, by denouncing to him, at midnight, eternal damnation if he did not quit the pontificate chair. The credulous pope, thinking it was a supernatural voice, obeyed the command next day, and the crafty cardinal was elected. This happened in 1294. He commenced his pontificate by imprisoning his predecessor, and laying Denmark under an interdict.

—  
MOSES AND OVID.—There are several remarkable coincidences in the account, given by Ovid, of the creation and primitive ages of the world and that of Moses, in the book of Genesis. They seem to indicate that the ideas of the Roman poet were derived from a Hebrew source: and they will tend to show that a knowledge of the Hebrew Scriptures extended, and that their contents were, in some degree at least accredited, beyond the limits of the Jewish nation.

“In the beginning, God created the heaven and the earth; and the earth was without form and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep. And the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters. And God said, let there be light, and there was light.”—*Gen. i. 1, 2, 3.*

Ante mare et tellus, et, quod tegit omnia, cælum,  
 Unus erat toto Naturæ vultus in orbe,  
 Quem dixere Chaos; rudis indigestaque moles.—*Ov. Met. i, 5, 6, 7.*  
 Hanc Deus, et melior litem Natura diremit.—*Id. i. 21.*

In this last sentence too, it is worthy of remark, that the word *Deus* does not seem as if intended to be applied to any heathen deity, but rather as alluding to the one Supreme God; although the poet, in a subsequent verse, appears at a loss to what deity he ought to ascribe the great work of creation; since he speaks of him thus,

———— quisquis fuit ille Deorum.—*Ov. Met. i, 32.*

This circumstance brings to my recollection, the inscription on the altar, at Athens, *Αγνοῶν Θεῶν*, mentioned by St. Paul; and they both clearly demonstrate, to what a pitch of ignorance, with respect to the divinity, idolatry had reduced two of the most refined and learned nations at that time, on the face of the earth. But to proceed:

“So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him.”—*Gen. i. 27.*

Fixit in effigiem moderantum cuncta Deorum.—*Ov. Met. i, 83.*

The golden age of the poet depicts, in lively colours, the innocence and happiness in which the Scriptures represent our first progenitors to have lived in Paradise.

Aurea primâ sata est ætas, quæ vindice nullo,  
 Sponte sua sine lege fidem rectumque colebat  
 Pœna, metusque aberant, &c.—*Ov. Met. i, 89. et seq.*

The fall of man and the consequent wickedness of the human race, are likewise designated with great perspicuity in the poet's iron age:

———— De duro est ultima ferro.  
 Protinus irrumpit venæ peioris in ævum  
 Omne nefas: fugere pudor, verumque fidesque.

*Ov. Met. i, 127. et seq.*

There were giants in the earth in those days.—*Gen. vi. 4.*  
 And they said, go to, let us build a city and a tower, whose top may reach unto heaven.—*Gen. xi. 4.*



Affectasse ferunt regnum cœleste Gigantas,  
Altaque congestos struxisse ad sidera montes.—*Ov. Met. i, 152, 153.*

Again, "and God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually."

— Quæ terra patet, fera regnat Erinnyes.  
In facinus jurasse putes. *Ov. Met. i, 241—242.*

Again: "and behold I, even I, do bring a flood of waters upon the earth, to destroy all flesh, wherein is the breath of life under Heaven; and every thing that is in the earth shall die."

*Gen. vi. 7*

Pœna placet diversa genus mortale sub undis:  
Perdere, et ex omni nimbos dimittere cœlo,  
*Ov. Met. i, 260—261.*

Again: "and the Lord said unto Noah, come thou and all thy house into the ark; for thee have I seen righteous before me in this generation."

*Gen. vii. 1.*

Thus the poet speaking of Deucalion, and his wife Pyrrha, says,

Non illo melior quisquam, nec amantior æqui  
Vir fuit, aut illa metuentior ulla Deorum. *Ov. Met. i, 322—323.*

Again: "and Noah went in, and his sons, and his wife, and his sons' wives with him, into the ark, because of the waters of the flood."

*Gen. vii. 7.*

"And the ark rested in the seventh month, on the seventeenth day of the month, upon the mountains of Ararat."

*Gen. viii. 4.*

Mons ibi verticibus petit arduus astra duobus:  
Nomine Parnassus, superatque cacumine nubes:  
Hic ubi Deucalion (nam cætera texerat æquor)  
Cum consorte tori parva rate vectus adhæsit. *Ov. Met. i, 316. et seq.*

Again: "and Noah builded an altar unto the Lord, and took of every clean beast, and of every clean fowl, and offered burnt offerings on the altar."

*Gen. viii. 20.*

— flectunt vestigia sanctæ

Ad delubra Dez.

*Ov. Met. i. 372. et seq.*

Atque ita, si precibus, dixerunt, numina justis

Victa remollescunt, si flectitur ira deorum. *Ov. Met. i. 377. et seq.*

What the poet says of the destruction of the world, is in strict consonance with the belief of Christians, both as to the certain occurrence of that event, and also as to the element which is destined to accomplish it:

Esse quoque infatis reminiscitur, affore tempus;

Quo mare, quo tellus, correptaque regia cæli,

Ardeat.

*Ov. Met. i. 256. et seq.*

—  
*Criticism.* Carew, the poet, wrote a work on *criticism*, in which he makes the following serious comparisons. Will you have Plato's vein, read sir Thomas Smith; the *Ionic*, sir Thomas Moore; *Cicero's* Ascham, *Varro's* Chaucer, *Demosthenes'*, —sir John Cheke. He then assimilates Virgil and the earl of Surry, Catullus and Shakspeare, Ovid and Daniel, Lucan and Spencer, Martial and sir John Davies; and ends with, will you have all in all for prose and verse? take the miracle of our age, sir Phil. Sidney. Little did he think that lord Oxford would say, a girl in love could not get through the *Arcadia*.

—  
*Matrimony.* The following is the very curious account given in an old French novel called *le Doyen de Killerane*, T. 6. p. 280, of a married life.

You cannot conceive how great the force of habit is between two people, who, for a length of time have used the same house, the same table, the same occupations, the same pleasures; and who, in short, passing day and night without scarcely a moment's separation, have learnt mutually to discover their faults, to take no notice of them, to consider themselves as removed from all kinds of *bienséances* and constraints; to have a right to speak or be silent, when they please; never to disguise their thoughts, and have their pleasures and pains in common. It is not interest which connects them, for they could lead an easy life separate: it is not precisely a taste for the same pleasures, for they do not expect any very lively, and one half of their time is passed in

finding out the fallacy of every thing which bears that name. It is not inclination for good living; for if they had every thing upon the table, they have not a grain more appetite; and very often they leave it, without having touched the finest dishes: it is still less love, for they see each other without desire, and part without pain; it scarcely happens that they even use one kind expression, or the simple attentions which they pay to the greatest stranger; and though they use the same bed, they commonly lie down, and get up with perfect indifference. Nevertheless try, if you think it possible to make them live apart: they will laugh at your efforts.

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

PARALLEL BETWEEN SCOTT AND CAMPBELL.

Plus apud nos vera ratio valeat quam vulgi opinio.—*Cicero*.

THE world has seldom been distinguished by a greater lustre of poetical merit, than at the present period; and the age in which we live, will form a splendid era in the history of that divine art. The spirit of ancient elegance seems to have revived, and the works of Scott and Campbell alone, are superb monuments of the taste of the times. Upon the question of merit between these two great masters of song, the literary world are divided: *adhuc sub judice lis est*.—Comparisons are not only necessary but useful: They effect in literature, what collisions in politics do in government, and furnish, indeed, the only true criteria of excellence.

The minds of both Scott and Campbell, were fashioned by nature, for the exertion of no ordinary powers. Gifted with that lofty enthusiasm of feeling, which designates and defines the poet, education has completed in their manhood, what the flattering dreams of their infancy had promised.—Both hold an important place, in the admiration of the public: but while a splendid fortune has followed the exertions of the one, a com-

parative neglect, has shaded the talents of the other. Campbell however is emerging to a brighter sky: and Scott will find, that present popularity is not always a test of superior merit.

*Le vrai mérite ne depend point*

*De tems, ni de la mode.*—Fr. Peo.

There is a higher tribunal, before which the pretensions of all writers must appear, the tribunal of a distant posterity; and to this, through the vista of time, Campbell may look with a firm and steady confidence.

The style of Campbell is always polished, elegant, and refined: that of Scott sometimes harsh, colloquial, and crude. The march of the former is ever equal, portly, and dignified: that of the latter frequently irregular, affected, and unchaste.—Scott has more boldness of imagination, and greater grandeur of conception: Campbell more tenderness of feeling, and greater beauty of execution.—The one like a foaming torrent dashing in thunder down the precipice, raises emotions of wonder and astonishment: the other, like a placid stream, winding its silver waves through a parterre of flowers, excites the most delicate sensations of delight. The genius of Scott, like the flash of the lightning, throws an imposing grandeur, and not unfrequently a terrific sublimity, over the images of his mind: that of Campbell like the warm tints of the sun-beam, beautifies and enlightens all that it touches. In vain would we search the pages of Campbell for a character so bold, animated, and original, as that of Roderick Dhu: but Scott has never pencilled to the “mind’s eye” a being so pure, elevated, and chaste, as the beautiful and impassioned Gertrude.—We cite these two particular instances of execution, because we have ever regarded them as the *chef d’œuvres* of the bards.

It has been said that Campbell is deficient in fire and sublimity of sentiment; and while he has been called by some, the poet of the lady’s bower, Scott has been rewarded by his admirers with the proud title of the bard of heroism and of arms—we aver that the assertion stands contradicted. Campbell’s disposition may lead him to the cultivation of a different order of poetry, but he is not therefore incapable of adorning particular subjects with all the majesty of the Epic Muse.—Scott never sketched a scene superior in grand and terrific imagery to that

of Hoenlinden, and he has written much that is inferior to the popular and patriotic song *Ye Mariners of England*.

Scott has too much common-place sentiment, conveyed oftentimes in very inelegant numbers: Campbell has the most delicate and refined sensibility, always breathed in the sweetest harmony of sounds.—I have read Scott with great emotion, but I have bitterly wept over the tenderness of some scenes in Campbell. There is a soft shade of melancholy beauty, that mingles with the steady lustre of Campbell, for which the muse of Scott can furnish no comparisons. The one has written pathetically, but there is something wanting to complete the effect: we see through the deception of his art: the pathos of the other is the warm current of nature itself, the only unadulterated source of sentiment and passion.

Scott writes with greater facility, *currente calamo*: Campbell with purer taste. Every line of the latter bears evidence of great critical examination, *Iime labor ac mora*—and the reason of the difference is plain—Scott writes for present pay and present popularity—Campbell for the admiration as well of the present as of future ages: The thoughts of the one pass with the rapidity of light, through his mind—those of the other, if they move with less celerity, are more graceful, dignified, and refined. The track of Scott, is bounded by the limit of his age: it is splendid as a meteor's course, but will fade in the gloom of time.—The path of Campbell leads to the shores of immortality: the light that illumines it will brighten in the revolution of years, till the full splendor of eternal fame shall burst around the memory of the bard.

Semper honor, nomenque tuum  
Laudesque manebunt.—VIRG.

G. C. H.

Charleston, S. C.

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#### AMERICAN ANTIQUITIES.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

We thank our obliging correspondent for the following accurate and interesting communication. We beg leave, however, to suggest to him that he would have rendered it still more valuable, could he have favoured us

with a drawing of the fortress he describes. A knowledge of the remains of art is acquired with much more facility through the eye than the ear. We hope that in some future communication our correspondent will find it convenient to supply the deficiency.

ED.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

IN my Port Folio for June, I noticed a request for information, touching the *remains of old times*, which abound in many parts of the United States. I have thought proper to communicate the result of my observations on the subject.

In the summer of 1801, business called me to the (then) northern part of Oneida county; while there I was told that *four* fortifications, antique and untraditional, had been lately discovered near the east end of Lake Ontario.—I proceeded to the places described to me and found the forts so similar, that a description of one, will, with little alteration, answer for the others.

The fortification of which I shall give you a description, is situated in the township of Ellisburgh, on the south branch of big Sandy Creek, four miles distant from the Lake; on a high, advantageous piece of ground; its form is circular and it contains two acres: a large ditch from two to six feet deep incloses seven-eighths of the works, the earth from the trench is thrown within the circle, forming a parapet in modern form. On the north section of the fort are three regular gateways, the entrance is smooth and level, though large trees now occupy the path, where perhaps thousands have strutted in all the “habilitments and pomp of war.”—Trees *four feet* in diameter are also growing on the parapet and in the trench; they have probably been the sole and peaceable possessors for at least four hundred years. On the east part of the works, but one gateway was perceptible—and but one appeared on the west, which was directly opposite to the other; they were each about sixteen feet in width. The southern bound of the works was the creek and its bank. There was neither trench, nor parapet, on this side of the fortification, and I formed the conclusion that the bank which was nearly perpendicular and of considerable height, did away the necessity of either: this bank appears to have been dug down forming a sloping descent or pass way to the creek of about ten or twelve feet in width, at that point which approaches near-

est the water. I could not, however, determine whether nature or art had formed this passage to the stream. The timber growing on the fort and that in its vicinity is similar. Some part of the fort had been cleared of timber and ploughed the season past. On viewing the ploughed land, the conclusion was irresistible that the fort had once contained buildings and had been inhabited for a series of years. By digging I found beds of ashes, burnt stone and coal, two feet below the surface, which I concluded by the arrangement of the stone, to be old fire-places: I found also burnt Indian corn in small quantities, perfect in shape, with the exception of the *chit* which was wanting.

Broken earthenware was visible in almost every direction—clearly parts of jars, pots, bowls, &c. which had evidently been used in domestic economy: in appearance it somewhat resembles modern stone ware, except that it is not glazed—an art which the aborigines of America did not, I imagine, possess—its component parts are clay and coarse sand stone; it is thick and clumsy, but strong and affords in cookery an excellent substitute for iron ware. A rude taste is displayed on the outside and edges of the ware, (several pieces of which I now have) the edges are generally notched, some are beaded: a triangular indentation one-sixth of an inch in size, is made in lines on the outside of the greatest number of those I saw—some have direct lines, either around or from top to bottom, others have oblique lines, and on others again the lines are both direct and oblique. Some few pieces were marked with characters and might with the aid of the imagination be read. The spaces between the *lines* and *characters* were different on every piece, the inside and out appear to be finer clay than the body of the ware; by breaking the pieces the sand stone is seen, but not otherwise. In further searching I found a *pipe*, made of the same materials though much more carefully and delicately wrought than the ware; its shape is that of the German pipe: the bowl is two inches long and one quarter of an inch thick, the stem being broken its original length I could not ascertain; the bowl I still retain; it is highly coloured and saturated with the oil of the plant or bark which has been burned in it. Several tribes of natives living within sixty miles of these fortifications, and often hunt-

ing on the very ground, know nothing respecting them—nor have they any tradition to prove that their forefathers were better acquainted with these works than they are: when asked for information on this subject, they answer, "*tògàh, yàhtah kintai-tah,*" *I don't know, I cannot tell you.*

In June last, being on my route from Steuben county to this place (Rome) I was informed that I should pass two ancient forts near the north line of the county. I found them as I had been informed, and only ten rods distant from each other, the highway passing between them; they are situated near the north line of the county, and about two miles east of Crooked Lake—their form is square, and they probably contain two and a half acres each; a ditch from two to five feet deep is dug upon three sides of them, the bank of a brook forms the fourth. A hill appears at the distance of fifty rods to the south, which in modern warfare would command them both. I noticed several gateways, or rather what I supposed to have been such, as there was neither ditch nor parapet for the space of eight feet. These forts had been cleared and ploughed, but several stumps of large trees were yet standing on the works.

I almost thought that I could determine the number of barracks there had been within the fort from the very black hue of the soil where each had stood.

I found the same kind of broken earthen ware as that I had brought from Sandy Creek: I have compared them together and cannot perceive the least difference.

From Sandy creek to the fortifications near Crooked Lake is about ninety-five miles in a south-west direction.

One of these antiquities has been discovered in the town of Oxford, Chenango, county, and many of them are found in the western part of this state.

To state my conjectures as to the dates of these works of art, or the people who built them, would be but to add one more offering to the profusion of essays, which have already been written on the subject. I have communicated what facts were in my possession, and shall be contented to see others comment upon them.

I. H.

*Rome, N. Y. July, 1814.*



## SELECTED POETRY.

## THE WORLD BEFORE THE FLOOD,

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY:

ALTHOUGH considered as an entire work, this poem has no merit in relation to either style or story, incident or character, sentiment or harmony, yet, like spots of verdure in a barren desert, there occur in it occasionally, lines and passages which sound taste may read with approbation, and even dwell on with delight. Of this description we select, at present, the two following extracts. Though not of the very highest order of poetic merit, they are far remote from the level of mediocrity. In descriptive imagery they must be regarded as specimens of the sublime and terrible.

## CAIN IN A STATE OF MADNESS.

"HERE Jubal paused; for grim before him lay,  
Couch'd like a lion, watching for his prey,  
With blood-red eye of fascinating fire,  
Fix'd, like the gazing serpent's, on the lyre,  
An awful form, that through the gloom appear'd  
Half brute, half human; whose terrific beard,  
And hoary flakes of long dishevell'd hair,  
Like eagle's plumage, ruffled by the air,  
Veil'd a sad wreck of grandeur and of grace,  
Limbs worn and wounded, a majestic face,  
Deep-plough'd by Time, and ghastly pale with woe,  
That goaded till remorse to madness rose:  
Hunted by phantoms, he had fled his home,  
With savage beasts in solitude to roam;  
Wild as the waves, and wandering as the wind,  
No art could tame him, and no chains could bind:  
Already seven disastrous years had shed  
Mildew and blast on his unshelter'd head;  
His brain was smitten by the sun at noon,  
His heart was wither'd by the cold night-moon."

## THE KING OF THE ANTEDILUVIAN GIANTS.

"EXALTED o'er the vassal chiefs, behold  
Their Sovereign, cast in Nature's mightiest mould;

Beneath an oak, whose woven boughs display'd  
A verdant canopy of light and shade,  
Throned on a rock the Giant-king appears,  
In the full manhood of five hundred years;  
His robe the spoils of Lions, by his might  
Dragg'd from their dens, or slain in chace or fight;  
His raven locks, unblanch'd by withering Time,  
Amplly dishevell'd o'er his brow sublime;  
His dark eyes, flush'd with restless radiance, gleam  
Like broken moonlight rippling on the stream.  
Grandeur of soul, which nothing might appal,  
And nothing satisfy it less than all,  
Had stamp'd upon his air, his form, his face,  
The character of calm and awful grace;  
But direst cruelty, by guile repress,  
Lurk'd in the dark volcano of his breast,  
In silence brooding, like the secret power,  
That springs the earthquake at the midnight hour.

#### TRANSLATION OF PASSAGES FROM TYRTÆUS.

When any of the republics of ancient Greece was threatened with external war and invasion, all the energies of the people, both physical and moral, were, by the most wise and powerful expedients, promptly awakened and brought into consentaneous action for the defence of the state. The youth were roused to arms by every sentiment of honour, and urged by the strongest motives of pride and patriotism, as well as of filial and parental love, to fight and bleed in the cause of their country. The statues, busts and pictures of their ancestors, who had signalized themselves in battle, were placed in their view, surrounded with the trophies of war, and decorated with garlands of victory which they themselves had won, and their sisters and aged parents appeared before them, supplicating protection and safety from their swords. But above all, the voice of the orator and the song of the poet burst forth to awaken and inflame their martial ardour.

The effects of the eloquence of Pericles and Demosthenes, during the memorable struggles of Athens, are familiar to every one. But the writings of the minor poets of Greece are less generally known, although they were, on various occasions, no less operative on the minds of the ingenuous youth of the country.

When Lacedæmon was in danger from the hostility of the Messenians, the poet Tyrtæus immortalized himself by his successful efforts in song to rouse

his high minded countrymen to arms, and render them invincible in the hour of battle. To the fire and effect of his poems were attributed, in a great measure, the victories they obtained, and their final triumph over their enemies.

The circumstances of the occasion were, in some respects, not dissimilar to those which prevail in our own country at the present moment! Lacedæmon was threatened by a powerful foe. The regular forces of the state being few in number, its defence was of necessity entrusted to the valour and patriotism of the people at large. At this conjuncture, pregnant with the fate of all that was dear to him, Tyrtæus came forth to aid by his lyre the declamation of the orator, and the sword of the warrior. In the hope that his example may have an influence in awakening the muse of some of the sons of song in our own country, we publish the following translations from two of his elegies.

We cherish a confidence that the American youth now in the field, if called into conflict, will do their duty without any additional excitement from the orator or the poet. Cold and lifeless would be all that language could express, when placed in competition with what their high swelling hearts would experience on the occasion. *Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.* They would feel, far beyond the power of words, how delightful and glorious it is to fight, to bleed, and to die for their country.

These considerations, however, furnish no legitimate excuse for the silence of our poets. It is both their duty and their interest to encourage and celebrate the heroic exploits to which their country is to owe its honour and they their safety. We again hope, therefore, that the example of Tyrtæus, which we exhibit in part, in the annexed translations, will not be without its effect in calling forth from some of the favourites of the Muses, productions in every way suited to the present momentous crisis of our affairs. Ea.

“NE’ER would I praise that man, nor deign to sing,

First in the race, or strongest in the ring;

Not though he boast a ponderous Cyclops’ force,

Or rival Boreas in his rapid course;

Not though Aurora might his form adore,

And Cyprus’ king, and Crete’s to him be poor;

To him though Pelops’ birth and power belong,

And soft Adrastus’ all persuasive tongue.

Though all were his, but godlike valour’s boon,—

My Muse is sacred to the brave alone,

Who can look carnage in the face, and go

Against the foremost warriors of the foe.

By Heaven high courage to mankind was lent—  
Best attribute of youth, best ornament.  
His own alike, his country's good, that man  
Who fearless fights, and ever in the van,  
Who bids his comrades barter useless breath  
For a proud triumph, or still prouder death—  
He is my theme, for only he is brave,  
Who can himself check war's increasing wave,  
Can turn his enemy to flight, and fall  
Belov'd, lamented, deified by all.  
His native city, and his native land,  
High in renown, by him exalted, stand;  
Those who inherit, those who found his name,  
Share *his* deserts, and borrow from *his* fame.  
He, pierc'd in front with many a gaping wound  
Lies great, and glorious on the bloody ground;  
From every eye he draws one general tear,  
And his whole country follows to his bier.  
Illustrious youth sigh o'er his early doom,  
And late posterity reveres his tomb.  
Ne'er shall his memorable virtue die,  
Though cold as earth, immortal as the sky;  
He for his country fought, for her expir'd—  
O would all imitate whom all admir'd!

“But, if he sleep not with the mighty dead,  
And living laurels wreath his honour'd head,  
By old, by young ador'd, he gently goes  
Down a smooth pathway to his long repose!  
No wanton hand e'er bids his bosom bleed,  
All are too just, or shame restrains the deed;  
Unaltering friends still love his hairs of snow,  
And rising elders in his presence bow.

“Would ye like him the wondering world engage  
Draw your keen blades, and let the battie rage.”

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AGAIN.

“Yes, it is sweet in Death's first ranks to fall,  
Where our lov'd country's thickening dangers call.

But driven dishonour'd from his happy home,  
Who foully flies, in beggary to roam.  
His wife, his infants shrieking in his ears,  
His sire with shame abash'd, his mother drown'd in tears,  
What indignation as the coward flies,  
Shall flash upon him from all honest eyes!  
How shall he stain, forever stain his blood,  
Rich though it flow, descended from the good!  
How shall he brand with infamy his brow,  
Fair though it was, 'tis fair no longer now!  
An outcast wand'rer through a scoffing world,  
'Till to an ignominious tomb he's hurl'd.  
Known to all future ages by his shame,  
A blot eternal in the rolls of fame.

"But let us firmly stand, nor ever fly,  
Save all we love, or with our country die;  
Knit in indissoluble files, a band  
Of brothers fighting for our native land.  
Ne'er let us see the veteran soldier's arm  
Than our's more forward, or his heart more warm;  
Let us not leave him in the midst of foes,  
Feeble with age to deal unequal blows,  
Or in the van lie slain, with blood besmear'd  
His wrinkled forehead, and his snowy beard,  
Stript of his spoils, through many a battle worn,  
And gay assum'd that inauspicious morn,  
Breathing his soul out bravely at our feet—  
Let such a sight our shrinking eyes ne'er meet.

"But oh! be ours, while thus our pulse beats high,  
Or gory death, or glorious victory!  
Be our's, if not an honourable grave,  
Smiles of the fair, and friendship of the brave."

## ORIGINAL POETRY.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

WE solicit a continuance of favours from the pen that gave birth to the following just and spirited effusion. The lines were evidently conceived under an impulse of strong feeling, and will not, as we flatter ourselves, be read without emotion. A little more attention to style and manner will not fail to enable the author to gain reputation and write with effect. Ed.

TO CAPTAIN DAVID PORTER.

WHEN Grecian bands lent Persia's legions aid,  
 On Asia's shores their banners wide displayed,  
 Though Heaven denied success—their leader's name,  
 Has still ranked foremost in the rolls of fame;  
 Hence the RETREAT, the theme of every tongue,  
 Through every age and clime incessant rung;  
 With Zenophon the bard adorned his lays,  
 And gave the mighty chief immortal praise;  
 With him the historian grac'd his proudest page,  
 And bade his *glories* live through every age:  
 —Thus *thine*, O PORTER, shall, in lays sublime  
 Of future poets, live through endless time;  
 Thy noble daring, though with adverse fate,  
 The rich historic page shall long relate,  
 And the glad voice of freemen's loud acclaim,  
 Teach lisping infancy thy honour'd name.  
 —Oh may, great chieftain, that Almighty power,  
 Whose shield was o'er thee in the battle hour,  
 When round thee fell thy brave heroic band,  
 Still guard thee safely with protecting hand,  
 In future conflicts!—and in health restore,  
 Thee to thy friends and happy native shore!

## FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ANACREONTIC.

FAIREST lady, would you know,  
 Why my heart is fluttered so,  
 When I would to Delia prove,  
 Glory cannot conquer love?

Oh! she spurned me from her arms,  
 Bade me quench my flame in battle,  
 There I tasted glory's charms,  
 'Mid the shield and target's rattle.  
 But it only served to prove,  
 Glory cannot conquer love!

Then to Delia I return,  
 'Tis for her alone I burn;  
 This the trophy I would bear!  
 This the laurel I would wear!

Therefore heaves my heart with fear,  
 Lady, lest again she scorn me;  
 If she deign my vows to hear,  
 Highest honours shall adorn me.  
 This, the trophy I would bear!  
 This, the laurel I would wear!

#### NATIONAL SONG.—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

Ye tars of Columbia! whose glory imparts  
 New charms to the blessings your valour secures,  
 Oh! high be your hopes, and undaunted your hearts;  
 For the wishes and pray'rs of a nation are yours.  
 For your deeds on our foes,  
 The smile of joy glows,  
 And the wine cup of pleasure in bumpers o'erflows:  
 For the loud trump of triumph swells high with your fame,  
 And the deeds of your might have ennobled our name.

The tyrant of ocean, the giant of war,  
 Whose crimson-tinged sceptre spread wide o'er the wave;  
 Whose mandate spake laws to the nations afar;  
 Whose will gave to commerce her mart or her grave;—  
 Joy, joy to the world!  
 From its awful height hurl'd,  
 No more shall his banner be proudly unfurl'd;  
 The sceptre of Albion shall tremble and fall,  
 And the high way of nations be open all!

Oh! God of our fathers! the spirit that glow'd  
In the breasts of our heroes for freedom who died,  
When the might of thy arm, on our eagle bestow'd,  
Tamed the lion of Britain, array'd in his pride,  
Again, on the main,  
Where his pride went to reign,  
Tells the lord of the ocean his boasting is vain,  
That Neptune's wide realms must be free to the brave,  
As the swift breeze of evening that ruffles his wave.

The deeds of our heroes with grateful emotion,  
Long, long shall the nations delight to proclaim,  
Whose valour has tamed the proud tyrant of ocean,  
And spoiled of its glory the boast of his name.  
Proud Albion shall cower  
When our battle ships lower,  
That wither'd the uplifted arm of his power;  
That bade the proud boast of his sov'reign sway cease,  
And quell'd his *omnipotent thunder* to peace.

Now joy to the hero in battle who bleeds;  
Now peace to the hero in battle who bled;  
Old Time shall delight to embalm his high deeds,  
And Glory's bright hallow encircle his head.—  
Earth's sordid son dies,  
And no aching heart sighs;—  
Unlamented he falls, unregarded he lies:  
But the hero's last pang shall by angels be blest,  
And the tears of a nation shall hallow his rest!

Weep, daughter of Beauty! remembrance of worth  
Long, long shall awaken your patriot woes,  
When your pensive steps rest on the canonized earth  
Where Lawrence and Ludlow and Burrows repose!  
But, oh! from the tomb,  
Where their laurel trees bloom,  
A bright ray of glory disperses our gloom;  
On the swords of our heroes its radiance shall dwell,  
Whose hearts are the shrines of their brothers who fell!  
Columbia! though now in thy battle's fierce fires,  
The sword of thy Lawrence no longer shall flame,



Raise high the glad voice to the God of our sires,  
 That heroes still live who have rival'd his fame.—  
 Let Triumph's loud songs,  
 Now employ our glad tongues,  
 In the praise that to Hull and Decatur belongs:  
 And shouts for our Jones and our Bainbridge be giv'n,  
 Till they ring through the air like the thunders of Heav'n!  
 Ye tars of Columbia! whose glory imparts,  
 New charms to the blessings your valour secures,  
 Oh! high be your hopes and undaunted your hearts,  
 For the wishes and pray'rs of a nation are yours!—  
 Where the flag of the foe,  
 O'er the ocean shall flow;  
 Your prowess shall still lay his haughty pride low;  
 Till Neptune's wide realms shall be free to the brave  
 As the swift breeze of evening that ruffles his wave!

STANZAS TO ———

WHO SAID HE WOULD HOPE NO MORE.

THE last ray of Hope! has it fled? oh not so,  
 While the stream of vitality flows in thy breast,  
 Thou'lt feel and acknowledge her cloud chasing glow  
 And confess that it points thee a mansion of rest.

Ah what but a tissue of hopes and of fears  
 Is this life which we lead, in the eye beam of truth,  
 And they who have lived o'er a long lapse of years  
 Have they known the reverse from their earliest youth!

Hope's ray sheds a heavenly light on the soul,  
 Mild gilding the void which the future conceals,  
 And though fear will awhile a dark cloud o'er it roll,  
 The enlivening beam still new lustre reveals.

Thus the youth that is melted in beauty's warm beam,  
 Hopes blissful to live in her joy giving smile;  
 While fear and uncertainty chasten the stream  
 Of his thoughts, and depresss, till fond Hope will beguile.

Thus onward still changing from flow'r to flow'r,  
While fear nips the lily, hope brightens the rose;  
And though sadness may darken one moment the hour  
Hope relumes it the next like the rainbow that glows.

EDGAR.

*Camp Bloomfield, September, 1814.*

STANZAS.

Oh! 'twere bliss could I glide through this life like yon stream,  
That clear and serene winds its course through the vale,  
Where Innocence mingles with Purity's beam,  
And the fragrance of Sympathy softens the gale.

Thus to bloom far away, and unknown but to those  
Whom Affection and Friendship endear to my heart,  
Were to smile at the wiles which Temptation bestows  
As lures to bid Virtue and Honour depart.

Oh! who that was plac'd in a circle so sweet,  
Would venture his hopes on the million's rude wave,  
Where Justice and Feeling so waywardly meet,  
That the bosom of one is the other's cold grave.

For cold is each impulse to Sympathy dear,  
And forc'd is the smile which a welcome should give:  
And chill'd, e'er it mounts from the heart, is the tear,  
The bright gem of Mercy that flows to relieve.

Since the voice of the world is thus cold, and its zeal  
Is as languid and pale as the Laplander's sun,  
Which the storm and the cloud in their mantle conceal,  
Ere scarcely a beam of his light has begun.

Oh then might existence but flow like the stream,  
That clear and serene gently winds through the vale,  
Where Innocence mingles with Purity's beam  
And Tranquillity smiles at the roar of the gale.

EDGAR.

*Camp Bloomfield, September, 1814.*

TO MARY WITH A SPRIG OF WINTER GREEN.\*

THERE is a plant of greenest hue,  
So modest, lowly, creeping, wild,  
Not rear'd by art, it seems like you,  
Nature's own meek and darling child.

It loves the lonely brooklyn's side;  
And there, like mild retiring maid,  
Though fit to be a garden's pride,  
Prefers its distant rural shade.

Its ovate leaves to sight and taste,  
Are glossy, serrate, fragrant, fair,  
Nor does their verdure suffer waste,  
By summer's sun or wint'ry air.

And Mary dear oft times hath said,  
"How sweetly scented is its blossom,  
Its berries too of blushing red,  
I've seen adorn that angel's bosom.

Fair plant! if th' envious Swedish sage  
Had not already stamp'd thy name,  
Inscrib'd on pleas'd botanic page  
With *hers*, should be thine own, to fame.

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TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

THE conjectures of our correspondent in relation to comets are ingenious, and fully as plausible and worthy of publication as *most*, perhaps we might say *any* others by which they have been preceded. They are liable, we think, to as few objections as those with which even sir Isaac Newton and other astronomers of high standing have amused the world for several centuries. We are far, however, from considering them as resting on solid ground—far from regarding them as any thing *but*

\* *Gaultheria procumbens* of Linnaeus

*conjectures*, against which solid objections may be raised. Notwithstanding this, we shall, at no very distant period, assign them a place in the pages of the Port Folio; for conjectures may lead to further research; and further research to further discovery; and thus another apartment in the temple of nature be ultimately opened to intellectual enterprise.

We should be pleased to insert in the Port Folio the monody on the death of an amiable youth in Culpepper county, Virginia, transmitted for publication by a gentleman whom we respect, were it not that we consider it too incorrect in point of composition. As it now stands, it would not, we apprehend, be regarded by the public, as either creditable to the writer, or worthy of the deceased of whom it is commemorative. If the author will have the goodness to review it and furnish us with a well corrected copy, we will publish it with pleasure. We regret being thus obliged to refuse a place to any thing intended either to gratify the feelings or sooth the sorrows of one of the patrons of our journal. But our duty as an editor compels us to the measure which we thus adopt with great reluctance and not without pain.

The glowing description of the rocks and picturesque scenery of DEER CREEK have been duly received, and, through some oversight, for which we cannot account, lain too long unnoticed on the files of our bureau. The romantic beauties of nature, however forcibly described, can never be adequately represented in words. They are vivid and enchanting when exhibited to the eye, but lifeless, dull, and comparatively uninteresting when communicated only to the ear. Nothing short of the pencil and the graver can set them before us in all their charms. It is our custom, therefore, to publish in the Port Folio well executed views of American scenery, either with or without explanatory descriptions. This rule we should be pleased to adopt as to the beauties of Deer Creek. We beg our worthy and polite correspondent, therefore, to furnish us, if practicable, with a bold and correct drawing of the cliff and landscape he has so enthusiastically described. To

such a communication we promise an early insertion in the Port Folio, accompanied by so much of his description as may be necessary to be introduced, as explanatory of the plate. It would be a kind of injustice to nature to give a feeble semi-representation of what she has sketched and finished in so happy a moment, and with so masterly a hand.

The translation of several of Martial's epigrams from the pen of our excellent correspondent in Harrisburgh, being too late for the present number of the Port Folio, shall appear in our next. With such specimens of classic ability and taste we are peculiarly delighted, and trust they will not be without their influence in awakening to similar and equally successful attempts, others of the numerous scholars—particularly the literary youth, of our country. A closer familiarity with the inimitable productions of the ancient Greek and Roman authors, would have the happiest effect in chastening the American style of writing. This truth cannot be too deeply imprinted on the mind of our young men who are employed in pursuit of education and letters.

The biographical notice of captain Elliot, from our friend in Baltimore, being unfortunately out of time, its publication must be deferred till our next number, when it shall appear accompanied with a likeness of that gallant officer.

A few light poetic effusions without any signature or mark suitable for designating them, which have been recently received, have merit sufficient to entitle them to a place in the pages of the Port Folio. They shall not long continue on our files.

Of our friends and correspondents generally, we have no ground to speak in terms of complaint. On the other hand, we feel, in the main, extremely grateful to them for their liberal attentions and valuable communications. Of late, however, the spirit of literary enterprise among them appears to have flagged—we ought rather, as we trust, to say, that it has been sud-

denly transferred to another object. In their minds the Minerva of the field has taken an ascendancy over the Minerva of the closet—the goddess of war over her who is the patroness of science and learning, and the protectress and promoter of the arts of peace.

We are no less pained to learn than puzzled as to the application of a suitable remedy, that, of late, some degree of murmuring has arisen in relation to our mode of conducting the Port Folio. From the remonstrances that have already reached us—and it is altogether probable that there are many yet to come—so extremely various, in some instances so diametrically opposite, are the grounds of complaint preferred against us, that to give even general, much more universal satisfaction, must be regarded as a matter of absolute despair. Were all our complainants assembled together with a view to a mutual adjustment of their grievances, and each one to call imperatively for an amendment of what he considers a heinous fault, Babel itself was a scene of calmness and consistency compared to that which the convention would present. The promiscuous and conflicting accusations of males and females, men and boys, gray-haired matrons and blooming maids, would, to borrow a trite expression, “render confusion irretrievably confounded.” Scarcely could Chaos, anteriorly to the fiat of “Order” present the counterpart of such a spectacle.—The truth of our assertions and the difficulties of our situation will be best made known by a brief representation of a few of the charges which are urged against us as editor of the Port Folio.

In a letter we lately received, which would fill up almost as many pages as our own examination of the Essay by Dr. Smith, Miss Giggle most bitterly complains that there is nothing in our pages at which she can laugh. In another of nearly equal length, Miss Doleful accuses us no less vehemently of furnishing her with nothing to make her cry. Miss Fidget declares in three words, that our papers are all “*too barbarously long*,” while madam Methodical assures us that it would best comport with the divisions of time, as well as with the convenience of our readers, and the interest of our journal, that each number of the

Port Folio should contain but four articles—one of moderate length, to be read in the morning before breakfast, another of sufficient extent to occupy the hours of leisure between breakfast and dinner, the third to afford employment from dinner till tea, and the fourth to last from tea till bed-time, and create in the mind sufficient lassitude to serve as a comfortable opiate for the night. A lady, whether married or single we know not, who signs herself “Adelia Clementina Adelaide Wilhelmina” is quite distressed—the dear creature seems incapable of taking offence—to think that in collecting matter for our journal, we neglect the cultivation of the tender passions—that we furnish nothing sentimental, nothing of romance, nothing of melting pathos and dew-dropping sweetness—no amorous complaints from the lips of Collin, nor half-consenting sighs from the breast of Musidora. Honoria, on the contrary, is shocked at the very idea of a billet-doux, a love-tale, or a moon-light sonnet by a heart smitten swain in praise of the fine polish and taper of his mistress’s arm, or addressed to the azure tint of her eye.—A lady, whose name shall be concealed, complains of the dulness of our last number, because she fell asleep about three o’clock P. M. while reading it, after having swallowed—we beg her pardon—sipped, a glass of ale and a bottle of porter, as a stay to a weak and bilious stomach. Another lady of delicate nerves, declares that the shock she received from reading our hermit’s frightful paper on the future destiny of the United States, gave her such a head-ache as deprived her entirely of two nights rest.—Kitty Clacket loudly upbraids us for not taking to task her taciturn neighbour, whom she is seldom able to draw into conversation, and who sometimes abruptly leaves her in the midst of a long story of scandal, or one of her daily lectures to her cook: while madam Mum, on the other hand, seldom suffers us to pass her in the street without darting at us a look of resentment, which arises, as a friend has just informed us, from a confirmed dissatisfaction, on her part, because we have not published in the Port Folio, a paper in censure of immoderate talkers.

A young dashing blade of twenty-one threatens to withdraw his subscription to our journal, because we have refused to admit into it a note, in which he publishes as a coward, a paltroon, and a

scoundrel, a venerable gray beard of sixty-eight, who had censured him for profane swearing and quarrelling in an ale-house, and then declined giving him gentlemanly satisfaction in single combat. An old grandsire, again, of ninety-six, is almost ready to take vengeance on us with his crutch, because we have never joined him in praise of the beginning and middle of the last century, and in reprobation of the profligacy of the present day. A gentleman condemned the August number of the Port Folio, in toto, without reading a single line of it, because the first article he looked at amounted to twenty pages. Another declared the same number unworthy of the perusal of a man of sense, on account of some short scraps of poetry it contained; while a third was equally offended, because it was not made up of about an equal number of long and short papers placed alternately. One is impatient of the grave manner and ponderous matter of our criticism on Dr. Smith; and another, of the flippant and sprightly narrative of "Philadelphia Unroofed." Some find fault with the dry learnedness of the paper on the origin of the Irish language, while others complain of the plain narrative in the life of Wilson, and the light reading under the head of "Variety." One politician most furiously assails us because we do not consign to the execration of our cotemporaries and of all posterity, the executive and heads of departments, on account of the capture and devastation of Washington; another because we do not pronounce the present war to be the most righteous, expedient, and ably conducted of any that is recorded in the history of nations; while others are equally clamorous, because we do not come out, as they express themselves, in favour of a removal of the seat of government from the banks of the Potomac. Here, again, occurs a sad diversity of sentiment as to the point of locality. One would fix congress permanently at Baltimore, another in Philadelphia, a third in New-York, and a fourth—in the hill-surrounded village of Bedford. Each one of these, moreover, offers me his reasons for his choice of situation. The advocate for Baltimore declares, that our rulers would be most secure in that city, the British having there received such a drubbing, as he terms it, and a frightening, that they will never in any case return, but will remember the waters of the Patapsco with sen-



sations of hydrophobia, as long as they live. The Philadelphian rests the security of his favourite spot on this ground, that the British will never come here because they have not yet attempted to come: besides, says he, "the fame of our redoubts and fortifications on the heights of the Schuylkill, has frightened these lawless marauders, not only out of the waters of the Chesapeake and the Delaware, but absolutely out of their courage and their senses." The New-Yorker is in favour of his city, on account of the facility with which government might retreat, even admitting that the place should be invaded. It would be only necessary, says he, to pack up the president, congress, and the heads of departments, with all their furniture and state baggage, and place them on board of a steam boat or two, when, without the aid of either wind or tide, they would find their way to Albany with the celerity of an arrow or a Congreve rocket. Our Bedford man finds, it must be acknowledged, some little difficulty in making out his case even to his own satisfaction; yet he attempts it with a degree of boldness and address by no means discreditable to him. "The Bedford waters, says he, are good for the meggim and the spleen, two diseases very likely to be engendered among our rulers and politicians by the state of the times." Besides, although he confesses that a flight over the Allegany would be attended with inconvenience, and could not be made the pastime and amusement of an hour, yet he firmly believes that our public functionaries could effect it in less time than the British would require to make good their passage over the south mountain. He therefore concludes that the situation would be eligible, because, in his opinion, the persons of our legislators and rulers would be safe.

But in mercy to all concerned, we must conclude for the present, although there now lie before us, unnoticed in the preceding remarks, no less than nineteen letters, complaining of our editorship, each one setting forth a different ground of disapprobation.

For the adjustment of these and all other grievances touching the premises, it was at first our design to call a general convention of the complainants, and suffer them to settle the matter to their own liking. Under this arrangement we confess

we had a twofold object in view—to rid ourselves of a most cumbersome and perplexing responsibility, and to teach, if possible, unreflecting censurers to restrain their expectations and desires within the bounds of moderation and reason. But finding this scheme to be totally unfeasible, and that, even if carried into effect, it would eventuate in nothing but tumult and confusion, each person considering his own grievance most pressing, and, therefore, most deserving an immediate remedy, we have ultimately resolved to take the business into our own hands, and adjust it in such a way as may best comport with the abilities we possess, and the various conflicting circumstances of the case.

As it is probable, therefore, that most of our complainants are right *in part*, and none of them right *in toto*, it is our determination to strike between them a kind of general average, freely conceding to each so much as may be consistent with the fair claims of the others, without suffering any one to make inordinate encroachments on the privileges of the rest.

Pursuant to this resolution, it shall be our sedulous endeavour, in the arrangement of our miscellany, to preserve an equitable balance between the several papers and the various kinds of matter it may contain. As far as our utmost exertions and resources may avail, the weighty shall not unreasonably preponderate over the light, the grave over the sprightly, or the sad and melancholy over the facetious and gay. While science and learning shall be admitted to a place, wit and humour shall not be excluded. The ridiculous shall be occasionally introduced for the sake of Miss Giggles, and the pathetic in honour of our modern Niobes. Those who have neither breath nor patience to read a long paper shall be accommodated with a short one, the Muses shall be heard to sing as often as their strains may be worth our attention, and, to sooth the feelings of Adelia Clementina Adelaide Welhelmina, and all others of the tender-hearted sister-hood, the torch of love shall occasionally communicate its warmth to our pages. By our political readers, however, we desire it to be distinctly understood, that whether at Washington or Philadelphia, Baltimore or New-York, and whether in the tempest of war or the sunshine of peace, they must settle their affairs in their own way, as we are determined to have no concern in them.

## OBITUARY.

DIED on the 26th of September 1814, of an acute disease, which she bore with masculine fortitude and Christian resignation, Rebecca S. Rawle, second daughter of William Rawle, Esqr. of this city.

By the death of this amiable, elegant, and accomplished lady, a wound is inflicted on her parents and immediate connections, which language would very imperfectly portray. Words are at best but faint interpreters of the sorrows of the heart. None but those who have experienced such a dispensation can duly appreciate the weight of the affliction.

We are too sensible of the light estimation in which posthumous eulogy is usually held, to be willing to indulge in it on the present occasion. Yet we must be permitted to observe, that, considering her years, Miss Rawle certainly presents a subject for it of no common standard. In the circle of her acquaintance, which was not only large, but of the first respectability, she ranked with the foremost in all that constitutes the ornament and excellency of the female character.

A vigorous and well cultivated understanding, accompanied by a mild temper, and an affectionate disposition; a figure elegant and commanding, yet perfectly feminine; manners graceful and affable, connected with dignity and great propriety of deportment; a steadiness in friendship, an attachment to the exercise of the social virtues, and a fondness for the courtesies of life and all the engaging charities of the heart—Such are a few of the qualities, which, existing in high perfection, concurred to bestow distinction and worth on the deceased.

But, alas! loveliness and virtue, accomplishments and worth, afford no protection against the shafts of disease or the encroachments of dissolution. Were it otherwise ordained, Miss Rawle would still be, as formerly, in the bloom of health, the delight of her associates and an ornament to society. But it is not so. The scene of her mortal existence is closed. From the midst of all that could attach her to earth—family and friends, admiration and esteem, from present enjoyments and flattering prospects—she is hurried to the tomb in the morning of life, leaving behind her a bright example, and a memory cherished with passionate fondness, and embalmed in sorrows sincere and lasting.





**CAPT. J. D. ELLIOTT.**

*U. S. Navy.*

# THE PORT FOLIO,

THIRD SERIES,

CONDUCTED BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

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Various; that the mind  
Of desultory man, studious of change,  
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged.

COWPER.

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VOL. IV.

DECEMBER, 1814.

NO. VI.

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

LIFE OF JESSE DUNCAN ELLIOT, ESQ.

*of the United States navy.*

JESSE DUNCAN ELLIOT was born in Maryland, on the 14th of July 1780. His father, Robert Elliot, was unfortunately slain by the Indians in the year 1794, near the Muskingum river, while transacting business for the army of the United States. The particular nature of this business may be known by the resolution of congress, passed on this melancholy event: "Be it enacted, &c. that the sum of two thousand dollars be allowed to the widow of Robert Elliot, who was killed by a party of hostile Indians while he was conducting the necessary supplies for the army commanded by major general Wayne in the year 1794, and that the sum be paid to her, to and for the use of herself and the children of the said Robert, out of any monies in the treasury, not otherwise appropriated."

Until the year 1804, Jesse Elliot was engaged in prosecuting his regular studies in a school in Pennsylvania, when he was appointed a midshipman in the navy, and ordered on board the U. S. frigate Essex. The United States being engaged in a war with the Barbary powers, the above mentioned frigate was ordered to cruise in the Mediterranean.

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The little force that congress were enabled to detach for that service—their limited means of annoyance—the treachery and ferocity of their barbarous antagonists, created a deep responsibility in the officers, and conspired to introduce a system of masculine intrepidity, severity of discipline, and promptitude of obedience, of which, even to the present hour, we reap the benefits. The treachery of our opponents taught our men to be ever on the alert, and their cruelty made them bold and resolute to rashness. Knowing how much was expected, and how scanty were their means, they supplied every deficiency by skill and courage. Contempt of danger was so rigidly enforced, that when one of our subordinate officers showed symptoms of fear in an engagement, and was tried by a court-martial, the commodore assigned for his acquittal, a reason no less curious than just, (*viz.*) that the bare supposition that one coward existed on board of the American fleet was of itself a greater injury than the condemnation of this man could possibly be a benefit, *as it would establish the fact.* The British squadron in the Mediterranean minutely watched the movements of our little fleet for the purpose of sarcasm and jest. Their sarcasms were however soon converted into expressions of warm admiration.

Thus does the sturdy son of Vulcan deal  
On the hard anvil he torments his steel,  
Drawn from the forge, it glows with angry lights,  
And sparkles indignation while he smites:  
Fast fall the blows, but they new strength afford,  
Till chang'd at last it shines the warrior's sword.

Amidst such a band of kindred spirits, our young midshipman learned to smile at danger while he grew familiar with it, and felt his ideas expanded and enlarged. Returning to the United States in July 1807, and desirous of obtaining a lieutenantancy in the navy, he solicited the kind offices of Mr. Robert Serrit Smith, in whose charge he had been placed as well privately as officially, to obtain a station on board the frigate Chesapeake. He remained in this station until June 1810, when he was appointed acting lieutenant on board the schooner Enterprize. This vessel was ordered to cruize on the coast, and to enforce the embargo laws. Lieutenant Elliot remained in this service until the year 1810, and was then appointed to carry a despatch to Mr. Pinkney our minister at the court of Great Britain.

On his return to the United States he served in the *John Adams* until September 1811. From the *Adams* he was transferred to the *Argus*, on board of which he acted as first lieutenant, and in which he remained until the following year. He was all this time preparing his mind for the severe duties of his profession; for to shine in gold lace and epaulets, to talk of his own intrepidity, to become the petty hero of a drawing-room, constituted no part of his ambition. He left that grovelling pride to those who can condescend to become the heroes of their own fame, and who wear the badges of their country's honour to show how little they deserve them.

The probability that an opportunity would be soon afforded of distinguishing himself in the service of his country, was, in his estimation, becoming every hour more and more remote. He saw no prospect of war, and, fatigued in the chace of glory's brilliant visions that still sparkled over his head, and still eluded his grasp, he resigned his mind to the sway of the more endearing passions. On the 5th of April 1812, he was married to miss Frances Vaughan, daughter of Mr. William Vaughan, of Norfolk county, Virginia. Fortune, that capricious goddess, as if to try the strength of his attachment to arms, immediately compelled him to relinquish the sweets of domestic intercourse, and the calm delights of conjugal affection, for the hardier scenes of danger and battle: war was declared against England. He immediately and with all speed repaired to New-York, to rejoin the vessel whence he had been furloughed, and found, to his mortification, that she had already sailed upon a cruise.

He was nevertheless solicited by commodore Chauncey to embark with him on a secret and novel expedition, to which he cordially assented, and the commodore applied to the proper department to receive his instructions. Lieutenant Elliot was honoured by an appointment to the command on Lake Erie, and received orders to repair to that place with all possible despatch, purchase what private vessels he could, build two ships of twenty guns, and as early as possible have his fleet in readiness to meet that of the enemy.

Lieutenant Elliot knew the vast importance of the command of the lakes in our war against Canada, and the difficulty and delay which would attend the building of the vessels, to say noth-



ing of the expense. He had indeed, in pursuance of his instructions, purchased some vessels; but here again he was much embarrassed with the difficulty of getting up the Niagara and into the lake. After revolving in his mind all these obstacles, he formed the resolution of boarding and capturing two British brigs of war, called the *Detroit* and *Caledonia*, lying under the protection of the batteries on Fort Erie. He accordingly embarked in two boats, with fifty men in each, and put off from the mouth of Buffalo creek, and at one o'clock in the morning came along side of the enemy. He boarded and captured the two vessels, and secured all the prisoners in ten minutes. Unfortunately the wind was not strong enough to enable lieutenant Elliot to make head against the rapid current in the lake, and he was compelled to anchor opposite the enemy's forts, within about four hundred and fifty yards of their batteries, exposed to a heavy and incessant fire of round, grape, and cannister-shot from a number of pieces of heavy ordnance and their flying artillery. The *Caledonia* was however beyond the reach of the enemy's guns, under one of our batteries at Black-rock. Lieutenant Elliot ordered all the guns of the *Detroit* to be mounted on one side, whence he kept up a constant fire against the enemy's batteries as long as his ammunition lasted. He determined then to drop down the river out of reach of their cannon, and make a stand against the flying artillery. At this instant he discovered, for the first time, that his pilot had deserted him. He however, cut the cable and falling astern, made good his way to Square Island. He sent the boarding boat on shore with the prisoners, himself and four others only remaining in the *Detroit*, directing the officer to return for him and what property they might be able to save from the brig. The officer was unable to return on account of the strength of the current. At length discovering a skiff under the stern, he made for the shore in her with the remaining part of the crew.

During all this time an incessant fire was kept up from both sides of the river on the brig. She received twelve shot of large size in her bends, her sails were reduced to ribbands, and her rigging cut to pieces. Finding that all attempts to carry off the *Detroit* was unavailing, he dismantled her of all her ordnance and

stores and set her on fire. The *Caledonia* was found to be a vessel belonging to the north-west company, loaded with peltry. Lieutenant Elliot's party consisted of one hundred men. He was fortunate enough to capture one hundred and thirty prisoners with their officers, and to release from captivity forty of his own countrymen, belonging to the fourth United States' regiment. Lieutenant Elliot on boarding opposed three of the enemy with no other weapon than his cutlass. During the hottest of the fire from the batteries, a cannon shot passed through, and striking a large silver wedge deposited in a trunk belonging to one of the officers, bent it double. This wedge is still preserved as a curiosity.

So sensible were congress of the gallantry and skill of this young officer, as displayed in this exploit, that they passed the following resolution: "Be it enacted, &c. that the president of the United States be, and he is hereby authorized to have distributed as prize money to lieutenant Elliot, his officers and companions, or to their widows and children, the sum of twelve thousand dollars, for the capture and destruction of the British brig *Detroit*." "Resolved, that the president of the United States be, and he is hereby requested to present to lieutenant Elliot of the navy of the United States, an elegant sword with suitable emblems and devices, in testimony of the just sense entertained by congress of his gallantry and good conduct in boarding and capturing the British brigs *Detroit* and *Caledonia*, while anchored under the protection of Fort Erie."

Shortly after this brilliant exploit lieutenant Elliot left Erie, and arrived at Sackett's Harbour where he joined commodore Chauncey. The commodore sailed on the 8th of November with six schooners in quest of the enemy's fleet, and on the same day fell in with the *Royal George*. Losing sight of her in the night, he discovered her the next morning riding in Kingston channel under the protection of the batteries. He immediately followed her into the channel where he engaged her and the batteries for an hour and three quarters, and determined to board her in the night. But as the wind blew directly on shore, and the pilot refused to take charge of the vessels, the commodore was reluctantly com-

pelled to forego his determination. Lieutenant Elliot commanded the leading vessel in this engagement.

On the 24th of July lieutenant Elliot was promoted over thirty lieutenants, to the rank of master commandant. Being appointed to command the *Madison* in commodore Chauncey's fleet, when that officer sailed for York, on his arrival he discovered that he could not bring his ship into action from the shoalness of the water. He then volunteered his services, and asked and obtained the commodore's permission to lead the small vessels employed in covering the troops while they were landing and attacking the batteries. General Dearborne embarked his troops, amounting to seventeen hundred men, on board commodore Chauncey's fleet, and arrived at York, the capital of Upper Canada. The squadron taking a position to the westward and southward of the fort, covered the debarkation of the troops. The riflemen under major Forsythe landed under a heavy fire, and seven hundred regulars with one hundred Indians marched to oppose the landing of the American army. General Pike with seven hundred men having effected a landing, routed the enemy and pushed direct for the principal batteries. At this time the enemy blew up his magazine, and precipitately retreated. Thirty-eight of our men were killed by this explosion, amongst whom we have to lament the gallant Pike, and two hundred and thirty-eight were wounded. The town surrendered by capitulation, and captain Elliot was appointed by commodore Chauncey to see that the articles were carried into execution on the part of the navy.

After his return to Sackett's Harbour, he found an officer of usual rank in waiting for the *Madison*, while he himself was ordered by the secretary of the navy to take the command of one of the brigs on Lake Erie. He complied with this order, not without regret, desiring as he did to be with commodore Chauncey in the action hourly expected to be fought on Lake Ontario. He volunteered until after the contemplated action to serve on board the *General Pike* as acting first lieutenant. He made this proposition however with reluctance, as he thought that his rank and services entitled him to a more conspicuous command.

When the squadron was ready for sea and had proceeded to the head of the lake, information was received that the American

fleet was blockaded at Erie, that the siege of Fort Meigs was raised, and that the troops were waiting for the navy to cover their crossing to Malden. The commodore communicated this intelligence to captain Elliot. He was then under a belief that sir James Yeo, would not venture out of Kingston and give battle to commodore Chauncey for some time, and agreed to leave Ontario for lake Erie. He accordingly set out with one hundred volunteers, arrived at Erie in five days, and on the 6th sailed for Malden in pursuit of the enemy. On the 10th of September the enemy's fleet were discovered at sun-rise from Put-in-bay, where the American squadron, commanded by commodore Perry, were riding at anchor.

The American commander immediately prepared for action, and gave chase to the enemy. On the flag of the commodore's vessel were inscribed the dying words of the gallant Lawrence "Dont give up the ship."

Perry having formed his line, bore down for the enemy's fleet, in order of battle, and outsailing his squadron, pursued his course, with an intention to come to close quarters, and thus received the whole fire of the enemy's line. Being much annoyed by the long guns of the enemy, with all his rigging shot away, and his guns all dismounted, the Lawrence became unmanageable, having sustained the enemy's fire for two hours within cannister distance. At this moment commodore Perry formed the resolution of shifting his flag, and abandoning the ship to the care of lieutenant Yarnall. He repaired in an open boat, exposed to the whole range of the enemy's fire, from his broad-side and small arms, on board the Niagara commanded by captain Elliot. He determined now on breaking the enemy's line, and bearing up passed a head of their two ships giving them a raking fire from the right and left. While this bold manoeuvre was performing, some circumstances occurred that induced captain Elliot to quit his station and proceed to the head of the line.

Here unfortunately rests the difference between these two gallant officers. Commodore Perry states in his official account of this battle, that he made sail and directed the other vessels to follow him, for the purpose of closing with the enemy. He further

states, that at half-past two captain Elliot was enabled by the wind springing up to bring his vessel gallantly *into close action*. Captain Elliot alledges that at the time the commodore relinquished the Lawrence and came on board the Niagara, he went to the head of the line, unauthorised and on his own responsibility. He apprehended that the commodore was dead, and was preparing to change the line of battle when that officer came on board the Niagara. Captain Elliot discovering an important part of the fleet improperly placed, volunteered his services to pass the whole of the enemy's line, bring up these vessels and place them in a position more capable of annoying the enemy. To this proposition the commodore cordially assented. Accordingly captain Elliot passed in a small boat down the whole line, during which time the fire of the enemy was so incessant, that his clothes were wet from the water thrown all around him by the balls. The gun-boats were at that time throwing random and ineffectual shot at a distance, when captain Elliot commanded them to cease their firing, and to make sail and follow him. This was accordingly done, and he placed them under the stern of the two heaviest ships of the enemy. In this manner were the gun-boats all brought up and disposed by captain Elliot, when, after some considerable fire, the enemy's fleet struck their colours. The guns not having been fired from the Somers as he wished, he repaired on board that vessel and fired the thirty-two pounder three times himself, while commodore Perry gallantly broke the line of the enemy, and bringing both sides of the Niagara into action at once, the fire from the gun-boats raking them in another direction from their sterns, soon decided the fate of the day. It is singular in such contests to observe the accordance that sometimes happen in the chances of war. Commodore Perry, by breaking the enemy's line, passed ahead of his two heaviest ships, and, as before stated, poured in a raking fire from his starboard guns, while the gun-boats so disposed by captain Elliot, saluted them in the same manner from their sterns. The larboard guns at the same time gave a raking fire to a large schooner and sloop that he past at half pistol shot distance.

We know not whether another instance can be produced in the annals of naval history, of bringing all the guns of a single

ship to bear, and so effectually upon the enemy as was done by his bold project of breaking their line. It is no less astonishing that captain Elliot, without knowing how the senior officer proposed to manage the Niagara, should on his own responsibility at such a time have placed the gun-boats under the sterns of the enemy's largest ships. We see two great and gallant minds, maintaining an immoveable serenity in the midst of danger, and occupied solely by one great object, the destruction of the enemy's fleet, and acting strictly in concert, although unconscious of it themselves. It proves how nearly this ethereal spirit is the same on whatever portion of humanity it acts, and that it is always consistent in the display of its proper character.

We all can admire the courage and skill of a successful warrior. Wherever victory impresses her dazzling stamp, we dare not call in question the act that passes her consecrated seal. And yet if we soberly investigate the matter, how nearly is even this wonder of the million allied to glorious rashness. We will suppose that the light breeze which favoured Perry when he went on board the Niagara, and enabled him to pass triumphantly through the enemy's line, had settled to a dead calm when he had reached the head of the hostile ships. They would have wore round, and he, exposed to two full broadsides, and incapable of extricating himself, must have surrendered. But his raking fire threw every thing into confusion, and while he was rounding to, to pass the defile again, the thunders of the gun-boats were breaking on their sterns. On such nice and delicate points rests the reputation of a hero. That successful breath of wind consecrated to fame the character of the American navy.

We hope it may not be deemed altogether inappropriate, since we have traced the character of this great spirit when surrounded by the lustre of victory, to observe its complexion under the shade of misfortune. Commodore Barclay, the British commander, had participated in Nelson's lustre. Wounded and faint from the loss of blood, he was carried below; he beheld his fleet dispersed and captured with all that mortification felt by a generous and ardent mind, compelled to submit, but not conquered or enslaved by misfortune. He is sent home a prisoner on parole, and a festival is given by his countrymen to his honour. At that time

and at that place, the toast of that gallant and heroic officer is, *commodore Perry, the brave and generous enemy*. Nothing in all that has been said to Perry's honour equals this, and it may be generously retorted by every high minded American, that the gallant soul who could indulge in such a sentiment, has achieved a victory over misfortune more glorious than even the triumph of Erie. To captain Elliot belongs, beyond all dispute, an important share in the lustre of this memorable day. The moment he perceives the commodore's flag shifted on board his own ship, he considers what service he can now render, what new dangers he can encounter with a prospect of advantage. He assumes the command of the gun-boats with the same promptitude that he relinquished his own vessel, intent only on serving his country, and giving splendour to her name. Let the highest authority known to our laws speak for themselves on this occasion. Congress passed the following resolution:

"Resolved, that the president of the United States be requested to cause gold medals to be struck, emblematic of the action between the two squadrons, and to be presented to captain Perry and to captain Jesse Elliot, in such manner as will be most agreeable to them, and that the president be further requested to present a silver medal, with suitable emblems and devices, to each of the commissioned officers either of the navy or army, and a sword to each of the midshipmen and sailing-masters who so nobly distinguished themselves on that day."

Captain Elliot, after the action on Erie, was entrusted with the arrangement of general Harrison's boats in the embarkation and debarkation of his troops, when he assumed the command of the fleet, and went up the lake. When general Harrison's army advanced, he selected some of his best men to man three gun-boats, for the purpose of boarding a force of gun-boats the enemy were said to have collected in the Thames. These vessels unfortunately fell into the hands of the British, who destroyed them by fire before they were ready for action.

Captain Elliot afterwards received orders to take the command of the fleet on Lake Erie, and make preparations for the reduction of Fort Machinac in the Spring. He received the thanks of the committee of Pennsylvania, the state from which he was introduced into the navy, accompanied by a gold medal.

Captain Elliot is now attached to the squadron commanded by commodore Chauncey on Lake Ontario, and has signalized himself in such a manner, as to have received the most marked acknowledgments from that gallant and intrepid officer.

The private life of captain Elliot affords a delightful and reposing contrast to that character in which we have all along seen him invested. The warm and generous friend, the kind and hospitable companion, and the affectionate husband; are, at such seasons, all that remain of him, who in the chace of fame is so prodigal of existence. He then cultivates assiduously all the tender charities of life, and veils from sight, the noble stock round which they twine for support, by the intervening blossoms. The heart that no danger could move, yields to the slightest touch of compassion.

Thus the proud oak, when tempests rage on high,  
Shakes his green head against the frowning sky;  
But when his breath, the gentle zephyr heaves,  
The trembling dew-drops trickle from his leaves.

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#### FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

##### LETTER ON COOKERY AND EATING.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

I HAVE for some time furnished my friend, the editor of the *Emporium* with some desultory papers connected with the science of cooking food, the science of eating it to the best advantage, and the science of drinking with as much pleasure as is consistent with the enjoyment of health: for I am of opinion, that a man is unwise who purchases pleasure too dear, or as Franklin expresses it, who pays too much for his whistle.

Indeed, I do not know a more important object of inquiry to a traveller, than the meals of the people through whose country he journeys. I know not a more faithful exponent of the state of knowledge, or the character of the government. You are invited to dinner at the house of a person of fashion—where can you have so good an opportunity of observing the state of refinement, and the height to which the manufactures of equipage, of dress, of furniture, of articles of use as well as of decoration, are carried



in the country? Is not the actual state of the gold and silver trade, of the pottery, the glass ware, the cabinet work, the silk, the woollen, the cotton manufactures, the printing, the dyeing, the painting, the varnishing, the gilding, &c. displayed at once, and examinable by a single coup d'œil?

As to the government of a country: let our traveller after viewing the luxuries common in the higher ranks of society, attend to the meals of the middling classes and the poor. If he find pleasurable refinement carried to an excessive height in the first case, while, in the last, the difficulty of subsistence borders upon actual starving, and the numerous classes of society gradually dividing themselves, at the expense of the middle ranks, into the poor and the rich, will he not say, that such a government, however plausible in theory, is bad in practice. However abounding the country with science and wealth, it is unwisely managed for the great purposes of society, the comfortable subsistence, and reasonable happiness of the great mass of individuals who compose it—that, however powerful abroad, such power is purchased too dear, when it produces misery at home? I greatly fear these remarks will apply to the most scientific, the most powerful, the most energetic nation now known: a nation, where there is more individual wealth, more individual industry, and more individual knowledge than is to be found, in any other portion of the globe—the British nation. But where, at the present day, at the same time, in the immediate vicinity of exquisite refinement, and unbounded riches, there dwells the most abject state of poverty. Where every energy, mental and bodily, of the great mass of the people, is strained to the very uttermost, and where such exertion is absolutely necessary to ensure even an existence; where the objects of taxation, and the amount of assessment, are so numerous and complicated as to form a science *sui generis* of no common difficulty, and where an eighth of the whole population are absolutely and literally paupers.

Should our traveller, crossing the Atlantic, come here, and observe the universal prevalence of meat and fish breakfasts and suppers, among the poorest of society, the consumption of animal food, in some shape or other, three times a day—the convenient furniture in the commonest habitations, and the numerous families of young children throughout the whole country, exhibiting

marks of plenty impossible to be mistaken—he may feel some dislike to the harshness of outline in the manners of the populace; he may turn with disgust from the incessant din of political disputation; he may not approve of so much of the doctrine of equality as marks our manners, and he may smile, perhaps, at occasional features of national egotism; but he must see, that the great end of society, *the comfort of the people*, is, some how or other, more effectually secured here than elsewhere.

I confess myself decidedly hostile to the ancient mode of writing history. The details of battles, the harangues of generals to their armies, the bloody pages of eternal warfare, afford little instruction, but inspire me with great disgust. With me, the objects of history, are to know in what manner the various forms of government have been founded, altered, or subverted: which of them in their day produced the greatest amount, not of national glory, but of comfort to the individuals composing the nation: what were the defects of the best governments, and in what way can their good and bad qualities be made use of to present advantage, so as to profit by their excellence, and avoid their defects. Next to this, the object of inquiry with me, is what are the arts and the sciences that are most productive of national improvement, and best calculated to spread comfort and convenience, use and plenty, through all classes of society. Let others live for their own motives and with their own views; I want to live as plentifully, as comfortably, as happily, as I can. I do not say, with Virgil, in his compliment to Rome,

Hæ tibi erunt artes,  
Parcere subjectis et debellare superbos.

Give me the wish of le bon roi Henri quatre, “may each peasant in my dominions have his turkey for dinner on Sunday.”

Inquiries, therefore, into the domestic comforts, manners, customs, and modes of living—into the dress, the houses, the furniture of the ancients, and into their modes of cooking too, are with me investigations of far more interest, than to trace the course of Hannibal over the Alps, or count the millions sacrificed to the ambition of Cæsar.

Hence, the private life of the ancients appears to me far from being an ignoble or useless subject. I have, therefore, now and

then, turned my views to that part of it which relates to their cookery. As the Emporium has been unable to stem the torrent of war, I offer you some occasional dissertations on that subject, which I had originally intended for that work. The description of the supper of Trimalchio by Petronius, is not commonly known, though familiar to the learned. I have translated it, as giving a picture of Roman luxury in its highest but worst style. It is possible that Petronius meant to satirize Nero, but of this there is no decided evidence.

Yours,

EPICURI DE GRÆGE PORCUS.

FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

To the readers of the Port Folio we offer, without comment, the following learned and interesting article. To most of them, we are persuaded, it will be new, many of them will derive from it information which they will deem, in no inconsiderable degree, valuable, and they will all, we trust, find in it something curious, instructive, and entertaining—something to fill up pleasantly and usefully, one of those numerous intellectual vacuities which necessarily occur even in minds the most active, although stored with the greatest abundance and variety of knowledge. It presents, as far as it goes, a faithful mirror of the state of manners that prevailed among the wealthy and voluptuous Romans, in the days of their decline—a perfect picture of the costly and magnificent Symposium, to which those masters of the world were so passionately devoted, when luxury and vice were fast preparing them to experience, in their turn, the yoke of the conqueror. We do not hesitate to say, that to those who are ambitious of an acquaintance with the real state of society, among the people of ancient Rome and her eastern colonies—decidedly one of the most important objects of her history—the supper of Trimalchio will be a much more valuable and interesting article, than the most minute and circumstantial account of the conspiracy of Cataline, the battle of Pharsalia, or the assassination of Cæsar. Hence the good sense and sound decision of the antiquary, who declared, that he would give more to know how Cæsar supped and spent his evenings, than how he spoke in the senate chamber or fought in the field.

Ed.

## THE SUPPER OF TRIMALCHIO, FROM PETRONIUS.

Tandem ergo discubuimus, &c. At length we took our places on the sofa, when some slaves of Alexandria poured water, cooled with snow, on our hands and feet, and cleansed our nails with great dexterity. This was done, the slaves singing all the while. I was determined to ascertain if the whole family (of slaves) sung: I asked for something to drink, which was quickly brought by a boy, who entertained me with a song in a voice as shrill as any of them. So that one would have taken the place to belong to a keeper of pantomimes, rather than to the master of a family.

The relish (*gustatio*) which was in the first style, was now brought in. All the guests were seated except Trimalchio, for whom, by a new fashion, the first seat was kept vacant. The promulsis or vessel which held the relish, was a large turenne or basin, whereon was the figure of an ass, wrought in Corinthian brass; it contained two compartments that dropped down like purses or baskets, the one holding unripe, the other ripe olives. It was covered with silver covers, on which were engraven the name of Trimalchio, and the weight of the vessel. On plates, supported by bridges cemented to them, were dormice dressed with honey and sprinkled with pepper. There were also sausages on silver chafing dishes; and beneath, were prunes of Damascus, with seeds of pomegranate.

While we were thus employed, the entrance of Trimalchio was announced with music. The cushions of his couch were very small, which occasioned some thoughtless persons to laugh. Indeed, he had covered his shaven head with a scarlet cloth, and round his shoulders, thus incumbered, he had thrown a purple mantle, ornamented with tassels. On the little finger of his left hand he wore a large gilt ring; on the last joint of the next finger, he had a gold ring, smaller indeed, but studded with polished steel. Lest this should not be finery enough, he exhibited the wrist of his right arm, ornamented with a golden bracelet set in ivory.

Picking his teeth with a silver tooth pick, "my friends, says he, I was not inclined to come so early to the repast; but lest my absence might be a delay to you, I deprived myself of indulgence. Give me leave, however, to finish a game I had begun."

While he was engaged at backgammon, (calculis) with dice made of glass, I observed that instead of black and white men, he used gold and silver denarii.

In the meantime, a basket was brought in, containing a hen imitated in wood, with her wings spread out, as if sitting. Two slaves hunted among the straw, and while music was playing, they pretended to find peacocks' eggs, which were served out to the guests. "My friends, says Trimalchio, I ordered peacocks' eggs to be placed under that hen; come, let us see if they are eatable; I am afraid she has sat too long on them." Spoons, weighing at least six ounces, were brought to us, to eat our eggs, which were admirably counterfeited in pastry. I thought, on breaking mine, that it contained a chick, but an experienced guest having told me, that I should find something good with inside, I discovered, on breaking the shell, that it contained a very plump ortolan (*ficedula*, *beccafico*) in the midst of yolk of egg seasoned with pepper.

Trimalchio having finished his game, looked round, and asked the guests if they chose any more mulse (wine sweetened with honey, usually taken with the relish before the principal meal): The music then struck up, as a signal to clear the table, which the musicians themselves took care not to omit. During the scuffle, a silver dish fell, and one of the servants, having picked it up, had his ears boxed by Trimalchio, who ordered him throw it down, and it was swept out among the refuse.

Two Ethiopian slaves, with long hair, entered, bearing flaggons, such as are used to sprinkle the area at the Amphitheatre. They were filled with wine, which was served out to the guests; for there was no one to serve out water.

The guests having praised Trimalchio for the elegance of the entertainment, he cried out, "Mars is the friend of equality:" then each one was directed to have his plate assigned to him; "when the servants, says he, are ordered out, we shall have less heat in the room." Large glass bottles, well stopped with gypsum, were introduced with labels on the necks, marked "*Palernian, a century old, of the consulship of Opimius.*"—"Alas!" exclaimed Trimalchio, clapping his hands, wine outlives man! So let us have a frolic. Wine is life. I answer for this, being Opimian. I did not produce as good yesterday, to guests much more fa-

shionable than yourselves." While we drank and admired the magnificence of the entertainment, a servant brought in a silver skeleton, with moveable joints; and after having exhibited it in various attitudes, Trimalchio exclaimed in verse, Alas! how unhappy is the fate of human kind! how brittle the thread of life! when death comes, we shall be like this figure! let us live then while we may. Then was introduced a course, not so large indeed, as our expectations, but whose novelty attracted all eyes. It was a round machine, calculated to hold dishes of meat, shaped like each of the twelve signs of the zodiac; on each dish and upon each sign, was placed the kind of food that agreed with the character of the sign. Thus upon the Ram, was served up a kind of bean sown usually when the sun is in Aries (Cicer Arietinum) upon Taurus, ribs of beef; upon the Gemini, testicles and kidneys: upon the Crab, a crown: upon the Lion, African figs: upon Virgo, a sow's udder: upon Libra, a pair of scales, of which one scale held a tait, the other a sweet cake: upon Scorpio,\* a sea fish of the same name: upon Sagittarius, a hare: upon Capricorn, a lobster: (Locus ta marina)† upon Aquarius a goose: upon Pisces, two mullets. In the middle was a turf or sod with beans growing on it. An Egyptian boy,‡ carried round a silver bread basket, and in a weak voice sang the praises of horse-radish (Laserpitium)§ as a sauce. But as

\* Scorpio, I cannot make out this fish; the scorpion, is scorpene.

† I cannot see any analogy between the lobster and the goat.

‡ An Egyptian boy: these were the most prized among the slaves, particularly from Alexandria. The Ethiopian slaves before mentioned with *long hair*, were evidently not negroes. I suspect, from this circumstance, and from the use of cotton in Ethiopia, that the Ethiopians were of Hindoo origin.

§ The silphion, the laser, the laserpitium, are usually supposed to be either assafetida or benzoin; materials for cookery, which one would scarce believe to be in very high estimation. I think, I do not hazard a great deal by giving an entire new meaning to these words. I think it is *horse radish*; raphanus rusticanus: cochlearea armotracia: cochlearea folio cubitali. My reasons are: first, assafetida and benzoin are manifestly improper for cookery in substance. I confess the warm plate, off which a hot beef stake or mutton chop is eaten, may be just rubbed with garlic or assafetida, but this last would be abominable in substance. Secondly, the excessively stinking odour of assafetida is never ascribed to the silphion or laser. Thirdly, the laser

we helped ourselves rather sorrowfully to meet of so common a description, Trimalchio said, "come, my friends, let us sup, that is our present business." Immediately four dancers came in, and took off the top of the machine, when another course appeared of larded meats, sows' paps, and a hare adorned with wings, to look like a pegasus. At the corners of this large turenne, were four figures of Satyrs, who poured a spiced pickle (*garum piperatum*) over the fish, which swam in a sea of sauce below.

The domestics applauded, and we joined in the applause; nor was Trimalchio himself, less delighted with this new invention. He exclaimed, "cut;"\* whereupon the carver began to cut the meat, keeping time to the symphony which was playing, like a charioteer contending to the sound of a water organ†.

Still however Trimalchio continued to cry out "Cut," but in a gentle tone; hearing this so often repeated, I suspected there might be some civility intended; and I did not scruple to ask the guest who reclined next to me, what it meant. He who had frequently witnessed the same scene, informed me that the carver's name was *Cut*.

Not being able to eat any more, I fell into conversation with my neighbour. He gave me several anecdotes relating to a very active woman who appeared at the entertainment, and whom I found to be Fortunata, the wife of Trimalchio.

This conversation was interrupted by Trimalchio: for when this last turenne of meat was taken away, and the guests began to be merry with the wine, he rose and leaning on his elbow, exclaimed, "come let us enjoy our liquor, and drink that the fish may swim again. What, did you think me satisfied with that nest

was chiefly used for its root, now and then, but seldom, the leaves were used. Fourthly, the root exuded a milky juice. Fifthly, it was very acid and stimulating, and, sixthly, it was used as a rubefacient, and in sinapiams and cataplasms. I refer to Lister's note on *Silphium*, see page 47 of the edition of *Apicius Cœlius*, Amsterdam. 1709, editio secunda. All these characters agree with horse radish, which is an excellent ingredient in cookery.

\* The name of the carver (*scissor*) was *Carpus*, so that when Trimalchio exclaimed *carpe*, it was a pun.

† *Esedarium putares hydraule cantante pugnare*. I cannot well explain this custom.

of dishes? Is Trimalchio so little known? He then commenced an explanation of the celestial signs that surrounded the machine, and a description of the kind of people as to characters and professions who were born under each constellation respectively: and in spite of his ignorance, we highly applauded his knowledge as superior to that of Hipparchus or Aratus.

Servants now brought in a carpet on which were embroidered nets, with hunters and spears. We knew not what to think of this: a great noise was heard without, when Lacedæmonian hounds came in, and ran all about the room. Then was introduced a kind of platform, on which was placed a wild boar of the largest size with a cap on his head: from each tusk hung a basket containing dates, the one Syrian, the other Theban. Young boars made of pastry surrounded the larger one, as if seeking for teats; insinuating that the creature had brought forth a family before. These were the apophoreta or parting presents.

This boar was not carved by the former professed carver (scissor), but a large man, with a beard, his legs covered with leggings or splatterdashes, and dressed like a hunter, struck a large knife into the side of the boar, when out flew a covey of thrushes, which bird-catchers with their reeds, ready for the occasion, soon caught and presented to the guests. "Pray see" says Trimalchio, "this boar has eaten up all the acorns of the forest," and immediately young boys handed the basket of dates to each guest.†

I inquired of the person next to me, why the boar came in with a cap on: "one of your slaves (says he) might have told you that: the boar was brought in yesterday, but the guests having dismissed him untouched, he enters now with a cap as if out of bondage." I asked no further, for fear of appearing unacquainted with the customs at great tables.

During this discourse, a young slave crowned with vine branches and joy, who called himself Bromius, Lyæus and Euhyus, (names of Bacchus) handed round grapes in baskets, and began to recite in a shrill tone verses composed by Trimalchio, who tickled with the flattery, turning round, said "Dionysius, you are

\* In the original, sic notus Ulysses? † Dates in lieu of acorns.



free." The young slave then took the cap from the head of the boar, and placed it on his own head. Trimalchio observed, no one can now deny but I have a Bacchus. We applauded the remark and each in his turn saluted the enfranchised boy.

Trimalchio then got up to retire to his chamber, we having got rid of our tyrant, renewed our conversation over the wine.

After some time Trimalchio reappeared, and a large hog was introduced, fatter even than the boar. Trimalchio looking at it attentively, "surely (says he) this hog has not been gutted; send my cook here." The cook was brought in; he stood at the table with a sad countenance, and said he had forgotten to gut it. "What (said Trimalchio) is this a fault like omitting a little pepper or cummin? strip him." No time was lost, the cook stript of his clothes, stood sorrowfully between two executioners. Every one exclaimed, "this happens frequently, pray dismiss him for this time: if he neglects again, we will intercede no more." As to myself I confess I felt sentiments of more severity, and I whispered my neighbour Agamemnon, "that slave is a sad rogue: would any one else have forgotten to draw the hog? I would not have pardoned him, if he had omitted doing so to a fish." Not so Trimalchio, who putting on a smiling countenance said to the cook, "Well, as your memory is so bad, open the creature, and take out its bowels before us." The cook putting on his garment again, received his knife, and with a cautious hand made some cuts here and there into the belly of the hog; these openings were instantly dilated by the weight of sausages (tomacula) and hog's puddings (botula). Every one applauded this invention, and the cook was permitted to drink before the company, and received a crown, whereof the foliage was silver, and also a cup handed to him on a salver of Corinthian brass.

The guests continued at their wine, till Trimalchio became intoxicated.

Sometime after this, we were entertained with a lottery of various trifles as prizes: each guest drawing his ticket out of a waiter handed about for the purpose. Then were introduced comedians (Homeristæ) reciting a piece founded on the destruction of Troy. In this piece an actor representing Ajax was introduced. A calf stewed whole, was brought in, on a very large dish,

and Ajax drawing his knife, like a madman with many jesticulations, cut off pieces, and handed them with great dexterity, on the point, to each of the guests. In the midst of all this, the ceiling began to crack, and when in great consternation we turned our eyes upward, fearing what was to happen, a large circular machine gently descended from a dome, and reached us with crowns of gold, and alabaster boxes of perfume. While we were taking these, a large statue of Priapus was introduced on the table, made of pastry, which as is usual, contained within it apples of various kinds and grapes. On taking these and touching them, a strong odour of saffron expanded itself so much as to be troublesome.\*

The guests then rose, and praying the benediction of heaven on the emperor Augustus, the father of his country, they seized upon the desert to carry it away. Three slaves in white robes then entered the room, and placed on the table small images of the household gods and a cup of wine, saying, may the gods be propitious. A small statue-likeness of Trimalchio was also brought in, which the guests in turn saluted.

Such is the description furnished by Petronius, of the supper given or supposed to be given, by an ostentatious, vain, and ignorant man of overgrown fortune. Doubtless a number of dull tricks and silly devices are here introduced not common at the tables of people of fashion, but still the entertainment though caricatured in description, bears the general features of ancient dishes, and ancient manners, and is therefore valuable as a very ancient account of the customs of the day. Whether it was intended by Trimalchio, to ridicule Nero, is conjectured indeed, but cannot be ascertained. The feast is such as any silly, vain, and wealthy man might have given, and therefore will answer as well for the character of Nero as any other tasteless and ostentatious entertainer of the time. In translating this, I have purposely omitted some conversations and episodes, not belonging to the description of the entertainment itself.

*Carlisle, October, 1814.*

\* Priapus, the god of gardens. As to the saffron, it has no such odour as to produce this effect. Was it musk?

## FOR THE PORT FOLIO.—THE ADVERSARIA.

JUNIUS.—It is well known that Junius seldom turned aside to notice the innumerable attacks which his writings produced. The following is one of the few instances of deviation that we meet with in the literary history of that period. Sir John Macpherson sent to the press the monody which I am about to copy, to which Junius replied with a promptness and in a tone which sufficiently evince that he beheld in the then anonymous poet, an enemy of no common prowess.

## A MONODY,

OR, THE TEARS OF SEDITION ON THE DEATH OF JUNIUS.

*"Quis tibi, Siliure, furor."*

AND are those periods fill'd with tuneful care,  
 Those thoughts which gleam'd with Ciceronian ore—  
 Are they, my JUNIUS, pass'd like vulgar air,  
 Droop'd is thy plume, to rise on fame no more?

Thy plume! it was the harp of song in prose;  
 Oft have its numbers sooth'd the felon's ear;  
 Oft to its tone my Wilkite heroes rose,  
 With couch'd tobacco-pipes, in act to spear.

Where now shall stormy CLODIUS and his crew,  
 My dear assembly to the midnight hour,  
 Ah! where acquire a trumpeter? Since you  
 No more shall rouse them with your classic power.

Accur'd SIKURUS! blasted be thy wing!  
 That gray, Scotch wing, which led the unerring dart;  
 In virtue's cause could all that Satire's sting  
 A bosom, with corruption's poison fraught?

Impossible! then hear me, fiends of hell,  
 This dark event, this mystery unfold;  
 Poison'd was JUNIUS! No; alas! he fell  
 'Midst arrows dipped in ministerial gold.

Then, hear me, rioters, of my command,  
 Condemn the villain to a traitor's doom;  
 Let none but faithful knaves adorn my band;  
 Go drop this character into his tomb.

*Here sunk an essayist of dubious name,  
Whose tinsell'd page on airy cadence rung;  
Friendless with party,—noted, without fame—  
Virtue and Vice disclaim'd him as a son.*

*To the Printer of the Public Advertiser.*

12th April 1769.

SIR,

The monody on the supposed death of Juinius is not the less poetical for being founded on a fiction. In some parts of it, there is a promise of genius, which deserves to be encouraged. My letter of Monday will, I hope, convince the author that I am neither a partizan of Mr. Wilkes, nor yet bought off by the ministry. It is true I have refused offers, which a more prudent or a more interested man would have accepted. Whether it be simplicity or virtue in me, I can only affirm that *I am in earnest*; because I am convinced, as far as I am capable of judging, that the present ministry are driving this country to destruction; and you, I think, sir, may be assured that my rank and fortune place me above a common bribe. JUNIUS.

SLEEP.—Sir Thomas Browne, in his *Religio Medici*, b. 11. § 12, has written a very awful and impressive passage on SLEEP. It is, says he, a death whereby we live; a middle moderating point between life and death, and so like death, I dare not trust it without my prayers, and a half adieu to the world, and take my farewell in colloquy with God. After which I close my eyes in security, content to take my leave of him, and sleep unto the resurrection.

Athenæus calls sleep, *the haven of labour and fatigue*: by Shakspeare it is termed *sore labour's bath*, and he makes Matbeth use this strong phrase,

Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of Care.

The necessity of sleep results from the deficiency of the quantity and mobility of the spirits occasioned by the compressure of the nerves, and by the collapsing of the nervous parts which convey the spirits from their fountain in the common sensory to

circulate to all parts of the body. As this necessity becomes more urgent in proportion to the fatigue of the body, we find that often while it refuses to weigh down the eyelids of royalty

In the perfum'd chambers of the great,  
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody;—

it will

— upon the high and giddy mast  
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains  
In cradle of the rude imperious surge.

Sleep also is justly considered as the world's best medicine, repairing the waste, and lulling the disquietudes of nature, carrying off the gross humours of the body by perspiration, and refreshing its debilitated powers. It is so favourable and restorative to nature, that some animals, which sleep in the winter, as bears are supposed to do under the snow, grow fat, though they are deprived of food; and swallows, bats, and many sorts of insects which enjoy a kind of alternation that extends to a long term, are preserved in that state under circumstances in which they could not exist when awake.

Diogenes Laertius represents Epimenides, a distinguished philosopher of Crete, to have slept fifty-one years in a cave, during which time, if he had any dreams, he could not recal them, and when he awaked, he with difficulty recollected the city of his residence, and could scarcely persuade his younger brother to recognise him. This account may probably be suspected from its connection with Cretan history: the abbe Barthelemy represents it to import only that Epimenides passed the first years of his youth in solitude and silent meditation. There are many other relations, however, which prove that sleep may be continued without injury to the human constitution certainly to a much longer period than the body could subsist without food in a waking state. Aristotle and Plutarch speak of the nurse of one Timon who slept two months without any indication of life. Marcus Damascenus represents a German rustic to have slept under a hay-rick through a whole Autumn and Winter, till on the removal of the hay he awoke, half dead and utterly distracted. Crantzius mentions a scholar at Lubeck, in the time of Gregory the eleventh, who slept

seven years without any apparent change. The most memorable account, however, is that of the seven sleepers of Ephesus, who are reported to have slept providentially in a cave to which they had retired, from the time of the persecution under Decius, till the thirtieth year of Theodosius. The cave, it is said, is still shown at Ephesus, and the remains of a chapel erected to their memory. These were the seven famous sleepers whose reputation is certainly unrivalled in history. But though the account be sanctioned in some Greek homilies, and in the Koran, many incredulous people have stumbled at the marvellous relation, and consider it as a fiction of the martyrologists. There is, however, nothing more inexplicable in men's sleeping one hundred and ninety-six years, than in their sleeping six: we know not at what limits to stop, and may remark, as was once done on the subject of St. Denys's walking a great way without his head, *la distance n'y fait rien, c'est le premier pas qui cou te*

—  
WALTER SCOTT.—That there is nothing new under the sun is a fact now deemed incontrovertible. Even Walter Scott has been detected in pouring old wine into new bottles. The commencement of Harold's ballad in the "Lay of the last Minstrel" is as follows:

Oh listen, listen, ladies gay,  
No haughty feat of arms I tell.

There runs a certain letter, dated *Bath*,

Hearken, lady Betty, hearken  
To the dreadful tale I tell.

In *Marmion* we find these lines:

Of all the palaces so fair,  
Built for the royal dwelling,  
In Scotland, far beyond compare,  
Linlithgow is excelling.

In a book of poems by one Mrs. Cassan, these—

Sweetest spot in all creation,  
Prettiest we can light on,  
Every other in the nation  
Yields the palm to Brighton.

The ballad of *The Gray Brother* opens magnificently,

The pope was saying high, high mass,  
All on St. Peter's day.

A previous bard opens *his* ballad more magnificently—

Three boys were sliding on the ice,  
All on a Summer's day.

Mr. Scott will, perhaps, maintain, that it is at least excusable to steal from himself, and will quote Mr. Southey, in whose *Thaliba* is this passage,—

Go not among the tombs, old man,  
There is a madman there;

is a somewhat severe parody on,

Nay, gather not that filbert, Nicholas,  
There is a maggot there.

But, even so weighty an authority as that of him, "who framed of *Thaliba* the wild and wondrous lay," will scarce bear out the minstrel of the Scottish border, in the following robbery: In his *Lay*, &c. he says—

Not all the pearls queen Mary wears,  
Not Margaret's yet more precious tears,  
&c. &c. &c.

We have the same observation in *Marmion*:

Not England's fair, nor France's queen,  
Were worth one pearl drop, bright and sheen,  
From Margaret's eyes that fell.

—  
DRINKING.—We learn from Athenæus, Lib. x. p. 434, that the king of Persia was allowed to get drunk only one day in the year—on the sacrifice to Minthra, or, in other words, on a holiday. There are many who would not accept of his dominions on such terms! Alcetas, the Macedonian, was honoured with the cognomen of *the funnel*, one being tired of wine as soon as the other. Athenæus tells us, p. 438, that it was foretold of Mycerinus, a king of Egypt, he would not live more than six years. But he

contended that he had disproved the oracle, and doubled the number, by turning night into day—arguing that while we are awake we live, and he drank during the whole of the time, or twelve years, as he called it.

In youth, until eighteen years of age, Plato forbade the use of wine, because he would not add fire to fire, and the stronger sort was wholly prohibited among the Roman women, who were therefore *prohibited from keeping the keys of the cellar*, vide. p. 440 and 734. It appears by Antiphanes that they were by no means proof against the temptation, since he thinks it alone safe and prudent to marry in Scythia, where they do not plant the vine. p. 441.

**WOMAN.** A good lord of St. Denis, who was born on the first of April, 1613, but no fool, has made some remarks on the influence of "the sex, which man was born to please," which will be found to have lost none of their truth in the lapse of more than two centuries.

Women either sweeten or poison the cup of life; so great is their power of producing evil or the contrary, by their conduct. Under the influence of love, a dull man becomes brilliant, and, to please his mistress, cultivates in himself every agreeable accomplishment, that can adorn a human being. When women know the power of their sex, and use it discreetly, the philosopher, the man of phlegm, the misanthrope, and the person of amiable qualities, alike confess themselves but men. The dominion of the sex subjugates those likewise, who appear to govern others. A woman soon gains admittance to the cabinet of the politician; to them every door is open, and every secret disclosed. The magistrate and the prince think no more of their honour, their grandeur, or their power; all restraint, all reserve is laid aside; and puerile freedoms of speech, succeed to studied harangues and affected gravity of looks. The man of business and of retirement, the young, the old, the sage, drop their characters before women. The studious man leaves his closet, the man of employ his negotiation; the aged forget their years; young men lose their senses; and the sage forfeits his virtue. Whatever ill men report of women, they cannot hate them, and if they say they do, their conduct proves them dissemblers.



But look the morn in russet mantle clad,  
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill.

A russet mantle seems rather a sorry attire for a goddess! I wish the critics would settle, once for all, the costume of Aurora; at present she has clothes, fingers, feet, bosom, and hair of as many colours as the *roquelaure* of Joseph. Homer styles her 'Ροδοδάκτυλος Ἥως—*rosyfinger'd morn*. This is more like an 'old washerwoman, than a young goddess. Ovid calls her *rutilla Aurora capillis*. And again,

Ut solet aër,  
Purpureus fieri, cùm primùm Aurora movetur.

I translate *purpureus fieri*, a *fiery purple*, and defy all the translators in Christendom to *do it* more closely into English. What says Virgil of that particoloured damsel;

Tithoni croceum liquens Aurora cubile.

A golden bed, by the way, is but a poor atonement for a leaden old spouse snoring in it.

Læcia thinks happiness consists in state,  
She weds an idiot, but she eats off plate.

The moderns have been equally fanciful in describing Aurora. An old song says—

The morning was up as gray as a rat,  
The clock struck something, faith I can't tell what.

And *Rosina* now says, "See the rosy morn appearing;" and now, "The morn returns in saffron dressed."—*SERLIM*, in *Blue-beard*, sings "gray-aged morn begins to peep," which is no compliment to the beauty of the goddess. If she had changed colours with the magician, it would have been well; a *gray beard* is fit for an old man, and *blue-eyes* for a young woman.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE. Notwithstanding all the amusement, the learning, and the information that may be found in the pages of this writer, I believe his ponderous volumes are now scarcely opened, but by some curious reader, who would examine the style which *Johnson* did not disdain to imitate. I confess it was this

single object, which first induced me to delve into what I consider a rich mine of English phraseology. Although it was the ambition of SIR THOMAS, to introduce as many exotic terms into our language, as possible, and that in the prosecution of this design, his taste has been by no means fastidious, he has yet, by a happy temerity, which belongs only to genius, occasionally hit upon single words and expressions, which are singularly felicitous. But in general, it must be admitted, his affectation involves his understanding in such a maze of intricacy, or throws such a glare of ridicule around it, that we close the volume with a mixture of laughter and contempt. Dr. Johnson, with his accustomed acumen, describes the style of Browne, as "vigorous but rugged; it is learned," he says, "but pedantic; it is deep, but obscure; it strikes, but does not please; it commands, but does not allure; his tropes are harsh, and his combinations uncouth."

To the writer on philosophical subjects, we must grant the use of erudite or technical terms, when they are appropriate and significant, or be compelled to pursue his meaning through a labyrinth of circumlocution, that would weary and disgust, and defeat the very purpose of language.

Man, it has truly been said, is an imitative animal; and many who could not attain the learning of Browne, could yet surpass him in eccentricity. In the following quotation, the writer has copied all his defects with as much fidelity, as the Chinese painter, who introduced a patch in one of his portraits. Terms of art are forcibly taken from their natural places, to describe the most common operations of nature, and the words, thus oddly jumbled together, seem to stare at each other, with as much surprise as if they did not belong to the same language; while the reader is almost as much diverted as we are told the spectators were.

The versatile genius of *the admirable Crichton*, as he was called, has been made familiar to modern readers, by one of our classical essayists. It seems that he once composed a drama in the Italian language, which included no less than fifteen characters. To evince the versatility of his powers, he personated the whole of the *dramatis personæ* himself, and his success in the attempt, is thus described by his biographer, sir Thomas Urquhart.

"The logofascinated spirits of the beholding hearers and auralie spectators, were so on a sudden seized upon, in the visible faculties of the soul, and all their vital motions so universally affected in this extremity of agitation, that, to avoid the inevitable charms of his intoxicating ejaculations, and the accumulative influences of so powerful a transportation, one of my lady duchess' chief maids of honour, by the vehemence of the shocks of these incomprehensible raptures, burst forth into a laughter, to the rupture of a vein in her bodie, &c.

"Another young lady, not being able to support the well beloved burthen, of so excessive delight and entrancing joys of such mercurial exhilarations, through the ineffable extatic of overmastered apprehension, fell back in a swoon, without the appearance of any other life in her, than what, by the most refined wits of theological speculators, is conceived to be exercised by the purest parts of the separated entelechies of blessed saints, in their sublimest conversations with the celestial hierarchies."

MOLIERE. In Moliere's comedy, "*Le Medecin malgré lui*," Iganarelle, sings a stanza in praise of his bottle. The president Rose, being one day in company with Moliere at a large party, accused him, with a serious air, of plagiarism, in having appropriated to himself this stanza, and not having acknowledged the real author. Moliere strongly persisted that it was his own; Rose replied, that it was merely a translation of a Latin epigram, which was, itself, an imitation from the Greek. Moliere defied him to produce this epigram; Rose recited immediately, one that he had made. The latinity of it, had sufficient of the ancient style, to deceive the best connoisseurs in this kind of writing. Moliere was confounded; and his friend, after having enjoyed, for a moment, his embarrassment, avowed himself to be the author of the epigram.

The following are the stanza, and the translation:

Qu'ils sont doux,  
Bouteille jolie,  
Qu'ils sont doux,  
Vos petits, glou-gloux!

Mais mon sort feroit bien des jaloux,  
 Si vous etiez toujours remplie;  
 Ah! bouteille m' amie,  
 Pourquoi vous ruidez vous?

**Quam dulcis**

Amphora amœna,  
 Quam dulces  
 Sunt tuae voces!  
 Dum fundis merum in calices  
 Utinam semper esses plena!  
 Ah! cara mea lagena,  
 Vacua cur jaces?

A similar trick was played upon Parnell by Pope: but it is sufficiently known and need not be here related.

*Baltimore.*

J. E. H.

THOUGHTS OF A HERMIT—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

ON ARCHITECTURE.

ALL the most civilized nations of the earth unite in considering the Grecian architecture as the standard of excellence; and its forms and proportions, even to the minutest particular, are copied with an exactness that precludes all invention. Nor is this absolute dominion over human taste the temporary fashion of the day. It has existed with a single intermission,\* for more than two thousand years, throughout the improved parts of Europe, and has partially extended itself to the other quarters of the world. When we see that it has invariably maintained its foothold wherever it has been once introduced, we may infer that it is not universally preferred only because it is not universally known.

How then! it has been indignantly said, is the whole civilized part of mankind always thus tamely to copy the Greeks? whilst every human invention advances and improves, is this noble and useful art alone to remain stationary? Is the love of variety, that

\* The Gothic architecture superseded the Grecian in Italy for a short period about the thirteenth century.

copious source of gratification to man, to find no indulgence here? Does fashion, which is so changeful in every thing besides, prove constant only in this?

It does indeed seem not a little curious that the modes of building, which originated in a narrow corner of Europe, should have been so extensively and implicitly adopted; and that the rules of an art which appears to afford unbounded scope for the fickleness of taste should, for so long a period, have undergone neither improvement nor change. But although the illusions of hope, assuming the garb of philosophy, may promise a progressive improvement in every science and art; though national vanity may spurn at a perpetual servitude of imitation, yet a candid review of the principles upon which the ascendancy of Grecian architecture is founded, leads us to doubt whether its empire over human taste is not too firmly fixed to be shaken or controlled.

Let us now inquire into the causes to which it owes this its sovereign authority.

In the first place, there are certain principles of *utility* and convenience, which, regulated by the uniform laws of matter and the no less uniform nature of man, lead always to the same results in building, however rude or however magnificent the structure. As that the walls should be straight or regularly curved, and perpendicular; that their thickness should be adapted to their height: that there should be a certain proportion between the length and breadth of buildings, according to their respective uses: that the roof should have sufficient slope to carry off the rain, and that it should moreover project beyond the sides: that columns should have diameters proportioned to their height: and should be thicker at bottom than at top, as being thereby better calculated to afford the support for which they were intended. These principles of good building have their origin in physical causes, and are common to the palace and the cottage—to the lowly huts of Kamschatka, and the stately temples of Greece.

It is without doubt to this principle of utility that columns themselves, the chief ornament and characteristic of Grecian architecture, may be traced. History informs us that they were originally brought from Egypt by the Greeks, though they were afterwards improved by the taste and skill of that ingenious peo-



ple. In the sultry region of Egypt, men, aiming at comfort in their habitations, would naturally seek to exclude the sun and admit the air. No means would be so effectual for this purpose as a mere roof with as little wall as was consistent with its support; and this form of building would not only defend them from the rays of a vertical sun, and give free admission to the passing breeze, but would moreover enable them to enjoy those cheerful views of a clear sky and luxuriant vegetation which warm climates so generally present. They would begin by supporting a roof of leaves or other light substances on rude posts; as their leisure increased and their taste refined, the fabric would gradually become more embellished, and be constructed of more durable materials, until the simple and temporary arbour had at length improved into the lofty and solid portico of marble. We accordingly find that in all sultry climates the same regard to human accommodation has suggested this style of building; and in the form of piazzas, colonnades, porticoes, balconies, arcades, or arbours, its prevalence is every where in proportion to the degree of sultriness. In our own rustic porches, which become more common as we proceed to the south, we see the germ of the Grecian column and vestibule, and probably, although we had never been furnished with the beautiful models of antiquity, the same natural causes would have led to a result not substantially different.

If the Grecian architecture owes a part of its influence to the universal principles of utility, it owes no less perhaps to its own *intrinsic beauty*.

We are so constituted by nature, that some outlines and figures give more pleasure to the eye than others. Thus a square is a more agreeable object of vision than a triangle, and a circle than a square; thus two lines and surfaces regularly and gradually curved are more pleasing than those that are suddenly bending and broken into points. It is this natural pleasure which makes the foundation of every theory of visual beauty. Nor is it material whether the pleasure be primitive, and organic or derived from associations of ideas that are ordinary and general; it is sufficient that it is felt by all mankind. This universal sense of the beauty of form would give a waving outline and convex or concave surfaces to those parts of the building where utility did not

forbid them. Hence round columns would be preferred to square: hence too those graceful curves and undulations of the base and the capital, of the cornice and other parts of the entablature.

But it has been observed that a further principle of beauty takes place when figures are compounded, by which a combination of different lines and surfaces will often give more pleasure than a repetition of the same, that are singly more pleasing. Thus a mixture of circles and squares or even of squares and triangles may strike the eye more agreeably than an unvarying reiteration of either. This principle, which has been sometimes termed variety, and sometimes contrast, has so manifest an influence in producing the pleasure we receive from form and colour, that many have not scrupled to refer the sense of visual beauty to it altogether. The theory of our intellectual operations must always be conjectural and imperfect; but a comparison between different senses often sheds a glimmering ray on the dark and mysterious subject. Guided by this dim light of analogy, we may observe, that the gratification afforded to the sight from contrast resembles the pleasure we feel from a change of position; as from sitting to standing, from standing to walking and the like, where the immediate cause of pleasure appears to be, that different sets of muscles are exercised and relieve each other by turns. Hence too the pleasure arising from balancing and swinging, and not because they produce relaxation as Mr. Burke gratuitously supposes for the sake of supporting his own hypothesis. The pleasure of melody may perhaps be owing to a similar alternate motion and rest of our finer auditory organs: nay, possibly all pleasure whatever may consist in the alternation of motion and rest, and all pain in unremitting action. The principle being once perceived, or rather felt, would give rise in architecture to an intermixture of plain surfaces with those which are concave or convex, and of straight lines with curves, as more agreeable by the variety, than a continued repetition of either. Hence have arisen the square plinths of the base and capital; the architrave, the various fasciæ, the modules, dentils, and other plain parts of the entablature. And without doubt the superior beauty of what is called the "attic base" is owing to the perfection of its contrasts; the concave and convex, the right line and curve, these regularly succeeding and relieving each other.



The pleasure which the mere beauty of figure can give has indeed been rated very low by some; and it certainly is much weaker than many of the other pleasures of sense: but in common with all our other sensibilities, it gains strength from cultivation and exercise. We often see that the same objects which are regarded by unpractised organs with indifference, are beheld by those which have been improved by culture, with lively pleasure or disgust, in cases too where the associations are apparently the same. Nor is it difficult to suppose that the eye may be as capable of increased organic delight as any of the other senses: yet we know that the palate of an epicure often perceives the flavour of a particular wine to be exquisite, where an ordinary palate discovers no superior excellence; and that the cultivated ear has acquired a relish for the harmony of musical sounds of which it was originally incapable.

Whatever may be the degree of beauty of which lines and figures are susceptible, no people were more likely to have attained it than the Greeks. Whether the cause be sought in their mild and salubrious climate—their clear skies—their varied and picturesque scenery—or in the generous emulation enkindled by the vital heat of civil liberty—or in a combination of natural and moral causes, certain it is that no other people seem to have ever shewn the same lively sensibility to beauty, or the same ready perception of the means likely to produce it. In poetry, eloquence, and all the liberal arts they have been the models of imitation to every other people: and the practice to which they were led by their own exquisite tastes afterwards became the prescribed rules of art. They seem always to have hit the happy mean between too much and too little variety. In all their productions they never lost sight of nature, whose potent sway over human sympathy they so thoroughly understood. They used great moderation as to the quantity of ornament; but in improving its quality their application was intense and unwearied: and therefore it is, that in all their works of art we admire the simplicity in the design as much as the ease and nature in the execution. A single example may serve to show the superiority of the ancient over the modern taste. The ancients depicted Hope as a light female figure, in the attitude of springing upwards, holding before her a half-



blown flower, which already beautiful, promises soon to become more so. How elegantly expressive is this image of the fleeting brightness of human expectations! The moderns also represent Hope as a female, but tranquilly reclining on an unwieldy anchor, which is a fabrication of art, is foreign to female manners and pursuits, and which moreover seems better suited to the character of *security* than of *hope*.

It is natural to suppose that the same sensibility to beauty and the same creative fancy which caused the Greeks to excel in the other liberal arts, would lead them to correspondent excellence in architecture. In nothing was their genius more likely to enjoy the benefit of cultivation. Religion afforded it the widest scope for exercise: and while polytheism multiplied the temples of the gods, the ardour of their devotion sought to give them a splendour and magnificence worthy of the tutelary beings to whom they were dedicated. Religion indeed has had so evident an influence in creating the beautiful structures of Greece, that it has been styled the parent of architecture. Without doubt too, the abundance of excellent marble possessed by the Greeks, contributed to augment their taste for ornamental architecture, by affording the ready means of gratification. But for their numerous quarries of that elegant fossil a part of their taste for the beautiful and the grand, which has so exhausted itself on the forms of building, might have found employment in other pursuits. It was perhaps in a great measure owing to the abundance of gold and silver that the Mexicans and Peruvians were more advanced in the mechanical arts than the other aborigines of America. The beauty and malleability of those metals invited them to fabricate ornaments, and the exercise gradually taught them ingenuity and skill. It seems to strengthen this conjecture that the Peruvians who most abounded in the precious metals were also the most improved. From the preceding considerations we may infer that the Grecian architecture may reasonably found its claims to preeminence on its superior beauty.

† As Athens chiefly owed its numerous marble structures to the quarries of Pentelicus; and Bath is the most elegant city in England on account of the handsome freestone in its vicinity, so the marble of the Schuylkill has already manifested a propitious influence on architecture and the kindred art of sculpture in Philadelphia.

But whilst we pay a ready tribute to the just and delicate taste of the Greeks, it cannot be admitted that they have exhausted the beautiful forms of nature. It is a great deal to concede that the figures and proportions which they have selected are among the most pleasing which can be offered to the organs of sight; but it never can be conceded that, in the infinite combinations of which lines and surfaces are susceptible, they have hit upon those which alone can give pleasure to the eye. It is indeed too much to admit that all the minor decorations of Grecian architecture have claims to extraordinary beauty. The most ornamented capital of the several orders is said to have been suggested by an architect, accidentally seeing an acanthus growing from a wall, around a basket. Except in the instance of this plant, parsley, and one or two others, natural objects form no essential part of ornamental architecture. But it cannot be doubted that the vegetable world, and perhaps the animal, afford a great number of figures which, whether it be from their intrinsic beauty, or from universal associations, are as likely to please as the capital of the Corinthian column. The rose with its buds and indented leaves, the vine with its bunches of grapes and tendrils, oak leaves intermingled with acorns, are all to the full as agreeable in needlework, in carving, and other familiar decorations. As to those fantastic combinations of lines and surfaces which have no prototype in nature, it has never been pretended by the warmest enthusiasts for the inherent beauty of figure, that there is any *precise* standard of taste, but only certain limits, *quos ultra citraque nequit consistere rectum*, and the experience of our house-carpenters, cabinet-makers, workers in gold and silver, and pattern drawers of every description, who range within these limits at will, prove that there are countless forms of beauty which the Greeks have never touched. How then has the small number which they have selected been sufficient to satisfy the incessant craving for novelty and variety? The cause is to be found partly in the influence of habit, and partly in our veneration for antiquity and authority. While the intrinsic beauty and utility of the Grecian architecture form the groundwork of its ascendancy, these serve to make it perfect and complete.

When the art of building had so far advanced as to erect structures that were recommended by their durability and goodness, their grandeur and beauty, that selection of forms to which their architects had been casually led, would acquire an adventitious merit from the force of habit; and the taste, moulded to particular combinations of figure, would be offended with any departure from them. Thus we feel a distaste on seeing a deviation from any fashion in dress to which we have been long accustomed: Nor is it only when the deviation is from the prevailing mode that it offends us, for many new fashions displease at first, though when they have become familiar, habit makes them agreeable. Every one has experienced these changes in his taste, as to the cut of a coat, the form of a boot, or the shape and dimensions of a hat. It can be referred only to the force of habit that we are offended with any deviation from the ordinary character of features which does not convey the idea of disease or imperfection; as for example where the nose is remarkably long or hooked, the mouth of extraordinary width, or the teeth unusually long. In like manner, tunes do not please so much when new as when we have been somewhat familiarized to them; and any variation of a known tune often displeases, though the same succession of sounds, if it had preoccupied the ear, had been deemed perfect. Many articles of food which were at first unpalatable, become agreeable from use. It is the power of habit then, which leads us to expect and to prefer those particular forms and decorations of Grecian architecture which have not the merit of either beauty or utility. And as the influence of habit in recommending a fashion in dress is the greater if we have seen it adorning the most beautiful women, of distinguished rank, and displayed in the most and most costly materials; so the fineness of the marble, the masterly skill of the architect, the vast dimensions of the public edifices, and the sacred purposes to which they were devoted, would not only make what was really beautiful and grand appear to be more so, but would also impart a new dignity and grace to every inferior and insignificant part with which habit had associated them.

We have yet to notice the last remaining cause of the scrupulous adherence to the forms of Grecian architecture. Accus-

tomed, as we are, to regard the ancients as standards of perfection, in all works of taste, we feel a prejudice against every deviation from the rules they have prescribed to themselves, and are prepared to believe, that every change would be for the worse, even in things that are indifferent. Finding that their productions stand the test of every rule of beauty, where rules can be applied, we naturally attribute to them the same excellence, in cases not susceptible of such a test. We perceive much real merit; we imagine a great deal more. We examine minutely every part of their works in architecture, and having ascertained the principles of their formation, and the relative proportions of the several parts, we implicitly adopt them; and feel somewhat of the same reverence for men, who were able to produce such noble specimens of art, as succeeding epic poets have felt for the authority of Homer. Hence it is, that the orders of architecture are not multiplied, and that the decorations and proportions of the different orders are never blended. It is therefore too, that the new ornament which has been placed on the Corinthian columns of the capitol in Washington,\* though of an agreeable form in itself, perhaps offends the eye of a connoisseur as a licentious innovation, more than it pleases as a novelty. The capitol or state-house of Virginia, furnishes a striking example of our profound respect for the authority of the ancients in architecture. This building was modelled after an ancient edifice at Nismes in France, supposed to have been originally a temple, and has, like its prototype, a hexastyle portico, surmounted with a pediment at one end. As the model, in common with other ancient temples, consisted of a single room, it had a single entrance; this was designated by a portico, which afforded shelter to its numerous religious votaries, and to which they were conducted by a spacious flight of steps. But in the copy at Richmond, the various purposes for which it was intended, requiring it to be divided into several different apartments, it became necessary to enter, and approach it at the sides. The door, therefore, is at one place, and the sign of the

\* This costly edifice, which lately proclaimed our early reliash for the arts, is now in ruins; and is equally a monument of mortification to us for our inadequate defence of the Metropolis, and of disgrace to the enemy for his barbarous mode of warfare.



door at another—the real entrance is without a shelter, and the apparent, without the means of approach. A blind admiration of what is as well adapted to its purpose, as it is really beautiful, has made the modern architect disregard all ideas of congruity and convenience.

What the causes which have been mentioned, operate so strongly to establish and maintain an exclusive preference for the ancient architecture, there are also some minor considerations, why the modern architect should be no more disposed to attempt innovation, than the beholder is to tolerate it: Besides the high relish for the models of antiquity, which, from the natural effect of cultivation, he is likely to feel in a somewhat greater degree than others, he is cautious of hazarding new ornaments where little can be gained, and much may be lost. If the alteration be inconsiderable, it will be either unnoticed, or regarded as frivolous, and if important, the architect must hazard the imputation of unsuccessful temerity, in a subject too, in which his failure is neither easily repaired nor soon forgotten. And while a well grounded diffidence may check innovation in some, vanity itself has a similar tendency in others. Ever since the rules and proportions of Grecian architecture, have been digested into a system, it has been held a valuable accomplishment to relish and understand them. The art which it has cost much labour to acquire, and which distinguishes its possessor from the common mass of mankind, he will seek to display by a rigid observance of its precepts. It is this technical pride, which cherishes and perpetuates much of the pedantry of all professional men, who are content to be thought ostentatious of their learning, rather than be supposed not to have acquired it: and in like manner, architects implicitly copy the rules of Vitruvius or Palladio, as much to show their acquaintance with those rules, as from a sense of their superior merit.

Thus it appears, that the Grecian architecture owes its proud ascendancy, partly to the natural advantages of intrinsic utility and beauty, and partly to its adventitious influence from habit and authority: and the same causes, which make it the model of imitation among moderns, first produced uniformity among the Greeks themselves—afterwards transmitted it to the Romans—

and from them handed it down, without addition or diminution,\* from the age of Pericles to the present day.

But whether the rules of the art, must ever remain stationary, or whether an uncontrollable thirst for novelty, may not hereafter incorporate some of the infinite diversity of untried forms, and having once overleapt the bounds, which have hitherto checked the luxuriant wanderings of taste, at length incessantly affect capricious novelties, it is for time only to show. Although there does, indeed, seem to be no absolute necessity, why we should not decorate the exterior of our buildings, with those agreeable objects of nature or forms of fancy, which are so pleasing to us in their internal ornaments, and use the same variety in this species of embellishment, which we solicit in every other, yet, when we reflect on the long duration and steady advancement of the Grecian architecture, it seems probable, that it will continue to rule our tastes until some moral convulsion shall sweep away in one common ruin, civilized man and the works he has created. If this be the case, the moderns, though they may have as pure a taste for the beautiful and the grand, as their Grecian preceptors, as happy an invention, and as fair a field for its exertion in the erection of as magnificent fabrics as ever existed before, must be content to rank with the *servum pecus*, and however original they may aspire to be in other arts, to remain slavish imitators in architecture.

\* The introduction of pedestals by the Romans, and the substitution of the modern for the ancient volute of the Ionic capital, do not deserve to be considered as exceptions.

FOR THE TORT FOLIO.

## PHILADELPHIA UNROOFED.

*A story in imitation of Le Sage's "Diablo Boiteux."*

"No heaven'd malice

Infects one comma in the course I hold."

ALTHOUGH a part of the following article must be regarded in the light of a political satire, its reference is to times that are long since past, and it has, if any, but a remote connection with the scenes and transactions of the present day. We are persuaded, that most of those who were, some years ago, concerned in meetings and caucuses resembling, not a little, that which our correspondent has so humorously described, are now among the foremost to regret and condemn the spirit of wild and infuriate fanaticism by which they were actuated, and the extravagant lengths to which their proceedings were occasionally carried. They were, then, political knights errant; they are now, we trust, calm and reasonable men. To satirize, therefore, what they once were and did, may be regarded as almost tantamount to eulogizing what they are, and perform at present: for the reflecting portion of them have sustained, if not an entire revolution, at least a most striking change in their sentiments and conduct. Political cabal having constituted, moreover, some years ago, a very prominent feature in the aspect of Philadelphia, it would have been impossible for Asmodia to have "unroofed" it completely to the view of his pupil, without presenting to him some such spectacle, as that to which he has here introduced him. To have acted otherwise, would have argued a very incompetent teacher, and rendered the picture feeble and deficient.

It is on these grounds chiefly, that we have ventured, not as we confess, without some hesitation, to offer to our readers the article before them. This hesitation, however, is diminished not a little by a consciousness that no charge of party views can be fairly preferred against us, in as much as the "roof," will be hereafter removed from a room in which will be exhibited the extravagant proceedings of a political society professing principles opposite to those which are so furiously avowed in the paper before us. Our motives we know to be correct and upright, and we are yet to be convinced that our reasons are unsound. Of the latter,

however, our patrons will judge after having gratified themselves with a perusal of the communication, to which we here invite their attention. Whether they acquit or condemn us, our devotion to their instruction and amusement will be nothing the less sincere and ardent; and in the words of our correspondent's excellent motto, we beg leave to assure them, that,

No leaven'd malice  
Infects one comma in the course we hold."

Ed.

*(Continued from p. 480.)*

Louisa, continued Asmodia, is the mistress of that house, and lies sick in the bed before you. She is a sprightly handsome young widow, addicted to coquetry—coquetry oft-times so nearly allied to guilty intrigue, and has lately encouraged the passion of Brentnil, a man under solemn engagements of marriage to Isabella, who lives two streets to the south of Market street. Isabella, quick to feel an injury and prone to resent it, discovered at one and the same moment the inconstancy of her lover and the cause of it. Determined on revenge, she lost no time in executing it. Louisa's boast and pride was her luxuriant head of hair. This evening Isabella followed Brentnil to the widow's house, which she entered a few moments after him, and opening the parlour door unperceived, drew from her bosom a pair of scissors, with which she rushed upon her rival. The astonished Brentnil, transfixed by conscious guilt, stood a silent spectator of his affianced's fury, while the affrighted Louisa, who saw death in her jealous eye and uplifted arm, sunk senseless to the floor. The sharp edged sheers were now applied, and in an instant those beautifully disordered tresses were parted from her head. The wronged Isabella triumphantly seized them, hung them on Brentnil's neck and departed in silence. The servants were soon called to the widow's relief, who recovered but a moment to relapse again; for having heard of her dreadful misfortune, she fell into a swoon so long and so dangerous, that it was thought proper to put her to bed, and send for the physician, you now see going into her room.

Hark! do you hear that loud clapping of hands? It proceeds from a literary society, where selected works are criticised in open debate. This night the relative merits of Voltaire's *Zayre*,



and Shakspeare's *Othello* have been discussed. The advocate of Zayre, asserted that none but the French can play and write according to nature: as to the English, said he, they strut and spout like epic heroes, and in concluding his speech he declared, that the bard of Ferney deserved a statue, if it were only for those three touching words, so full of pathos: "Zayre vous pleurez!" Shakspeare's champion heard this with a shrug of contempt, then rising, proclaimed in exalted terms the superiority of the British bard; and after having expatiated upon the sublimity of thought and glowing energy of this popular piece, affirmed, as if in derision of the preceding speaker, that the author of *Othello* deserved not only a statue, but a statue of gold, for making his hero die both a punster and a rhymster, as thus to Desdemonia:

"I kiss'd thee, ere I kill'd thee—no way but this,  
Killing myself to die upon a kiss."

The alternate laughter and applause of the audience at this strange peroration, occasioned the noise you have just heard: but let us remove thither, continued the imp; a member is going to say something that ought to penetrate the hearts of all your countrymen.

In a moment Frederick found himself perched on the edge of a large room, filled with well dressed people. This society, although numerously attended, makes but little noise in town. The scholar was staring about him, listening to Asmodia, who advised him to become one of its members, when his eyes were arrested by the following lines from Cicero, placed in large capitals over the president's chair:

*Literature is the ornament of youth and delight of old age: it charms in prosperity and consoles in adversity; at home—abroad—in our travels or in solitude—at all times, and in all places, it is the balm and happiness of life.*

Frederick had scarcely read these words, when a young man, of prepossessing appearance, asked to be heard. The president commanded silence, and he thus addressed the company:

"It is usual at this late hour, for the conversation to become desultory, and I shall avail myself of this privilege, to speak but little upon the subject of debate, that I may reserve a few moments for a topic, which occupies my mind with commingled sentiments

of sorrow and gratitude. Sir, I confess to you that on the perusal of the two pieces brought before us to-night, fraught with beauty as they are, I have always seen something so unnatural in the loves of Zayre with a Turk and the fair Desdemona with a swarthy Moor, that a feeling of disgust has taken place of admiration, and surely I have never thought their authors worthy of a statue for such mental vagaries. But, sir, the word statue so emphatically uttered by the gentlemen who preceded me, brought to my mind and forcibly to my heart, the virtues and the services of one, who indeed, deserves to be imaged in gold, and inspired me with the hope of transferring your applause, from the airy nothings of a poet to the substantial worth of a lately departed hero.

"Friends! Philadelphians! need I name the great Washington! He who gave fifty years of his life to his country! The great Washington, who risked that life to save your city! The great Washington, who conducted your cause to its glorious issue! you are proud of his renown; you acknowledge his pre-eminent merit; his public services are the theme of your gratitude, and yet this merit, these services live only on the perishable page of history, or are remembered but in toasts and fugitive eulogies; for not one solitary niche contains his godlike figure! No stately mausoleum covers the mortal remains of Washington: no statue represents his noble person!

"Philadelphians! shall it not be your glory to rescue your country from the shame of this neglect! will not the first city of this hemisphere furnish some imposing, imperishable mark of her love, her gratitude, her admiration of the rare virtues of this great patriot. Will she not hand down to posterity, while yet in her power, a correct lineament of his commanding features! Let me exhort you, oh! my townsmen, to think on this great duty! Place in the centre of some chosen spot, a representation of this illustrious man. Let the present generation weep over their lost friend:—let your progeny behold through tears of grateful love the father of America!

"Yes, it belongs to the people of this fair city, abounding in riches and expanding in size, to select for its growing beauties, an ornament so much in unison with their taste and with their feelings—a tribute to the arts and to the memory of their benefactor; and with one accord to assist in this glorious work, and si-

lence the sneers of the enemies of republics, whose taunt it is to stigmatize you as neglectful of the living, and oblivious of the dead! Yes! it belongs to ———

At that moment the clock struck eleven, when Asenedia bade Frederick mind his seat, and before he could open his lips to entreat the demon to permit him to hear the remainder of the young man's speech, he found himself on the top of a house, far to the north, whose roof was balustraded with a Chinese railing. As he leaned with his *protégé* against the banister, he uncovered an inn that contained a part of the company he was to sup with.

"You see before you, said the imp, some of the men to whose acquaintance I shall introduce you presently, and lest you should be dazzled by the display of patriotism, which they will not fail to exhibit, let me point out to you some distinguishing traits in the leading characters of this august caucus. This room is the *sanctum sanctorum* of a knot of foreigners, who have undertaken to superintend the political welfare of these United States, and some of whom, contrary to the usual fate of public men in this country, have elevated themselves from penury to a competency. As you may perceive, they retain here all the emblems of the French republic, notwithstanding it has so long ceased to exist; and the first man I shall describe to you is at this moment contemplating the portrait of *Marat*. He is an Englishman of good talents, who emigrated after your revolution. When he arrived here his fortune was at the lowest ebb. A weak but popular man, raised him into notice; and as he ascended the portico of fame, his pen effervesced and distracted the public mind. It defamed the government, vilified the peaceful and wealthy, till by its subtlety and guile it gained him the confidence of every discontented man in the nation, and placed the power of the state in the hands of his friends: public favours now showered upon him and he became rich. Then it was that by his engaging manners and hospitable habits, he succeeding in veiling the purposes of his mind, and introduced himself and family to the notice of those whom he secretly calumniated. Yet *Chuckle* deceives no one; for those who uphold his political pretensions murmur at their exclusion from his table, while those who reciprocate his civilities despise the tools of his ambition. Between the two, if he does not fall he will never rise.

Upon this subject the bankrupt merchant BEAL, likewise from England, and who is detained from supper this evening, circulated the following lampoon, which he addressed to the sovereign people of the northern suburb:

Hark! hark! 'tis Chuckle sings! I hear his lays;  
In softest notes he sings sweet Freedom's praise,  
Equality of fortune, law and rights  
His tongue proclaims, his rapid pen indites;  
Yet, though he hails your cause, beware his art!  
He *seems* your friend, but *hates* you in his heart.

In league with Freedom's rugged sons of late,  
He rail'd at riches and the rich man's state,  
For then his very shoes were bought on trust,  
And he could trudge with you through mud and dust:  
But see him now his *patron's* coach parade,  
And all our democratic rules invade,  
For o'er your shoulders having gain'd his end;  
He keeps his *table* for his *fed'ral* friends,  
And though *abroad* your favour he implores,  
He shuts to *you* and opes to *them* his doors.

Chuckle was not slow in replying. He knew that Beal had defrauded a young niece under his guardianship, of a large sum in the public stocks, and the very next day the following appeared in print:

Good master Beal, 'twas late your theme,  
To curse the inglorious funding scheme;  
To curse certificates and fed'ral banks,  
And Hamilton and all his pranks.  
"Shall soldiers, erst our brave protectors,  
"Starve to enrich these bank directors,  
"Are three and threepence in the pound,  
"To heal the warworn vet'ran's wound!"  
Such was your sighing tune of late;  
For then you held no funds of state:  
But now a creditor, you cry "'tis well,"  
But *how* a creditor I will not tell:  
An orphan child we know can groan  
As loud, as any soldier's moan.

These epigrams have more truth than point in them. But see him who sits next to where Chuckle stands. He is a controver-

sial priest of some literary fame. The reverend doctor *Rector* L. L. D. F. R. S. is just landed in America, and his rage for opposition is as great in politics as in theology. Directly in front of him stands judge *Scriptor*, who began on shipboard to compose writings against your ablest and worthiest patriots. A nondescript refugee, without country or parentage stands next; and though his acquirements are superficial, he conducts a public journal with considerable success; having cunning to appear a martyr of liberty, and patience to bear the chastening rod of him he dares to insult. By these he gets both verdicts for damages and popular favour: So that *Henry Type* is disciplined into wealth and office; and by an inversion of the old chivalric creed, gathers laurels from whips and canes. *Captain Mire*, whose back is turned to us, and who stands gazing at the representation of the sixteenth Louis's death, is of foreign birth, and by profession a sailor. He has nothing to distinguish him but a temper atrabilarious and vindictive; but to his left, leaning over the mantle, (and he has good reason for leaning) you may observe *Tom Boutc-feu*. His claret face burns with the fever of debauch; and his soul, alas, his poor soul! floats in a sea of coniac. There was a time, when like a destroying angel, his pen broke governments in twain; estranged a rising family from its parent, scattered through Europe the doctrines of equalization, eternal sleep and holy insurrection. Every spark was kindled into combustion by the virulence of his writings, and to keep his hand in, he has of late forsaken the exploded magazines of European turmoil, to turn the match upon the armoury of his adopted country. *Lauderlac*, a Scotch venal writer; *Rebel*, a united Irishman, and *Pollard*, a West-Indian negro driver, complete this interesting society of the friends of the American people.

God help those who rest their liberties upon such props! Mr. Christopher Beal the merchant, is their president for this evening; but as I hinted to you before, he will be detained for an hour, and it is my intention to assume his person and place, that I may show you these disinterested men over a bottle of wine. This Beal you will not see much of; but that you may not be wholly unacquainted with him, let me tell you, in few words, that his

mind may be compared to a small brook winding over a dirty bed—shallow, crooked and troubled. We will now descend and join the company.

As he spoke he landed in an obscure alley leading into Vine-street, where he slipped out of his diabolic form with the same ease that a snake creeps away from his winter coat, and appeared before the wondering eyes of the student, a spruce powdered man of small stature, good countenance, and well proportioned limbs.

"Well, said he, I think my exterior is somewhat less satanic than it was, but to resemble the interior of my prototype, I have no occasion to disguise the guile of my bosom. Recollect that you go with me as a young proselyte of great promise. Your business will be to listen much, say little, and eat to your heart's content."

Without further discourse the devil put his arm under that of Frederick and walked to the next door, where having announced himself, they were ushered up one pair of stairs into a snug room, in which stood a supper table with twelve covers. The celebrated patriot entered amidst the salutations of "how d'ye do, Beal? how d'ye do, Christopher?" He took his young friend round the circle, and introduced him to the personal acquaintance of all those he had described to him a few moments before.

On a nearer approach our hero perceived that every man was attired in various coloured garments, very like the rifle-shirt worn by the western mountaineer, and that their heads were decorated with a cap of liberty—that true emblem of freedom, and so appropriately placed by the American government on its coin. Frederick was invited to put on a dress of one of the absent members; but he excused himself; and as there was no positive rule to bind strangers to the use of this livery, he was permitted to have his own way. He looked at Asmodia, however, for an explanation. The demon approached his ear and whispered that strait-bodied clothes were deemed too slavish and confined for men of their free habits; then pointing to Chuckle, who commonly wore his hair clubbed, "Observe, said he, the exalted notions of liberty entertained by that learned member; he thinks himself bound to comply with custom when he mingles with the world, but here he unties his locks to let them flow upon his manly shout-

ders, and play without control round the loose border of his *bonnet rouge*." The other members were *cropped*.

The meeting now appeared to be organized, and ere Asmodia had finished speaking, the whole company flew into each others' arms, and gave the fraternal hug. The assumed merchant happened to encounter Chuckle, who, considering the squibs they had lately thrown at each other, embraced with seeming cordiality; but it is the essence of modern policy to calculate knavery as peccadillos when exercised by a man of political fidelity. The moral virtues are always least considered in state affairs.

Asmodia now took the chair as president, and calling for the rules of the society, read them aloud, principally to amuse and instruct our young hero. They were as follows:

## LIBERTY

## DEATH.

1. Rifle-shirts and red caps are the symbols of liberty: and these shall be worn, particularly the latter, to hide the wounds of those instruments of tyranny, pillories and brands.

2. The president shall keep order with a bell, and when that is disregarded, he shall take off his cap, which is to be looked upon as a signal for immediate silence.

3. The aristocratic titles of Mister and Sir to be prohibited in all conversations in this room, and the civic appellation of citizen to be substituted.

4. If any member shall so far forget himself as to comply with the anti-republican custom of calling our *host landlord*, he shall pay a fine of one dollar, which shall go to our brother Henry Type's fund for facilitating the circulation of his valuable gazette.

5. Every member may bring one guest, being answerable for his fidelity and patriotism.

6. No meat shall be served at supper except from those animals that usurp dominion over others, unless the same be brought from Great Britain or its dependencies.

7. At sitting down to table the goddess of Reason shall be invoked and invited to preside over the repast.

The mock president had read thus far when the host entered with three well dressed dishes of fish and a large haunch

of venison. "Hey day! cried the West-Indian, this is an infringement of our sixth rule. I like the meat, but I like order better (at least among ourselves), the timid doe delights in freedom; some tyrant hunter has destroyed this animal, and we must not abet such horrid despotism by feasting on it.

Citizen Rebel pulled the West-Indian by the sleeve to check his ill-timed remarks; for many a day had gone by since such a dish had been within his reach; but finding his friend in earnest, he addressed the company the moment he had finished speaking.

"I tell you, cried he, that the stag and the elk are bloody beasts both in Ireland and America. Sure one of them run his horns into citizen Whirlwind the Indian chief, and didn't an English lord get killed by an American buck (and the Lord kill them all, say I,) when he was peaceably walking in his own park? By my soul I wonder at your bothering one about your rules, when such a fine bit of meat stands smoaking before you."

"Order, cried Asmodia, order: we must sift this affair to the bottom. Let us have Chuckle's opinion."

"I should have liked a little more leisure and less temptation for the discussion of this very serious business, said Chuckle. The various authorities that occur to me now, such as Buffon, Goldsmith, Carver, and M'Inzy, certainly mention the American and all the numerous family of the deer, as running at large, loving liberty and nowise carnivoreous in their appetites. On the other hand"—"Stop," cried citizen Lauderlac, who had been whispering with the landlord in the corner, "stop, for we are perfectly in rule, as mine host avers that this haunch is the fragment of a Canadian hind, and by consequence the offspring of those execrable dominions, which every true republican is bound to molest; and how can we do it in a more agreeable manner to ourselves than by feasting on their tenants!"

This explanation satisfied the champions of the rights of the forest, who now placed themselves round the *royal* haunch, which they devoured with a *vengeance*!

When the cloth was removed, Asmodia, as president, rose and addressing himself to the two members who had been that day liberated from jail, and whom the scholar saw about an hour before: he spoke to them thus:



“Martyrs of liberty! your brothers welcome you back to the bosom of their society, and invite you to resume your labours. Continue to hunt down the factions of aristocracy, for the eyes of the people are open, and they now repose their confidence in us. We have triumphed, and I have lived long enough! Let us finish, citizens, our sublime destiny! you have placed yourselves in front, you have sustained the first attack; you have endured the ignoble confinement of an American jail! An American jail! Alas! little did ye expect to find the sacred rights of freedom assailed on these shores. In Europe, stocks, stripes, and the pillory were familiar to you—but here—Ah what to us are honesty, revolutionary patriotism, public services—experience! These are the arts of jugglers! These belong to the timid lovers of order! to the puling friends of subordination. Let them swim on the serene surface of the waters of slavery: be it ours to buffet the waves of liberty’s tempestuous sea; let us by one spontaneous movement declare these Tories sold to Britain and guilty of *leze republicanism*: let us swear to avenge the sufferings of our brethren; let us give stability to our will and regenerate manners! Down with all judges! Tear from the book of American jurisprudence those infamous shackles upon the rights and sentiments of emigrant patriots. Destroy these, and the supreme rule will soon be ours. Whoever is not master must of necessity be servant. Cling together with unvaried unanimity. We have already deceived the multitude and disconcerted our enemies. There are two kinds of people in America: the one a sluggish, quiet, native people, whom it is nothing to overcome: the other ourselves, compounded of what the courts of justice denominate rogues, babbling mountebanks, bold, factious emigrants.—Be it so.—The jails are now closed to the disciples of our school, and the attainment of uncontrolled sway will never fail to reward all our hopes and all our exertions.”

He ceased. The room rang with loud plaudits. One person only appeared to feel as if all was not right, and that was Chuckle. When silence was restored he obtained leave to speak.

“Montesquieu tells us, citizen president, that the savages of Louisiana cut down the tree to gather the fruit; and this he calls an image of despotism. I call it, my friends, an image of folly; and yet I fear we shall do no better than copy the ~~steps~~ ~~steps~~ ~~steps~~ these Indians, if we overthrow the tribunals of law. Sir, it will

retract upon ourselves; at least upon those of us who have any thing to lose; and we should never forget that the best part of what we hold has been obtained by the quibbles and glorious uncertainty of the law. After I have manœuvred myself into a comfortable subsistence, I can never consent to see the instruments of my fortune broken before my face. The constitution in our hands is as dough in the hands of a baker: it may be moulded to any shape. Let us then rather remove the obnoxious judges and place the judiciary at the feet of the executive and then their successors will never be a terror to the worst of us."

These sentiments were far from being relished by the major part of the company, and the reverend philosophic doctor rose to reply.

"Formed as we are, said he, into a society of political economists, the perfectibility of the human species is thought abroad to be our study. I have made manifold experiments upon the volatile air; I have weighed it, confined it, analyzed it: but the heart of man, which should seem less subtle than the atmosphere is beyond the deepest research of physiology. Its approximation even has baffled the labours of a Franklin, a Price, a Condorcet, and a Godwin; then wherefore should we attempt to fathom our own inscrutable designs. When I heard, on my arrival here, that Chuckle had become rich; that the fostering arm of a powerful man had elbowed out his native friends to make room for him in high and lucrative offices, I did suppose that he would be ready to sacrifice something to the general good. But lo! when these constraints, which wound the birth rights of man, are proposed to be removed, we find him counting his pence and calculating his future gains!

"Citizen President, I am against judges, juries, and barristers, because they multiply quarrels, and perplex plain truth:—because every neighbour is competent to decide his neighbour's disputes: because court business takes jurors and witnesses from their homes:—because your young men are corrupted on the very threshold of life, by learning to plead for guilt as well as innocence: because judges sit to make the letter of the law one thing and equity another. If prejudice or necessity do indeed require tribunals of law, let them be such as Napoleon instituted in be-

loved France, where a code summary in process, and salutary in despatch, knew not the lazy pace of our own law's delay; where a man was led from the bar to the scaffold; and where, if no particular law suited his crime, one was forthwith made for the solemn purpose. These are the dictates of mercy, which forbid your keeping an accused wretch in suspense, whether guilty or not. We know that the progress of human life is from poverty to riches, and from riches to luxury, as our clerical robes and these easy frocks are the aftergrowth of the ill-contrived habits of our remote ancestors; as this comfortable fireside is an improvement upon the smoaky hearth of a wigwam; so in our intellectual advancement we soon shall, or perhaps already have acquired a sufficient copia of honesty, prudence, and temperance, to dispense with these complex statutes and their concomitant evils, lawyers, judges, jurors, and to reach that luxuriancy of human perfection, which will enable every man to judge as he would be judged; to do as he would be done unto."

Chuckle rose to reply: but the rules of the society obliged him to give way to citizen Rebel, who was on his legs at the same moment.

"By saint Patrick, cried he, I hate your d—n courts and all the wrangling thieves that live by them. Why sure they tried to choke me in my own dear country for nothing at all just, only for a little bit of fun in making a bon-fire of two or three castles belonging to those aristocrats, the lords and bishops, and didn't they tell me, those judges and lawyers, that I had no right to run away with the plate and the money, when they knew well enough that if I had'n't taken them, the fire would have burned them all up. Arah, citizen Chuckle, have you ever had a big rope round your neck, and an ugly white cap over your eyes? If you have, you know well enough what these courts are, and I'm sure I need not tell you. Faith its Paddy Rebel, or his poor ghost that stands talking to you here, and by my soul I'll not pretend to tell you which of the two, for they tied me up like a dog, with a knot as big as a potatoe under my left ear, and how I survived my death is more than I know, boys; but about six months ago, I found myself on ship board, with a letter in my pocket, for Henry Typeyond, and do you think I am not hearty after such treatment,

to pull all your judges from their benches? By my conscience, dear parson, I am the lad to second your motion, if you have made any, and to sneeze in Chuckle's face, if he has any thing to say against it."

"Order, order" cried the president. Citizen Rebel sat down.

James Lauderlac, who had attended but little to the conversation, being occupied in composing a political exposition of the administration of the last president, happened to hear something about hanging, and starting up suddenly addressed the company thus:

"I understand the question is, citizen Beal, whether courts of justice shall or shall not be. I have but one single argument to offer against them, and that, alas, is a feeling one."

He ceased, and lifting his liberty cap from his bald pate, pointed, with a woful countenance, to where his ears had once stood. The cicatrised wounds showed too plainly the ravages of the hangman's knife. His fellow members shuddered and raised in sympathy their hands to their heads. Astounded by this pathetic appeal they seemed bereft of speech. Lauderlac resumed his seat. A long, a solemn pause ensued. Asmodia turned to the scholar before the silence was broken, and begged him, in a whisper, to rise for a moment and stand by the fire side. The scholar obeyed, but ignorant of the cause of this request he kept his eye upon the demon, and soon observed a light bluish vapour to issue from his mouth, which rolling horizontally in a spiral form round the table, touched the face of each guest, who inhaled a portion as it passed by his nostrils. This was the breath of Discord. Asmodia had blown it upon them at the moment he saw them yielding to citizen Lauderlac's affecting argument,

Which, though a silent proof, superior seem'd  
To cumbrous volumes, or ten thousand tongues;

and had nearly occasioned them to decree, with one voice, the destruction of the judiciary. This kindly fume preserved the state; for in an instant judge Scriptor was on his feet, and with the demon's own spirit in his eye, thus apostrophized his co-mates:

"Are ye mad with your silly invectives against an institution that gives me my bread? wherefore, do you think, I left my brown paper clerkship in Birmingham, to travel hither? do you suppose

that after all my toiling, and starving, and libelling, I am to be cast upon this broad continent to delve or plow, or as some of ye have done before me, to beg! be soft and slow in these dangerous experiments; for he who burns my house, may chance to have a house himself to lose. Let me tell ye in plain truth, that this judiciary, which frights ye so, is the corner stone of all your future greatness; let me tell ye that some barrier should exist for the protection of honesty and honour; let me tell ye —”

The judge would have proceeded, but amazed at what he had just uttered, he stopt to take breath. Meantime, “*honour, honesty,*” echoed round the room. Half choaked at the passage of these strangers through his lips, he stood silent and disconcerted. The malicious president, who enjoyed his confusion, prayed Tom Boute-feu, to spare citizen Scriptor, a glass of brandy from his second bottle, which he was happy to see was not quite empty. The judge received it, and thus refreshed, resumed as follows:

“Yes, citizens, I have said it: some tokens should exist of mutual forbearance—of mutual accommodation, and if you refuse them to me; if you snatch from my hungry appetite the loaf that feeds me; if you pertinaciously war against my subsistence, I shall invoke the auxiliation of justice and honour.”

Fresh murmurs were heard, which rather irritated than abashed the judge. Truth, that seldom came before, came now to his aid unasked, and widened the breach beyond repair.

“Go on,” continued he, “go on.—Open the pandemonium, and let loose its thousand plagues! throw down the house of justice if ye will: deface the fair foliage of these pillars of state; lay the proud temple of the laws in ruins, and then betake yourselves to the woods to herd with catamounts and panthers; for society is at an end. Hope itself will mock your tardy regrets: your ill-gotten possessions will vanish like a dream. Chuckle’s villa and Type’s press; the rights of man and reason’s sacred fane—all—all will sit before ye in the shape of angry rivals, and threatening mobs; greater villains than yourselves shall supplant ye in the people’s favour, and make ye sigh, but sigh in vain, for the tranquil times ye have lost! nothing will remedy this monstrous disorder but absolute, unchecked, unlimited government! and out of this sad chaos shall arise a multitude of kings, and ye shall not be among them.”



He ceased. His eyes darted fire, a thick foam hung upon his quivering lip. The room shook beneath the simultaneous rising of the astonished guests—Boute-feu dropt his brandy flask, and Lauderlac stopt his lying pen—all for a moment stood up aghast and mute; till, with one voice, and in accents more lugubrious than sepulchral groans, they sighing said, “kings shall arise, and we shall not be amongst them.”

The hypocrisy of this famed society was now turned by the diabolic art of Asmodia, into an honest confession of what each member strove to attain; and though it cannot be supposed that every man of them expected to be a king or an emperor, yet, as no one was sufficiently pre-eminent to claim the preference, they all laboured in the good cause with a hope of getting near the footstool, if not upon the throne itself; so that every member raised his voice against him, who pretended to an exclusive right. Amid this contest their clamours became disorderly, and the president rang his bell without effect, till at length he was obliged to raise his red cap from off his head. Thrice did he wave it with furious gesture, ere these candidates for regal honours hushed their wild uproar; and then they took their seats in sullen grandeur, raising their proud heads, as if the claims of the one had stript the brows of all the rest of a real crown.

Now captain Mire, of yore the helmsman of a fragile bark, but since the chief man of a borough town, cried for a hearing with a sailor's lungs:

“Avast, my royal shipmates, avast; our voyage is not half over yet, and many a shoal and sunken rock lies between us and our imperial port.”—He continued, but the demon beckoning to his young companion, whispered a word in his ear, and placing Chuckle in the chair, took Frederick by the arm, and left the room. Scarce had they passed the outer door, when they saw the genuine Christopher Beal walk in. Asmodia, taking care to breathe the breath of discord into his mouth as he brushed by him, turned to the scholar:

“This, said he, is as I expected; but lest we should lose the catastrophe of the piece, behold me as I was, and mount again into your old seat.”

The scholar looked, and saw him in his proper person, when getting up behind, the demon placed him in one moment on the roofless house they had just left.

The new president entered the room while the captain was still on his legs; and although a kind of listless silence pervaded the company, yet contradiction and stern discontent sat on each face. Chuckle left the chair as Beal opened the door, who bowing approached the vacant seat. No notice was taken of his salutations. This cold and unusual reception astonished him. He opened the closet to attire himself according to law. Again he turned to the guests to count their number. Now it was they discovered his strange motions. They cast their eyes on each other in mutual wonder, until the captain, who was belaying the royal halyards, was interrupted to hear the workings of the bankrupts' mind.

"Stop your sea jargon, cried Beal, and tell me why your president meets with this rude reception? Tell me why the wardrobe of liberty is robbed of a suit? say Chuckle, and you, Retort, have ye been toasting till ye are drunk? Never till this night have I found the *whole* of you so embruted to stupidity. Speak—say something; wherefore stare ye so? surely, I who have fasted since my dinner, cannot be —"

A loud laugh now burst from every guest; Christopher bounced with rage, and springing on the vacant chair, resumed thus:

"Am I your chief to-night, or am I a jack pudding for your amusement? say, Type, and you my friend, Pollard, what is there so ridiculous about me, that ye all grin like monkeys when I speak? Explain to me, if not besotted like the rest, why in dumb show I am invited to the chair, from which, till now I have been detained by special business? again you laugh? again like fools you show your teeth—has the devil been among you? why, friends! politicians! leaders! To all of you I pledge my word, my sacred word—"

"Your word, interrupted Type—it is a play thing, a foot ball, kicked from street to street; a poor pitiful pledge, which no one thinks of redeeming, and least of all its giver. Have you not ate and drank with us this hour past?"

"No! by heavens, cried Beal, and by my patriotism, I will maintain that man a liar, who dares affirm that I have been five minutes in the room. I appeal to common sense."

"There is nothing like it within these walls," cried Scriptor.

"Who presumes," vociferated Boute-feu, "who presumes to question the sense, common and uncommon of my conversation or writings either?"

"Your conversation is nonsense, resumed the judge, and your writings are a dull set of stolen tracts, as overloaded with sedition as Retort's sermons are destitute of morality or religion."

Now this was stirring up two foes at once. The doctor rose to fight with words; not so, good Boute-feu: but aiming well the remnant of his fourth proof Nantz, he dashed the flask against the judge's head; it met the yielding cap of freedom, which flying o'er the doctor's shoulder, was followed by the fragments of the brittle glass. The wound absorbed the fiery drink, that else had left the judge no future claims to ermined honours. All order now ceased, for caps and frocks, and pipes and cries, filled the place with horrid strife. A heavy shovel threatened the earless head of the scribbling Lauderlac, which, had it hit its aim, would have forever darkened all *prospects before him*. The arm of Type received it, while raised to pluck the flowing curls of Chuckle. In short, the demon had so inflamed their souls, that each one fought the other without cause or end. The tumult still increased, to the great contentment of the imp, when turning to his companion, he bade him prepare for a fresh departure.

"The people of the present day, continued he, will not feel, because they choose to be deluded. Posterity will weigh these things to a drachm; for they will hold the scales of impartial opinion. All now is warped by prejudice and personal interest. You have seen enough, I fancy, of these exclusive patriots: let us then leave them to adjust their own affairs and those of the state, while we pursue our midnight tour."

(*To be continued.*)



FOR THE FORT FOLIO.

## HORATIO—A STORY FOUND IN EACH.

THE following affecting and well written story is that of a scholar, who has not yet completed his collegiate studies, for admitting it to a place in the Fort Folio series, which, we are persuaded, it will afford to our readers, and encouragement due to talents of high promise, connected with industry and moral worth—and the happy effect which, we believe, the example will not fail to produce, in awakening a spirit of emulation among the youth of our country, who are engaged in pursuit of knowledge.

THE parents of Horatio lived in the island of St. Domingo. They were of honourable descent, in affluent circumstances, and respected by all who knew them. In the same island resided a maternal aunt of Horatio, who, when young, had, with her sister, left France for the warmer climate of Hispaniola. They had both been married, and at the time in which this story takes place, had large families around them.

Every one is acquainted with the horrors which attended the revolution of St. Domingo. Slavery seems to have been every humane feeling from the hearts of the projectors of this terrible catastrophe. Not only were the male inhabitants swept with ruthless slaughter from the earth, not only were the females violated and butchered, but even unoffending persons themselves were doomed to promiscuous destruction. The sex of age and nature were entirely disregarded. With sensations of horror, the husband saw his wife murdered before him: the mother, with her feeble arm, strove in vain to ward off the blow, which was directed to her infant's breast: brothers beheld their sisters torn away to dishonour, and were unable to afford relief: the gray-haired patriarch beholding his numerous progeny hewn down by the butcher, felt thus his aged limbs torn from their trunk, and scattered in the tempest. It was such a scene as this that gave rise to the events which are now about to be recorded; events not originating in a fertile imagination, not called into being by the heated fancy of a novel writer, but which actually occurred; and to the authenticity of which, many persons now living can bear witness.

Among those who providentially escaped the general massacre, was the hero of this narrative. Not suspecting the fate that awaited them, the family of Horatio, his mother excepted, were assembled together, conversing on the occurrences which had lately deluged France with blood. Little did they imagine that their own country was on the eve of a similar calamity, and that their own veins would contribute to increase the crimson stream. But too soon, alas! they found it to be the case. The shades of night had enveloped the citron groves in darkness when the horrid massacre began. Cries of distress resounded through the air, and roused from their security the social companions. A suspicion of the truth instantly flashed through their minds: but before they had time to provide for their safety, a party of negroes rushed in among them, and buried the butchering knife in their bosoms. What a wound was this to the filial and fraternal feelings of Horatio. Pierced with horror at the sight, and fearful of sharing the same fate, he darted forth under favour of the darkness and confusion which prevailed, and bent his steps he knew not whither.

In the morning he found himself in a part of the island with which he was entirely unacquainted. Thick trees spread their branches round him, and rocks and mountains showed that the place was uninhabited by man. He seated himself on a large stone and began to recal the scenes which he had witnessed during the preceding night. At one time he gave way to bursts of sorrow, and at another believed that he was dreaming, and anxiously awaited the time when he should be freed from his torments. It was not long, however, before he was convinced of the reality of what had happened, and of the dreadful state to which he was now reduced. Afraid of going beyond the boundaries of the forest, lest he should be discovered and slain, he was under the necessity of searching for a cave to protect him from the weather, and for sustenance to preserve him from starvation. Thus, a boy of scarcely fifteen, he was banished from the society of man, and forced to dwell among the mountains, where his only companions were the birds and beasts, and his only food the berries, which were spontaneously produced by the soil. In this situation he spent several weeks: clouds of terror rested on the past, and the future was nothing but a dismal uncertainty.

At length, however, as he was one day wandering about in quest of food, he saw a man sitting on the same stone which had first supported himself. Age had whitened the locks of the venerable stranger, and he held in his hand the staff of his years. With what delight did Horatio again behold a human being! Confident that he could experience no danger from a person of the stranger's age, and longing to hear the sound of some human voice, beside his own, he approached the old man, and politely accosted him. Surprise and affright soon yielded to compassion in the bosom of this venerable friend of the unhappy. For Horatio, who had lately rolled in affluence, now presented the miserable picture of a mendicant. His clothes, torn by the thorns, hung in tatters around him, and his countenance, which had before been fresh and beautiful, was now furrowed by tears, and emaciated by want. The stranger, struck by his wretched appearance, desired him to relate by what accidents he had, at so early an age, been reduced to his present condition. Horatio complied with the request, and briefly, though feelingly, recapitulated his misfortunes. Age had not obliterated the sensibility of the hearer, and his tears flowed plentifully at the melancholy recital. Claspings Horatio in his arms, he promised to be a father to him. My weak limbs, said he, will need the support of thy stronger arms, and thou shalt fill the void which has long been left in my bosom. Yearly I visit this forest, to mourn over the remains of an only son, who here valiantly fell in preserving his father from robbers. Would to heaven my own blood had been spilled, and he retained the life that was sacrificed for mine. But why should I repine? seeing I have now found a staff for my declining years, and a friend to hold a place in my long deserted affections. Come then with me: while I live thou shalt possess my love, and my wealth shall be thine, when the grave receives me. For the first time since Horatio's residence in the forest, joy now beamed from his emaciated countenance. With pleasure he accepted the invitation of his new found father, and accompanied him with a heart overflowing with gratitude. It was not long before they reached a road, where a carriage was waiting for the old man. Seated in this, they were soon borne beyond the boundaries of the forest, and arrived at an elegant, though retired habitation. It was situated in that part of St. Domingo,

which belonged to the Spaniards, and which had not experienced the fate of the neighbouring territory. Here Horatio lived, if not in happiness, at least in tranquillity. Employed in assiduous attentions to his benefactor, whom the infirmities of age had rendered dependent on his care, and deprived by his misfortunes of all relish for the pleasures of the world, he seldom mingled in society. In this manner six years passed away, uninterrupted by any remarkable occurrence. But the course of nature, which none can resist, shortly after this period, snatched from Horatio his revered parent, and left him a second time friendless in the midst of thousands. His spirits sunk under this unavoidable, yet, on that account, no less lamented misfortune, and he determined to depart from the island, in which, as he imagined, the sun of his happiness had set forever.

Having formed this resolution, he sold all the property, which his benefactor had left him, and embarked in a vessel that was about to sail for the United States. He shed tears as he gazed, for the last time, upon those shores which had given him birth, which had nourished his youth, and which had been the scene of all the pleasures, and all the pains he had ever experienced. But he was soon wafted within sight of far happier lands; lands around which freedom spreads her benign influence, where the voice of the weakest is heard, and where the persecuted and the stranger find a refuge. Horatio contemplated with emotion a region so different from any to which he had been accustomed. As he was sailing up the Delaware, his eyes, in vain, searched for the groves of orange and lemon trees, with which his native country abounded. He saw nothing but wild marshes and forests, interrupted sometimes by flourishing towns, sometimes by the farms and country seats, which bordered on the river. But what most of all astonished him was the Delaware itself. A stream so immense, so majestic he had never until then beheld. Compared with it the largest river of St. Domingo dwindled to a rivulet. The city of Philadelphia also, soon afforded a new occasion for wonder. The regularity, the width, and cleanliness of its streets, the characteristic simplicity and neatness of its houses, and, above all, the activity and industry of its inhabitants, formed a remarkable contrast with the filth, the inconvenience, and idleness of ma-

ny of the West-India cities. Horatio was continually engaged in rambling about this metropolis of the United States, with the hope that by fixing his attention on new objects, he might, in some measure, dispel the melancholy which clouded his soul. After he had remained in it for a considerable time, and contracted an acquaintance with several of the citizens, to some of whom he had communicated the particulars of his misfortunes, he was informed that his aunt was living, and resided in the same city with himself. Rejoiced at the intelligence, he anxiously inquired for the place of her abode, and having received the much-desired information, instantly flew to visit her. What pen or what tongue could describe the joy of their meeting. A scene so touching is beyond the sphere of language. They and they only can conceive it, who have been in a similar situation. When the first tumults of joy had subsided, Horatio, at his aunt's request, gave her an account of his escape; and learned from her that she and his mother had both shunned the fate which swallowed up the rest of the family: that they had been saved by the gratitude of a negro, to whom one of them had given liberty, and who now found it in his power doubly to repay her generosity: and that, thus snatched from the brink of destruction, they sailed for Philadelphia, and had there lived together for some time, until at length his mother married a rich countryman of her own, and departed to the island of Cuba. The prospects of Horatio were now brightened. He had found a relation, where he least expected it, and hoped shortly to meet another and a still dearer one. With this view he determined again to brave the ocean, and leave a land to which he had already become strongly attached. His present voyage was to him tedious almost beyond endurance. For as he expected at the end of it to see her whom of all on earth he most sincerely loved, the time passed slowly which delayed the accomplishment of his wishes. Every day, every hour was numbered, and years seemed to pass away before the island of Cuba greeted his sight. But having at length arrived and landed on its shores, he, with little difficulty, made his way to the residence of his mother and step-father.

When he entered the dwelling an universal tremor seized him; he felt as if he should fall to the floor, and was forced to

support himself by resting against the wall. But when his mother appeared, when he recognized the well known countenance of her who had given him birth, and watched with tenderness over his infancy, he was unable longer to maintain his position, but fainting away, fell into her outstretched arms: for at that moment she perceived that the stranger was her son, and sprang forward with eagerness to embrace him. Those who have never experienced the delight of meeting their friends after a long separation, can form but a feeble conception of the pleasure which this discovery produced in the breast of the mother. To find that she was not childless, that one son had survived the massacre of her family, and that son had displayed his filial affection by braving the dangers of the sea in search of her, was indeed a pleasure, such as before she had rarely known; a pleasure that almost compensated for all the calamities with which she had been assailed. But short was the prosperity of these unfortunate friends. The Spaniards, who possessed the island of Cuba, had lately conceived an irreconcilable hatred against the French, and determined to sacrifice every individual of that nation who happened to be within the reach of their fury. Among the rest, the step-father of Horatio was marked out for destruction, and a party of soldiers was sent to his dwelling to accomplish the horrid purpose. No chance of escape was left to the wretched family, and they fell vainly striving to oppose their assassins. When Horatio's mother, who alone survived, saw her husband, and her only son snatched from her, incapable of supporting this final stroke to her happiness, she sunk under her misfortunes: her reason forsook her, and she now lives deploring her fate, and wildly invoking the vengeance of Heaven on the destroyers of her peace.

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VARIETY—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

WHEN I consider, as I am every day compelled to do, the infatuated fondness for minor poetry, which makes every little publication in verse acceptable, the most miserable, scarcely less

so than the little that is good, I cannot help casting a fond retrospective glance at the multitude of old English poets, whom centuries have "lighted the way to dusty death," and whose poetry, though worthy of a better fate, is now little less forgotten than themselves. Among those I reckon sir John Suckling, who was not only an elegant writer in prose, and a poet of peculiar vivacity and wit, but one of the finest and most accomplished gentlemen that England ever bred. He was said to possess the genius and gallantry of Catullus, the wit and spirit of Alcibiades, and the political sagacity of Pericles. In his poetical capacity, Congreve adjudged him the characteristics of nature and of ease. At five years of age he could speak Latin, and at nine he wrote it with elegance. He travelled over Europe, and studied the manners and characters of foreign countries, without imitating their vices. He voluntarily attended Gustavus Adolphus in his wars, was present at three battles, and five sieges; and on his return to England raised at the expense of twelve thousand pounds to himself, a troop of horse for the service of the unfortunate Charles I, but soon after died of a fever in the twenty-eighth year of his age. From my boyish days, I delighted in his poems; and, whether it be from prejudice or something better, I still like them much more than I do all that Southey and Coleridge and some others have published. Of the vigour of his mind, and his excellence as a politician and a writer, you will learn more from the following specimen which came into my hands by accident, and of which I doubt, whether there be a copy besides in this country. It is a letter written to his friend Mr. Henry German, just at the meeting of the long parliament, in 1640, and contains maxims which the wisest kings, magistrates and governors might study with advantage. As such it may be acceptable to your political readers, of which, no doubt, you have many, though you, very laudably, decline all interference with state affairs. It is, indeed, so very fine a specimen of the best composition of that day, that it will be very acceptable to the generality of your readers, who in proportion to the refinement of their taste, and the opulence of their minds will, I am persuaded, be charmed with it.

SIR,

"That it is fit for the king to do something extraordinary at this present, is not only the *opinion* of the wise, but the expectation. Men observe him now more than at other times; for majesty in an eclipse, like the sun, draws eyes that would not so much as have looked towards it, if it had shined out, and appeared like itself. To lie still now, would, at the best, show but a calmness of mind, not a magnanimity; since in matter of government, to think well, at any time much less in a very active, is little better than to dream well. Nor must he stay to act till his people desire, because it is thought nothing relishes else; for therefore hath nothing relished with them, because the king hath for the most part stayed till they have desired, done nothing but what they have or were petitioning for. But, that the king should do, will not be so much the question as *WHAT* he should do. And certainly, for a king to have right counsel given him, is at all times strange, and at this present impossible. His party, for the most part, (I would that were modestly said, and it were not all) have so much to do for their own preservation, that they cannot, without breaking a law in nature, intend another's. Those that have courage have not, perchance, innocence, and so dare not show themselves in the king's business; and if they have innocence, they want parts to make themselves considerable; so, consequently the things they undertake. Then in court, *they give such counsel as they believe the king inclined to, determine his good by his desires, which is a kind of setting the sun by the dial*—interest which cannot err, by passions which may.

In going about to show the king a cure, now a man should first plainly show him the disease. But, *to kings as to some kind of patients it is not always proper to tell how ill they be*, and it is too like a country clown not to show the way unless he know from whence, and discourse of things before.

Kings may be mistaken, and counsellors corrupted; but true interest alone (saith Monsieur de Rogan) cannot err. It were not amiss then, to find out the interest; for setting down right principles before conclusions, is weighing the scales before we deal out the commodity.



Certainly the great interest of the king is an union with his people, and whosoever hath told him otherwise (as the scripture saith of the devil) was a seducer from the first. If there ever had been any one prince in the whole world that made a felicity in this life, and left fair fame after death, without the love of his subjects, there were some colour to despise it.

There was not among all our princes a greater courtier of the people than Richard III, not so much out of fear as out of wisdom. And shall the worst of our kings have striven for that? And shall not the best?—It being an angelical thing to gain love.

There are two things in which the people expect to be satisfied—religion and justice; nor can this be done by any little acts, but by royal and kingly resolutions.

If any shall think that by dividing the factious (a good rule at other times) he shall master the rest now, he will be strangely deceived; for in the beginning of things that would do much, but not when whole kingdoms are resolved. Of those now that lead these parties if you would take off the major number, the lesser would govern, and do the same things still; nay, if you could take off all, they would set up one, and follow him.

And of how great consequence it is for the king to resume this right, and be the author himself, let any body judge; since as Comenius said, *those that have the power to please the people, have commonly the power to raise them.*

To do things so that there shall remain no jealousy is very necessary, and is no more than really reforming, that is pleasing them. For to do things that shall grieve hereafter, and yet pretend love (even amongst lovers themselves where there is easiest faith) will not be accepted. It will not be enough for the king to do what they desire; he must do something more; I mean he must do something of his own, as throwing away things they call not for, or giving things they expected not. And when they see the king doing the same things with them, it will take away all thought and apprehension that he thinks the things they have already done, ill.

Now if the king ends the difference and takes away suspect for the future, the case will fall out to be no worse than when two duelists enter the field, where the worsted party (the other having

no ill opinion of him) hath his sword given him again, without further hurt, after he is in the other's power. But otherwise it is not safe to imagine what may follow, for *the people are naturally not valiant, and not much cavalier*. Now it is the nature of cowards to hurt where they can receive none. They will not be content while they have the upper hand, to fetter only royalty, but perchance (as timorous spirits use) will not think themselves safe, while that is at all. And possibly this is the present state of things.

In this great work (at least to make it appear perfect and lasting to the kingdom) it is necessary the queen really join; for if she stand aloof, there will still be suspicions; it being a received opinion in the world, that she hath a great interest in the king's favour and power. And to invite her, she is to consider with herself, whether such great virtues and eminent excellencies (though they be highly admired and valued by those that know her) ought to rest satisfied with so narrow a payment as the estimation of a few? and whether it be not more proper for a great queen to arrive at universal honour and love, than private esteem and value.

Then, how becoming a work for the sweetness and softness of her sex is composing differences, and uniting hearts? and how proper for a queen reconciling king and people?

There is but one thing remains, which whispered abroad, busies the king's mind much, if not disturbs it, in the midst of these great resolutions, and that is the preservation of some servants, whom he thinks somewhat hardly torn from him of late; which is of so tender a nature, I shall rather propound something about it, than resolve it.

The first query will be, whether as things now stand (kingdoms in the balance) the king is not to follow nature, where the conservation of the more general still commands and governs the least. As iron, by particular sympathy, sticks to the load-stone, but yet if it be joined by a great body of iron it quits that particular affection to the loadstone, and moves with the other to the greater, the common centre.

The second will be, whether, if he could preserve those ministers, they can be of any use to him hereafter? Since no man is served with greater prejudice than he that employs suspected instruments, or not beloved, though able and deserving in themselves.

The third is, whether to preserve them, there be any other way than for the king to be first right with his people? Since the rule in philosophy must ever hold good, *Nihil dat quod non habet*. Before the king have power to save he must have power.

Lastly, whether the way to preserve this power be not to give it away?—For the people of England have ever been like wantons, which pull and tug as long as the princes have pulled with them, as you may see in Henry III, King John, Edward the second, and indeed all the troublesome and unfortunate reigns; but when they have let it go, they come and put it into their hands again, that they may play on, as you may see in queen Elizabeth.

I will conclude with a prayer, "that the king be neither too sensible of what is without him, nor too resolved from what is within him."—To be sick of a dangerous sickness and find no pain, cannot but be with loss of understanding; ('tis an aphorism of Hippocrates) and on the other side Opiniastrie is a sullen porter, and (as it was wittily said of Constancy) shuts out oftentimes better things than it lets in."

Such an exquisite knowledge of mankind and such sound policy in a man who died at the age of eight and twenty, must make us lament the idleness and incapacity of our modern young men of fashion, who instead of rendering themselves by early study, fit for advisers of sovereigns too often want the judgment to conduct themselves, and the knowledge to instruct their inferiors.

C. R.

#### SHAKSPEARE.

It is reasonable to believe that more plays than those which appear in the authentic editions of his works were written by Shakspeare, and that some of them are laid up in the closets of the curious, the lumber-rooms of collectors of antique trash, and the cob-webbed cellars and garrets of the old book-hucksters of London, either as anonymous publications, or with the names of obscure poets affixed to them. It has been ascertained by the

editor of Massinger's works, by Malone, and more lately by the editor of the works of Ford, that it was a constant practice with the managers of the London theatres in those days, to buy an imperfect play from one author, and give it to another to finish; and that in this way a confusion arose which rendered it difficult for readers of our time to assign to the different authors their property in many valuable dramas. It was owing to this in all probability that the title to Shakspeare's name has been denied by many of his admirers to Titus Andronicus, and that such a quantity of trash unworthy of his genius, has found its way into a number even of his best performances. Titus Andronicus is certainly abominable in many instances: but though not placed first in his works, it was his first production, and Ravenscroft who altered it and wished to make it pass for his own, may not only have circulated the report to answer his own purpose, but have been the author of the parts that are so bad. If however it is the worst of his productions, it has at the same time so many passages equal to his most felicitous effusions, and superior to the productions of any other man that ever lived, that it seems absurd to refuse it to him. *Ex pede Herculem*—If it be not Shakspeare's, whose is it?

But there is a play now extant, and I believe not difficult to be found in London, which though excluded from the works of our great bard bears internal evidence of its being of his composition. It is briefly called "ARDEN OF FEVERSHAM." But the original title is much longer. It was originally printed in quarto *For Edward White, dwelling at the lyttle north dore of Paule's Church, at the sign of the Gun*, 1592. It was anonymous, but by the editor supposed to be Shakspeare's. In those days the title page of most books was a sort of syllabus of the work it preceded, and the title of this tragedy was literally as follows: "The lamentable and true tragedy of M. Arden of Feversham in Kent, who was wickedly murdered by the means of his disloyal and wanton wife, who for the love she bare to one Mosbie, hired two desperate ruffians, Blackwill and Shagbag, to kill him; wherein is shewed the great malice and dissimulation of a wicked woman, the unsatiable desire of filthy lust, and the shameful end of all murderers."

The subject of this play is taken, as many of Shakspeare's plays were, from Hollingshead. As it is an interesting story in the simple unadorned style in which it is related by that excellent old British chronicler; as it is not very long, and as it will serve to lend an assistant light to the observations on the tragedy, I think it will be acceptable to the readers of the Port Folio.

Anno Dom. 1550; Reg Re. Ed. 6ti quarto.

"This year the 15th. day of February, being Sunday, one Thomas Arden, gentleman, was heinously murdered in his own parlour, about seven o'clock in the night, by one Thomas Morsby, a taylor of London, late servant to sir Edward North Knight, counsellor of the augmentations, father-in-law to Alice Arden, wife of the said Thomas Arden, and by one Blackwill of Calyce, a murderer who was previously sent for from thence, by the appointment of the said Alice Arden, and Thomas Morsby, one John Greene, and George Bradshaw, inhabitants of the said town, to the intent to murder her said husband. Which Alice, the said Morsby did not only keep in her own house, but also fed him with delicate meats and sumptuous apparel: all which things the said Thomas Arden did well know, and wilfully permit, by reason whereof she procured her said husband's death, in order to have married the said Morsby, and so she made of her council the said Morsby, and one Cicely Pounders his sister, her two servants, Michael Saunders and Elizabeth Strafford, and the abettors to the said murder, were the aforesaid Greene and Bradshaw, and one William Blackburne a painter—which Bradshaw fetched the said Blackwill, and a coadjutor named Loosebagg, so that he was most shamefully murdered as he was playing at tables friendly with the said Morsby; being at his death the said Alice, Morsby, Michael and Elizabeth, and the said Blackwill, having helped to carry his body into a dark house adjoining, he went to Cicely Pounder's house, and received eight pounds for his reward, and departed, and then the said Cicely Pounders went to assist in carrying out the dead corpse into a meadow on the backside of the said Arden's garden, and about eleven o'clock he was found where they laid him, whereupon his house was searched and his blood found, so that it was manifest that he was slain in his own house. Whereupon the said Alice, Michael, Susan, Morsby, Pounders and Bradshaw

were attached of felony, and shortly after tried by a special commission, and convicted and condemned to die; but the aforesaid Greene, Blackburne, and Loesebagg escaped at that time. Shortly after the said Alice Arden was burnt at Canterbury, and Bradshaw hung in chains there, Thomas Morsby and his sister Cicely Pounders were hanged in Smithfield in London, Michael Saunderson was drawn and hanged in chains, and Elizabeth Strafford burnt."

One reason given by the editor, for supposing the tragedy to be Shakspeare's, is, that the bard had descended from Arden's family by the female line. Another is its similarity to the acknowledged productions of Shakspeare. And as further proofs he produces several passages from the known productions of the great poet as parallels to passages in this.

Upon a republication of this tragedy between forty and fifty years ago, it was criticised with much acuteness, and the opinion of the critic was rather against the play's being written by Shakspeare—he owned that with respect to the incidents, as it was a mere gazette in dialogue, it resembled those pieces of his called *histories*; but thought the conduct of the parties in the production of them, too extravagant and absurd for him. "We cannot easily believe (said he) that the same writer, who has so artfully represented the timid caution used by king John, in communicating a purposed murder to Hubert, could represent a woman as first telling her maid, then a man, then a neighbour, then a stranger, then two ruffians, that she designed to murder her husband."

There are parts, however, in which the resemblance is weighty enough to bring the judgment to an equipoise, and considering how many things there are in different parts of our poet's works, little less extravagant, may perhaps, be sufficient to turn the scale on the other side. Of that kind of imagery which Johnson ascribes to Shakspeare as one of his foibles, and calls *conceits*, there are in this play instances which bear a strong resemblance to his. For example:

*Arden says to his wife,*

"Sweet love, thou knowest, that we too, Ovid like,  
Have often chid the morn when't gan to peep,

And often wish'd that dark night's purblind steeds,  
 Would pull her by the purple mantle back,  
 And cast her in the ocean to her love."

Again, Mosbie takes pet, and is capriciously angry with Alice, upon which she speaks thus of her vile paramour to her confidant:

"Ask Mosbie how I have incurr'd his wrath?  
 Bear him from me this pair of silver dice,  
 With which we play'd for kisses many a time,  
 And when I *lost* I *won*, and so did he.

Few things in the acknowledged writings of Shakspeare are more immediately in his own style or couched in a strain of more genuine poetry, than the following expression of the fascinating influence a lover's persuasion possesses over the soul, even where it is evident that compliance must lead to ruin:

"So lists the sailor to the mermaid's song,  
 So looks the traveller to the basilisk."

He who has studied the various qualities of Shakspeare's poetry, must have observed how much he delights in the use of what we call figurative reasoning.—The following passage is a specimen of the kind, expressed so entirely in that stile which was peculiar to him, that we cannot resist the persuasion of its being the offspring of his mind:

"Forewarn'd, forwarn'd, who threats his enemy,  
 Lends him a sword to guard himself withal!"

Had the following description of a man agitated with jealousy been found in Johnson's Shakspeare, not only its legitimacy would not have been suspected, but it would perhaps have been selected by those who have published compilations of his choice passages under the title of "Beauties of Shakspeare:"

"Now will he shake his care oppressed head,  
 Then fix his sad eyes on the sullen earth,  
 Asham'd to gaze upon the open world:  
 Now will he cast his eyes up towards the heav'ns,  
 Looking that way for a redress of wrongs."

In the following reflections of Mosbie, and the dreadful picture it exhibits of a mind disturbed with guilt, every line is truly

Shakspearean. It displays the excellencies of our bard, and it also exhibits his foibles—his fine morality, and his miserable conceits and quibbles:

“ Well fares the man howe’er his cates do taste,  
That tables not with foul suspicion:  
And he but pines among his delicates,  
Whose troubled mind is stuffed with discontent.  
*My golden time was when I had no gold,*  
Though then I wanted, yet I slept secure,  
My daily toil begat me night’s repose,  
My night’s repose made day-light fresh to me:  
But since I clim’d the top bough of the tree,  
And sought to build my nest among the clouds,  
Each gently stirring gale doth shake my bed,  
And make me dread my downfall to the earth.”

Mrs. Arden and her wicked adulterer Mosbie have a quarrel which is managed in a style worthy of the giant dramatist. The following speech in which Mosbie reproaches the lady is very fine:

“ Ay, Fortune’s right-hand Mosbie hath forsook  
To take a wanton giglote by the left—  
But I will break thy spells and exorcisms,  
And put another light upon these eyes  
That show’d my heart a raven for a dove.  
Thou art not fair, I view’d thee not till now;  
Thou art not kind, till now I knew thee not;  
And now the rain hath beaten off thy gilt,  
Thy worthless copper shows the counterfeit.”

In these lines the versification is excellent, and the repetition and turn in the sixth and seventh not only give them beauty and strength, but render them more strikingly like to the peculiar style of Shakspeare’s composition. Nor are the following, spoken by Mrs. Arden less like, though they are not perhaps altogether equal, in poetical merit to the former:

“ I shall no more be lock’d in Arden’s arms,  
That like the snakes of black Tisiphone,  
Sting me with their embracings: Mosbie’s arms  
Shall compass me, and were I made a star,  
I then would have no other spheres but those:  
There is no nectar but in Mosbie’s lips;



Had chaste Diana kiss'd him, she, like me,  
 Would grow love-sick, and from her wat'ry bower,  
 Fling down Endymion and snatch him up."

The imprecations of Shakspeare are beyond all others terrible. That of Lear upon his daughter has seldom failed to fill its hearers and readers with horror. Yet it may be doubted, whether, in the whole series of his compositions, there is one which for inexorable malice, and cold, solemn, deliberate earnestness, surpasses the following. A man of the name of *Rede* having bitterly cursed Arden for a supposed injury, he is told that,

Curses are like arrows shot upright,  
 Which falling down, light on the shooter's head.

To which he replies,

Light where they will, were I upon the sea,  
 As oft I have in many a bitter storm,  
 And saw a dreadful southern *flaw*\* at hand,  
 The pilot quaking at the doubtful helm,  
 And all the sailors praying on their knees,  
 Even in that fearful time would I fall down,  
 And ask of God, whate'er betide of me,  
 Vengeance on Arden."

The reader will now judge for himself, of the probability that this piece is, as has often been asserted by some critics, the first essay of Shakspeare's genius. And in forming his judgment he will take along with him this consideration, viz. that Shakspeare is not more distinguished by the peculiarity of his phrases, metaphors, and conceits, than by the texture of his verse, his dialogues, and his incidents, and by his bold and yet just copies of nature in sentiment and character. C. R.

#### NAMES.

MR. EDITOR,

My present purpose is to offer a few remarks on a short passage in one of lady Mary Wortley Montague's letters to her

\* Shakspeare uses the word *flaw* for a sudden gust of wind in the 2d. part of Henry IV, act 4, scene 8.

daughter, in these words.—“I am fond of your little *Louisa*: to say truth, I was afraid of a *Bess*, a *Peg*, or a *Suke*y, which all give me the ideas of washing-tubs, and scouring of kettles.”

I cannot help observing on this passage, in the first place, that her ladyship must have been very much mortified when, upon coming to those years of *discretion* which enable us to look back to the past, she discovered that herself had a name which almost always “gives the ideas of washing-tubs and scouring of kettles.” It is well known there are few names sunk lower in sentimental opinion than *Mary*, and the mortification one feels on being saddled with such a name is yet more exasperated, when we reflect with what ease it may be turned into *Moll* and *Molly*, names which are as constantly affixed to mops and pails as their handles.

But, in the second place, I would remark from this singular passage, that even in her ladyship’s days, we began to consider certain names as more honourable than others; and having by degrees drank in more and more of the spirit of this new heraldry, we have now almost completed a system of nomenclature, for the parlour, the hall, and the kitchen. This appears to have been effected—first, by purifying, and in some instances re-casting old names; and secondly, (for I wish to be very methodical in a dissertation on so important a subject) by inventing new names.

In our endeavours to purify or re-cast our old names that nothing filthy or culinary might attach to them, I am not certain whether we did not begin with *Mary*. This name became common in this country, I suppose, from our forefathers in Europe having some queens so called, and a very beautiful one, the patroness of the Scotch Marys. But in time, as we began to sentimentalize upon names, we discovered that although some Marys were queens, yet many more were kitchen-wenchs, a circumstance which sunk the name so precipitately that there was an absolute necessity for altering or abolishing it in all genteel families. It so happened, however, from the obstinacy of rich maiden aunts, childless widows with fortunes left in their own hands, and other persons on whose reversions it was necessary to keep a prudent eye, that *Mary* could not be abolished without great risk: and it was therefore agreed to change it to *Maria*, in which position it now stands, although very seldom by itself. For,

sir, I know not how it was, that in the process of time, some parents highly skilled in the grammar of sentiment, discovered, or thought they discovered, that *Maria* instead of being a noun, was an adjective, with a noun understood. They therefore tacked to it *Anna*, and *Anna Maria* is now a most beautiful designation in all families, except those who, not understanding Latin, chose to adopt the English name of *Mary-Anne*, or as it is much more sentimentally written, *Marianne*.

The next name which, according to lady Montague, gives one the ideas of "washing tubs and scouring kettles," is *Bess*. Here too we are indebted to a sovereign lady queen, whose memory is very dear to the descendants of Englishmen; but all her merits as a monarch and a woman could not save her name from falling into the kitchen sink; and it was surely a dreadful thing, when we looked for a sceptre, to find a basting-ladle, and for a throne, a kitchen dresser. But great as these hardships were, the name was not to be entirely abolished, for the potent reasons I have assigned in the case of *Mary*. It was therefore analyzed carefully by some sentimental chemists, who first explained it as Peter, in the tale of a tub, did his father's will, *totidem syllabis*, and then *totidem literis*. In the course of this examination, it was discovered that all the *kitchen-stuff* of the name resided in the last syllable *Beth*, from whence by an easy process came *Bet*, the scullion, and *Bess*, the butter-woman, not to speak of the numerous *Betties* who distribute play-bills and "choice fruit" at the theatres. It was agreed, therefore, that this very obnoxious, although productive syllable should be cut off, and buried in the dust hole. There remained then *Eliza*, perfectly genteel, and poetical, and fit for a parlour, or drawing room, of any dimensions.

As to the *Sukeys*, and *Pegs*, I believe we must agree with lady Montague, that they are irremediably consigned to the most menial offices. They were examined in every way, taken to pieces and put together again in all forms, but nothing could be extracted from them that did not remind us of the tubs and kettles. The *Jennies* had the same fate, although in England a few *lady Janes* contrived to hold up their heads by the influence of *title*, but without the title, it was found that the *Janes* degenerated fast into *Jennies*, and the late Mr. Arkwright having found them in this forlorn condi-

tion, changed the whole of them into spinning wheels. The *Barbaras*, with the exception of a few *lady Babs*; the *Sarahs*, who were easily perverted into *Sallys*; the *Rebeccas*, who also became exceeding vulgar *Beckys*; the *Marthas*, who had a natural disposition to *Pats* and *Patties*; the *Judiths*, who were homespun *Judies*; the *Winifreds*, who were not only *Winnies*, but *Welsh-women* to boot; the *Deborahs*, who becoming *Dollys*, were only fit to point where a beef-stake could be got; and the *Bridgets*, who were most unharmonious *Bids* and *Biddies*, were all consigned to their proper stations, and were condemned for life to be "sober and honest," to be "good-tempered and cleanly," to "have a character from their last place," and to "put their hand to any thing."—A very few, however, of the old culinary names were spared on account of the same change that took place in the *Maries* and *Betties*. *Lucy*, for example, became of importance when *Lucinda*; and *Fanny* having appeared in sundry novels and plays, was admitted into the parlour, while *Frances* "looked after the children." *Theodosta* would have shared the same honours, but for an obstinate propensity to become *Doshy*, and the *Eleanors* might have been addressed in a very poetical style, if they had not occasionally submitted to be *Nells*.

Now, Mr. Editor, when the old names were thus purified or abolished, it was soon discovered that too few were left for family use, especially where families happened to be very numerous. A new set were therefore imported or invented which will answer all purposes, and these have now the advantages which a house constructed from the foundation upon an excellent plan, has over one which has been mended and repaired, and pieced and patched to look like a modern edifice. To enumerate all our new names would occupy too much of your journal. I may, however, mention a few of the most remarkable, as *Sophia*, uncommonly sweet and pretty. *Silvia*, admirably calculated for a country life, and a prodigious addition to groves, nightingales and purling streams. *Arabella*, which, by the bye, I might have mentioned as a sort of pirated edition of *Isabel*. *Priscilla*, rather dangerous, as it is apt to become *Priss*, which does not rhyme very prettily: *Matilda*, very fine. *Magdalen*, not very common, but exceeding sentimental when *Maddalena*; *Laura*, highly poetical. *Angelina*, *Flora*,

*Euphemia, Amelia, Emilia, Diana, Clementina, Camilla, Celia, Cecilia*, all admirably adapted to lyrics, sonnets, and other methods of courtship, and all calculated for the coach, the chariot, or the curricule. *Wilhelmina* is not very common, and I can scarcely find in any genteel family, either *Prudence* or *Patience*.

I observe I have omitted *Louisa*, which is the more remarkable, as lady M. W. Montague, who suggested these remarks, has honoured it as a name which excludes, "the ideas of washing-tubs and scouring kettles." It deservedly, however, ranks among the first of our sentimental names, and a novel without a *Louisa* must, I should suppose, be a very insipid composition. It only now remains that I should notice an improvement that has of late years taken place in these new and melodious names, and that is, there being joined in pairs, as *Laura-Matilda, Sophia-Louisa, Matilda-Clementina*.

I might now allude to the alterations of old, or the manufacture of new names for my own sex. But all that is perhaps necessary to be said on this subject, will readily occur to the reader without my aid. Our progress in sentimentality of name has been but slow: and like Falstaff, we ought to wish we knew where "a commodity of good names was to be bought." At present those in most repute, are our *Edmunds, Charleses, and Fredericks*. The truth is, we have very few new ones to supply the place of the vast cargo of *Bobs, and Toms, and Jacks* which we have dismissed, or which we employ in the stable, or the butler's pantry. Whoever arranges his family and christens his children according to the canons of the circulating library, will always keep his *Edmunds, Charleses, Fredericks, and Henrys* in the parlour, while *Tom* is a footman, *John* is a coachman, and *Humphrey* goes to market with eggs and butter. There is, however, as I have already hinted, a great dearth among us, and we are frequently obliged to pair our names, as *Charles-Frederick, William-Henry, &c.* in order to get a little eclat. *Augustus*, too, has been pressed into the service with some advantage, but still I must confess we have among us names as nauseous as *Barnaby Brittle, or Nipper Tandy*.

I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

NOMINALIS.

## ON THE WORD ABYDOS.

WE lay before the readers of the Port Folio the following literary trifle—for as such its accomplished author intends it—not so much on account of its settling, on authority, the pronunciation of a word on which the pen of a popular writer has conferred perhaps too much importance in the minds of the lovers of metrical romance, as because it affords a striking specimen of the sources of that refined and elegant amusement which books unfold to the classical scholar. Time can never “lag on leaden wings” with the man who is equally familiar with the treasures of nature and the magazines of art; and who has at his command the immense storehouse of the learning of ancient and modern times. Such is the author of the playful though classical scrap which follows. What would be labour and insufferable fatigue to others, habit and acquirements have rendered pleasure and pastime to him.

ED.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

A short time after the appearance of lord Byron's trifling poem, entitled the Bride of Abydos, I was in company where the question arose whether this word should be pronounced Abȳdos or Abȳdos. Recollecting Abula, and Alube, or Chalube, I was of opinion that the Greek u, converted into the English y, was short generally, as in the words I have cited; wherein I believe I was right: and I therefore concluded that it was short also in Abudos, wherein I was wrong.

I do not know that it is of any consequence whether the young ladies who read this very reprehensible story in his lordship's affected rhyme, pronounce the second syllable long or short; but as it might as well be pronounced poperly as improperly, I send you the authorities that settle the question in favour of Abȳdos.

“Abȳdos was a city of Asia, opposite Sestos in Europe, built by the Milesians by permission of king Gyges. It is famous for the amours of Hero and Leander, who was lost in crossing the Hellespont at night, which he was accustomed to swim in visiting his mistress: and also for the bridge of boats which Xerxes built there across the Hellespont. The inhabitants being besieged by Philip the father of Perseus, devoted themselves to death with their families rather than fall into the enemy's hands. L v. 31. c

18. Lucan 2. 674. Justin 2, c. 13. Musæus in Her. et Leand. See Lempriere's Dictionary at the word.

ΜΟΥΣΑΙΟΥ ΤΑ ΚΑΘ' ΗΡΩ ΚΑΙ ΛΕΑΝΔΡΟΝ.

Verse 16. ΣΗΤΟΣ *ην και Αβυδ<sup>ος</sup> ινατιον ιγγυδι ποιη.*

Verse 21. Ημιν Σητος ινατιον οδε πολισθρον Αβυδ<sup>ος</sup>,

Verse 26. Διζιω δ' αρχανης αληχεια πορθμαν Αβυδ<sup>ος</sup>.

So in verse 50, the termination of the line is Αβυδ<sup>ος</sup>.

The same in verse 209 and 229. This fixes the Greek pronunciation as Αβύδος.

Ovid in his Epistle from Leander to Hero, mentions Abydos in the following line.

"Vel tua me Sestos, vel te mea sumat Abydos?"

Why is not Sestos to Abydos join'd!

In the epistle of Hero to Leander,

"Utque rogem de te, et scribam tibi, si quis Abydo

Venerit, aut, quæro si quis Abydon est."

This may suffice to show, that your humble servant was mistaken, and that Abydos is really Ab̄ydos. T. C.

Carlisle, May 1. 1814.

*Anecdote of Sterne, found in the hand writing of the late Mr. Dennie.*

ON the anniversary of the king's birth day, says a British merchant of distinction, lord Taviswek invited the few English gentlemen who were then at Paris to dine with him, in honour of the day. I was of the party; not one of which was known to me, except those with whom I had travelled to Paris. I sat between lord Berkley, who was going to Turin, and the famous Sterne, author of Tristram Shandy, who was considered as the Rabelais of England. We were very jovial during dinner, and drank in the English manner, the toasts of the day. The conversation turned upon Turin, which several of the company were on the point of visiting; upon which Mr. Sterne addressing himself to me, asked me if I knew Mr. ———, naming me. I replied, yes, very inti-

mately. The whole company began to laugh; and Sterne, who did not suppose me so near him, imagined that this Mr. ——— must be a very singular character, since the mention of the name alone excited merriment. Is not he rather a strange fellow? added he immediately. Yes, replied I, original. I thought so, returned he; I have heard him spoken of: and then he began to draw a picture of me, the truth of which I pretended to acknowledge; while Sterne, seeing that the subject amused the company, invented, from his fertile imagination, many stories, which he related in his way to the great diversion of us all.

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FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

NOTES OF A DESULTORY READER.

MARTIAL may be styled the prince of epigrammatists, having, within the compass of some hundreds of brief satires, touched, perhaps, every vice, foible, frailty, and infirmity which human flesh is heir to. These splenetic effusions, though sometimes well aculeated, are sometimes vapid enough; and were the whole to be tried by Pope's criterion, "that want of decency is want of sense," by far the greater part must be absolutely rejected. Nevertheless, the wit of this poet has been frequently resorted to and retouched by modern writers. Much use of it has been made in the *Spectator*, in which, have been dished up for the English palate, his *Tacta places, audita places*; his *Defciliis, facilis*; his *Crine ruber*; his *Quicquid agit Rufus*; his *Nosce jocosa dulce*; his *Non amo te Sabide*; and perhaps some more. Steering clear of these and all others I have met with in our language, I have endeavoured to hit the point of some of the shortest and most pithy that remain, in the translations which follow. However flat they may prove, Mr. Oldschool must thank himself for rousing the poetaster, by lately inviting to a version of these epigrams.

Without further preface, I begin; first presenting the original and then the copy.

Nunquam se cœnasse domi, Philo jurat, et hoc est:  
Non cœnat, quoties nemo voravit eum.



In swearing he ne'er sups at home,  
Philo the truth hath said;  
Since he, when luckless in his roam,  
Sneaks supperless to bed.

---

Nubere Paula cupit nobis: ego ducere Paulam  
Nolo: anus est: vellem si majis esset anus.

Paula and I would surely wed,  
Than she were I not colder;  
She's old; yet still the thing might sped,  
Were she a good deal older.

---

Omnia Castor emis: sic fiet ut omnia vendas.

Castor, since every thing you buy, who can't foretel,  
The time ere long will come, when every thing you'll sell.

---

Septima jam Phileros tibi conditur uxor in agro:  
Plus nulli Phileros quam tibi reddit ager.

Thy seventh wife Phileros laid in ground,  
Sure, to none else, is land so fruitful found.

---

Nescio, tam multis quid scribas, Fauste puellis.  
Hoc scio, quod scribit nulla puella tibi.

Absurdly vain, while, Faustus, you declare  
Your whole time's spent in writing to the fair;  
I'll not deny that such the fact may be;  
But well I know that not one writes to thee.

---

Nil mihi das vivus, dices post fata daturum:  
Si non, es stultus, scis Maro, quid cupiam.

Since not a sixpence, Maro, while you live,  
Of your accumulating store you'll give,  
No mighty wisdom, Maro, it requires  
To guess what most thy loving son desires.

---

Mentitur qui te vitiosum Zoile, dixit:  
Non vitiosus homo es, Zoili, sed vitium.

Sure, Zoilus, he must be a lying elf,  
Who calls thee vicious—thou art vice itself.

*Das nunquam, semper promittis, Galla, roganti.  
Si semper fallis, jam rogo Galla, nega.*

By all who know you, Galla, we're assured,  
You always promise, but ne'er keep your word;  
Hence, if it be your settled rule to lie,  
The favour I now ask, sweet sir, deny.†

*Tot vertice quot geris capillos,  
Annos si tot habet, Lygia, trima est.*

For ev'ry of thy pate's few hairs,  
If we a twelvemonth count;  
Then, Lygia, thy blooming years,  
To three, at least, amount.

By the by, our witty poet, in this as in many other of his epigrams, incurs the censure, which Churchill applies to Foote in these lines,

Doth a man stutter, look asquint, or halt!  
Mimics draw humour out of Nature's fault;  
With personal defects their mirth adorn,  
And hang misfortunes out to public scorn.

Martial again:

*Ne laudet dignos, laudat Calistratus omnes:  
Cui malus est nemo quis bonus esse potest?*

Calistrus praises all lest he the good should miss:  
But where no man is bad, pray who the good one is?

*Omnia promittis cum tota nocte bibisti;  
Māne nihil præstas, Posthume, māne bibe*

Who, in thy midnight cups, in promises more free,  
More generous, more kind, my Posthumus, than thee!  
But when the morning comes, the promis'd nothing gain;  
They think to get their boons, but, lo! thou'rt drunk again.

*Nil recitas, et vis Mamerce, poeta videri:  
Quicquid vis, esto dummodo nil recites.*

† Whether Galla be a man's or woman's name does not affect the point of the epigram; though, in the latter case, it has perhaps an amorous allusion.

A bard, Mamercus, then, thou seem'st resolved to shine,  
 Though nothing like a verse has yet appeared of thine:  
 Continue, then, discreet, in husbanding thy treasure,  
 And I, for one will praise thy poems beyond measure.

(*To be continued.*)

### ORIGINAL POETRY—FOR THE PORT FOLIO.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

THE Soldier requests an assylum for his Muse, "till danger's troubled night depart, and the star of peace return." If the following lines are incorrect, it must be their apology, that they were written amid the bustle of the camp; if unmelodious, that they were composed to the music of the drum.

TO MIRA.

NAY, ask not why my harp's unstrung,  
 Or why this gloom hangs on my brow;  
 I cannot sing as I have sung,  
 Your *poet* is a *soldier* now.

Each fairy scene my Muse so lov'd,  
 She now beholds with constant pain—  
 Each field where once she fondly roved  
 Has now become a tented plain.

And where the skiff once swept along  
 O'er broad Potomac's swelling tide,  
 To waft sweet burthen to my song—  
 Britannia's blood-stain'd navies ride.

In yonder grove, where warblers sung,  
 The finch in golden plumage shone,  
 And where the robin's nest was hung,  
 The ruffled EAGLE sits alone.

But when the angel Peace, again  
 Shall light upon our troubled shore,  
 Then shall awake my joyous strain,  
 In songs more tuneful than before.

Unless—your poet be no more!

Oh! should he sleep among the brave,  
Then may some bard be found, to pour  
The requiem o'er your soldier's grave.

ARVALAN.

*Washington, Oct. 1814.*

THE CENTINEL.

DARK frown'd the night, and the winds, as they fled,  
Roar'd loudly, and chill'd the lorn centinel's heart,  
As he march'd his still round, while his deep sounding tread  
Alone bade the silence of midnight depart.

In his rear rose the watch-fires' blaze through the gloom,  
Where his comrades were silently gather'd around,  
For Caution and Silence stand guard o'er the doom  
Of the many who slumber, in tents, on the ground.

He gaz'd on the fast flitting clouds as they curl'd  
So frowningly dark, while the winds whistled by,  
All around him was drear; all he lov'd in the world,  
To meet whom were bliss—were exil'd from his eye.

The soul of the soldier was torn at the thought  
Of his fate, at that moment as dark as the scene:  
For stern was the lesson Experience had taught,  
Though he march'd an enthusiast in Liberty's sheen.

He strode o'er his path, though the fast falling shower  
More difficult render'd his foot-way to feel:  
Oft paus'd he to mark, to beguile the dull hour,  
The fire that blaz'd on the point of his steel.

Though his bosom was sad, yet he mov'd undismay'd,  
And tower'd erect 'mid the tempest's wild sway,  
For his thoughts bent towards the pure Spirit that made  
The storm-cloud to burst and the sun-beam to play.

To the will of that spirit he bow'd, and resign'd  
His fate without fear; for he trusted and knew  
That the mercy which long had sustained one so blind  
Was the fount of his life and his happiness too.

'Twas then that tranquillity, blessing divine!  
 Shed a beam o'er his soul, and he gratefully cried,  
 Oh! thus, in the moment of battle, will shine  
*That light to the soul of the Christian a guide.*

EDGAR.

*Camp Dupont, Octr. 1814.*

TO LOUISA S.

*A Lovely and intelligent Child.*

As sweet as the wild rose, the blossom of May,  
 As fair as the snow-drop, the queen of the lea,  
 As light as the Zephyr that sighs in the grove,  
 Is Louisa, the dear little girl that I love.

The zephyr a moment sports wantonly by,  
 Sips the fragrance of Spring and dissolves in a sigh,  
 And the snow-drop's fine form, and the wild rose's bloom—  
 Frail emblems of beauty—escape not the tomb.

But the social affections that play round the heart,  
 And the warm breath of Spring to the bosom impart,  
 Will fan its fine feelings and bid them to glow,  
 When age shall have sprinkled the temples with snow.

And the virtues that bloom in that generous clime,  
 They droop not in sickness, nor fade they with time,  
 But when this frail form that enshrines them is dead,  
 Will hallow the spot where the ruin is laid.

Then, Louisa, my darling, though you may be fair,  
 Oh let not the bloom of a day be your care,  
 But attend to your heart, and its virtues improve,  
 And your life shall be sweetened by Friendship and Love.

STANZAS.

I've tasted all the joys of love,  
 I've danc'd to Passion's giddy measures,  
 Through flowers and sweets still fond to rove,  
 I've paced an endless round of pleasures;

In eager chase of *something new*,  
Each idle breath of Flattery courting,  
From flower to flower I vainly flew,  
In Fancy's brightest regions sporting;  
Till all my aching senses cloy'd,  
And sick and weary grown of ranging,  
I find how *little* I've enjoyed,  
How *much*, alas! I've *lost* by changing!  
My morning's dawn was bright and clear,  
Light Pleasure led the wanton hours,  
Hope's syren song was in my ear,  
And Fancy strew'd my path with flowers:  
With all a child's exulting joy,  
New to the world, to ills a stranger,  
My bosom glow'd, my heart beat high,  
I panted to become a ranger—  
Light through the flowery paths I roved,  
Breathed fragrant sweets from every blossom,  
Pluck'd every flower my fancy lov'd,  
And kiss'd the dew-drop from its bosom,  
Sought every stream where nectar flowed,  
To drown the hour by care embittered,  
Chas'd every phantom joy that glow'd,  
Snatch'd every sparkling gem that glittered—  
But not the glittering gems of Joy,  
The nectar'd bowl, though Pleasure fill'd it,  
Nor the bright dew of Rapture's tear,  
Stolen in the hour of dalliance dear  
From Beauty's breast, where Love distill'd it:  
Nor all the sweets my senses stole  
From balmy breath of opening blossom,  
Could chase the languor of my soul,  
Or charm the desert of my bosom.  
Though oft I felt the passion's thrill,  
Though every ~~sinking~~ sense was feasted,

There was a gloomy void to fill,  
I pined for something yet untasted—

What though the scene so brightly glow'd  
With every sensual joy to heighten it!  
With all its sweets Experience show'd  
It wanted Virtue's smile to brighten it.

Oh! what a toil some round I've traced,  
Led by a fleeting fancied blessing,  
How many pleasures have I chased,  
When once possessed not worth possessing!

'Tis time, my fluttering heart, to pause,  
Ere yet the snares of Vice enthrall thee;—  
Be firm in Virtue's sacred cause,  
Be bold where Truth and Duty call thee:

Be Honour's bright escutcheon thine,  
From every low pursuit to guard thee,  
Thy day shall then more brightly shine,  
And every hope fulfill'd reward thee.

Each gem shall wear a brighter glow,  
The cup with richer juice shall flow,  
Through still increasing joys thou'lt rove,  
With Virtue's smile to sweeten Love.

W. J. Z.

Additional stanzas to a sweet little poetical trifle by Burns, beginning.

O gin my love were yon red rose, &c.

O were my love the lily white,  
That blooms sae fair on yonder lea,  
And I the Summer zephyr light,  
Permitted round its form to play—  
While feasting on its fragrant breath,  
I'd fan each ruder blast awa,  
And when its cup was closed in death,  
In dew-drops sheen wad weep its fa'—

But wae is me!—a lady fair,  
My love's the daughter of a laird,  
Wha pawns his brightest gem for gear,  
And scorns the poor neglected bard.  
And wae is me!—a courtly train  
Of suitors croud the castle ha',  
While I unnoticed pine in vain—  
The truest heart amang the a'.

The following song, though not new, is, as we are inclined to believe, but little known. Its merit, as well in sentiment as expression, entitles it to a place in any miscellany. ED.

WHEN the black lettered list to the gods was presented—  
A list of what Fate for each mortal intends;  
At the long string of ills a kind angel relented,  
And slipped in three blessings—wife, children, and friends.

In vain angry Lucifer swore he was cheated,  
That Justice divin<sup>e</sup> could not compass its ends,  
The scheme of man's fall, he maintained, was defeated;  
For earth becomes Heaven with wife, children, and friends.

If the stock of our bliss be in stranger's hands vested,  
The fund, ill secured, oft in bankruptcy ends,  
But the heart issues bills which are never protested  
When drawn on the firm of wife, children, and friends.

The soldier, whose deeds live immortal in story,  
Whom duty to far distant latitudes sends;  
With transport would barter whole ages of glory  
For one happy day with wife, children, and friends.

Though valour still glows in his life's waning embers,  
The death wounded tar who his colours defends;  
Drops a tear of regret, as he dying remembers  
How blest was his home with wife, children, and friends.

Though spice-breathing gales o'er his caravan hover,  
And around him Arabia's whole fragrance descends;  
The merchant still thinks on the woodbines that cover  
The bower where he sat with wife, children, and friends.



The day spring of youth still unclouded by sorrow,  
 Alone on itself for enjoyment depends;  
 But dreary's the twilight of age, if it borrow  
 No warmth from the smile of wife, children, and friends.

Let the breath of renown ever freshen and nourish  
 The laurel which o'er her dead favourite bends;  
 O'er him wave the willow which only can flourish  
 When dew'd with the tears of wife, children, and friends.

Let us drink—for my song growing graver and graver,  
 To subjects too solemn insensibly tends;  
 Let us drink—pledge me high. Love and Beauty will flavour  
 The glass which we fill to wife, children, and friends.

And if in the hope this fair country to plunder,  
 Any tyrant of Europe t' invade us pretends;  
 How his legions will shrink when our arm'd freemen thunder  
 The war song of Columbia—wife, children, and friends.

#### TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The excellent translation of De Moustier's "Death of Narcissus" from a well known and much esteemed pen, being too late for the present number of the Port Folio, shall find a place in the next. The extract is beautiful, forcible, and picturesque, retaining, without diminution, the entire spirit and feeling of the original.

The able and well written paper from our new correspondent, J. R. W. of Bedford, has been received, and shall also appear in the next number of our journal. Although we cannot agree in sentiment with the learned author in all his views and statements, although we are of opinion that less severity of style and manner would have better comported with the philosophical nature of his subject, and although he has, in one instance, fallen into an error, in the quotation of an authority, which we shall rectify hereafter

—notwithstanding these several points of exception, we hail the article with a cordial welcome, and solicit in future the favours of the author. In a country where science and literature have yet to receive that masculine character and distinguished elevation which we fondly flatter ourselves they are destined to attain in America, the public have an irresistible claim on every mind so amply stored with knowledge as that of our correspondent, particularly when accompanied by such habits of inquiry, such powers of analysis and so disciplined a pen. We hope J. R. W. will realize this truth, and make the Port Folio frequently the organ of his thoughts.

The “Battle of Valparaiso” has come to hand. We recognize in it with pleasure the modest but vigorous pen of the author of the “Battle of Bridgewater.” It shall appear in the Port Folio for January next.

The poetic *Jeu d’esprit* from a correspondent who signs himself V. has merit, and shall find an early place in the Port Folio.

To succeed even tolerably well in elegiac tributes to the memory of the dead, as it is certainly one of the rarest occurrences, would seem to be among the most difficult points of attainment, in minor poetry. We are led to this belief as well from our views of the nature of the subject, as from the uniform failure of every attempt at elegy, with which we are favoured by our poetic correspondents. To be simple but not prosaic, to lament but not to whine, to weep gracefully and feelingly but not to blubber, and to bestow chastely the humble but merited meed of applause, not meretriciously to bedeck in the gaudiest trappings of panegyric; and to do all this in classical and sententious, yet easy and flowing language—such, in part, is the task of him who would succeed in elegy, and we are sorry to say it is but rarely performed.

From the unrestrained language of wounded affection, the unchastened style of excessive sensibility, an injudicious and offensive affectation of feeling, or some other cause equally foreign from reason, judgment, and sound taste, all the elegiac effusions

we receive are so overloaded with Ahs! and Os! dears and alases! and other like exclamations and epithets, that they are utterly unfit for the public eye. The relatives and proximate connexions of the deceased might tolerate them, a few would, perhaps, peruse them with interest and approbation, but readers, in general, would turn from them, if not with loathing, at least with indifference. Placed beyond the sphere of actual sympathy, they would be totally unmoved by the sentiments of the writers.

As none but lovers are partial to love sonnets, so none, we apprehend, but those in a frame of mind similar to that of the authors themselves, would relish elegiac productions when rich in extravagance and poor in taste.

It is for reasons such as these, and not from any reluctance to gratify the wishes and partialities of our correspondents, or to sooth the feelings of those who have been deprived of their friends, that we find ourselves compelled to exclude from the Port Folio all the elegies we have lately received. The door, however, for enterprize in this description of poetry is as liberally open as in any other, and we hope that, as gentlemen of the sword oftentimes rush into scenes of danger, merely because they are dangerous, the votaries of the muses will feel ambitious of excelling in elegy, from the intrinsic difficulty of attaining to excellence.

The paper entitled "Observations on the Edinburg and Quarterly Reviews, with two attempts at imitation" is on our files, where it shall not long lie concealed from the eye of the public. It might claim and would command an honourable standing in either of the journals to which it relates, and will, therefore, be distinguished in the pages of the Port Folio. It would be superfluous in us to state with how much pleasure we shall receive the author—perhaps we should have said authoress, for we are by no means convinced that there is not a lady in the case—into the number of our standing correspondents. Be our conjecture in relation to sex right or wrong, we cannot be mistaken in asserting, that such a pen must contribute essentially to the value of any journal in the enriching of which it may be regularly employed.

The poem on Genius, signed C. C. bears indubitable and strong marks of the lofty attribute of which it treats. We rank it among the few productions we have had the good fortune to receive, which are calculated to have a redeeming effect on the poetry of our country. It shall be presented to our readers in the January number of the Port Folio, as one of the choicest of our New-year's gifts.

“REMARKS ON THE PLEASURES AND PAINS OF THE STUDENT” from the same pen, is a meritorious and promising specimen of prose composition. It also shall receive a peculiar welcome to the pages of our journal.

We would, in the meantime, exhort the youthful author of these two productions to press forward with ardour in his literary career, assuring him, that, by so doing, he cannot fail, should his life and health be preserved, to climb the steep ascent of eminence, and reach, in triumph, the goal of honour.

We have just learnt, not without some concern, that *studied personalties* have been industriously sought for, and a few supposed to be found in the paper entitled “Philadelphia Unroofed.” As to ourselves, we promptly and utterly disavow any unfair or offensive intention in the publication of that article. As an editor we are incapable of suffering, wantonly or maliciously, to pass through our hands, any thing designed to give unnecessary pain. Nor are we willing to say less in behalf of the writer. That gentleman would be among the last on earth to wound deliberately those feelings which ought to be held sacred. If we understand and appreciate his character aright, he would, from a sentiment of tenderness and duty, even step aside rather than causelessly crush the insect at his foot.

We find nothing more common in our intercourse with the world than a faculty in mankind of fancying likenesses, both in paintings and descriptions, where none either exist or were intended to exist. Besides, all fictitious characters, to be just and natural, must be imitations—they must be copied from *human nature* as their prototype—they must possess the human form, human feelings, human passions, human propensities, human virtues, and we add

with regret, human foibles and vices. Without these they would be monsters—utter aliens from the family of man. It would be singular, therefore, indeed, if, in a city as large and populous as Philadelphia, real characters could not be found resembling, in certain qualities, any fictitious ones that fancy could frame. A writer undertakes to ridicule a peculiar custom or practice which he considers exceptionable. To render his satire the more poignant and striking, he attaches this custom to a fancied individual. This very attachment creates, of necessity, a certain degree of likeness between his fictitious character and those real ones who practice the custom which he wishes to expose. The same thing is true with regard to vices and failings, whether political, or moral, theological or domestic. Incorporate them in the texture of a fictitious personage and you thus far, at least, communicate to that personage, a resemblance to those who habitually practise them.

Hence it is, that either fictitious characters must not be drawn at all, they must be drawn falsely, or resemblances, of some sort, will be discovered between them and real characters marked by the qualities which they represent.

In sketching "Philadelphia unroofed" therefore, our excellent correspondent has taken no greater liberties—we venture to assert, not a twentieth part so great, as have been freely and by universal consent granted to satirical writers in every period and country, both in ancient and modern times. If any one entertain doubts on this subject, let him look into the writings of the Greek dramatists, of Horace, of Juvenal, of Dante, of Quevedo, of Butler, of Pope, of Swift, and a hundred others of inferior note, and his doubts will be instantly turned to conviction. We must, therefore, either renounce a certain kind of satire altogether, and thus suffer vice and folly, not amenable to the laws, to pass with impunity, or else satirical writers, in our own country, must be allowed the enjoyment of a similar privilege.

OBITUARY.

DIED, in her thirtieth year, on the 14th of October last, of a tedious and painful disease, which she bore with the mildness and resignation of the Christian, and in the full possession of those cheering hopes and beatific prospects, which it is the province of our holy religion to inspire, Mrs. N. S. Brown, wife of major Samuel Brown of Sackett's Harbour, brother of the celebrated Jacob Brown, major general in the army of the United States.

With this lady we had no acquaintance, except by character. From sources of information, however, in which we repose entire confidence, we believe her to have possessed, in an eminent degree, every virtue and excellence, moral and social, conjugal and maternal, which give amiability and worth to the female character. To a strong and well improved understanding she united a lively and playful imagination, a frank and benevolent disposition, a mildness of temper, and a feeling heart. The whole round of duties appurtenant to the several relations in which Providence had placed her, she discharged with such exemplary steadiness and propriety, as to gain the love and esteem, and, we might add, the admiration of a large and respectable circle of acquaintance. The estimation in which she was held while living, is the best standard by which to measure the regret and sorrow excited by her death. To those who knew her intimately, all posthumous panegyric is unnecessary, to those who did not, the highest would but faintly portray the excellences of her character.

We present to our readers the following little effusion from the pen of the deceased as a specimen of composition equally creditable to her affections and her taste. It was written to major Brown when absent from home.

TO MY HUSBAND

*Written on the anniversary of my wedding-day.*

THREE happy years have passed away  
 Since first before high Heaven,  
 To thee, dear husband of my love,  
 My plighted faith was given.

Say, does not Memory on this day,  
Recal some pleasures past?  
And does not Hope in whispers say,  
They shall not be the last.

Does not thy heart, though distant far,  
A thrilling transport prove,  
While Fancy to thy eye recalls  
These pledges of our love?

Say, does each recollected joy  
A kindred transport give?  
And does thy heart respond to mine?  
For thee alone I live!

*Brownville, 27th Jan. 1899.*

N. S. BROWN.





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